* April 22,1950

THE NEW YORKER

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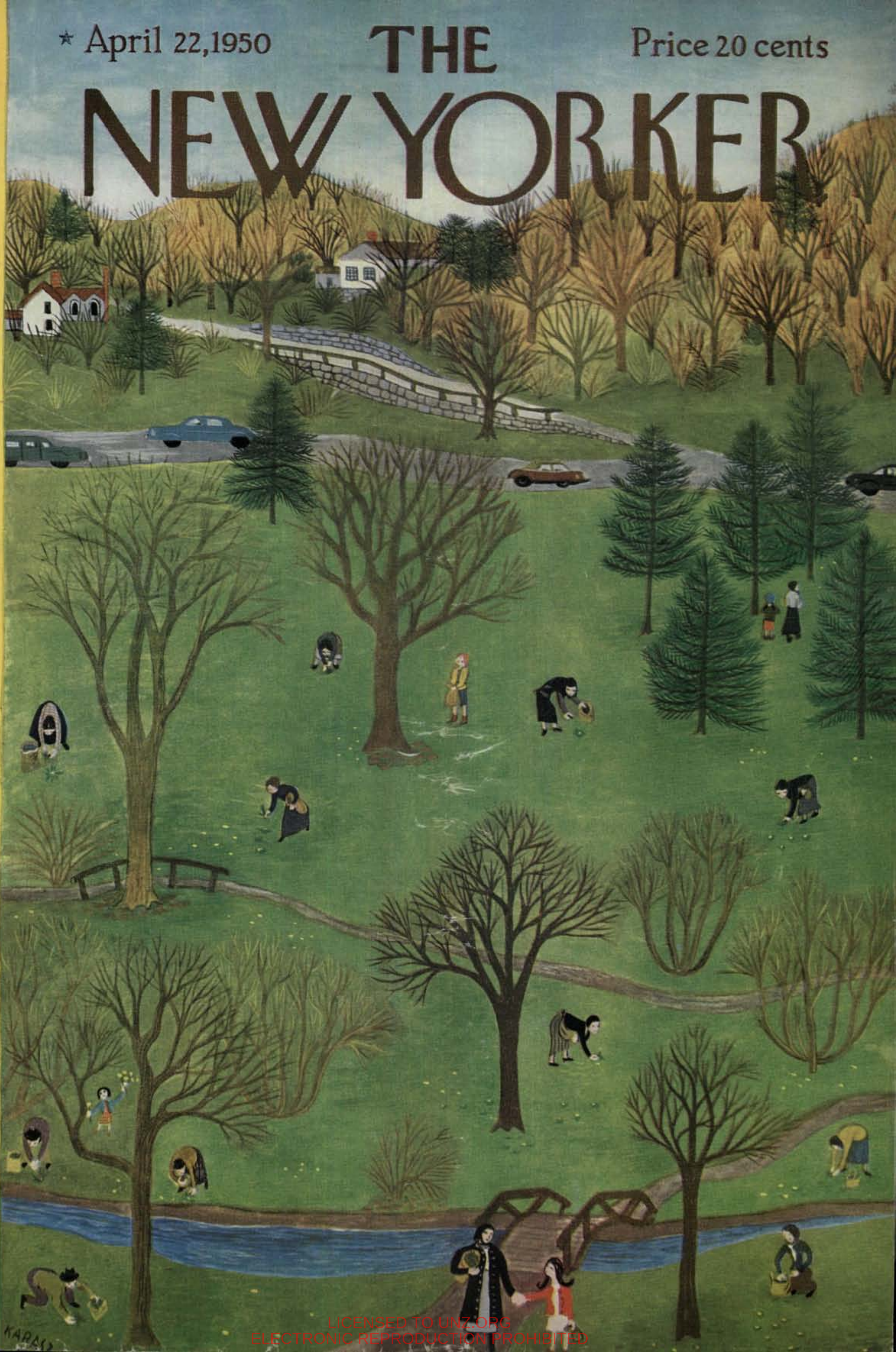

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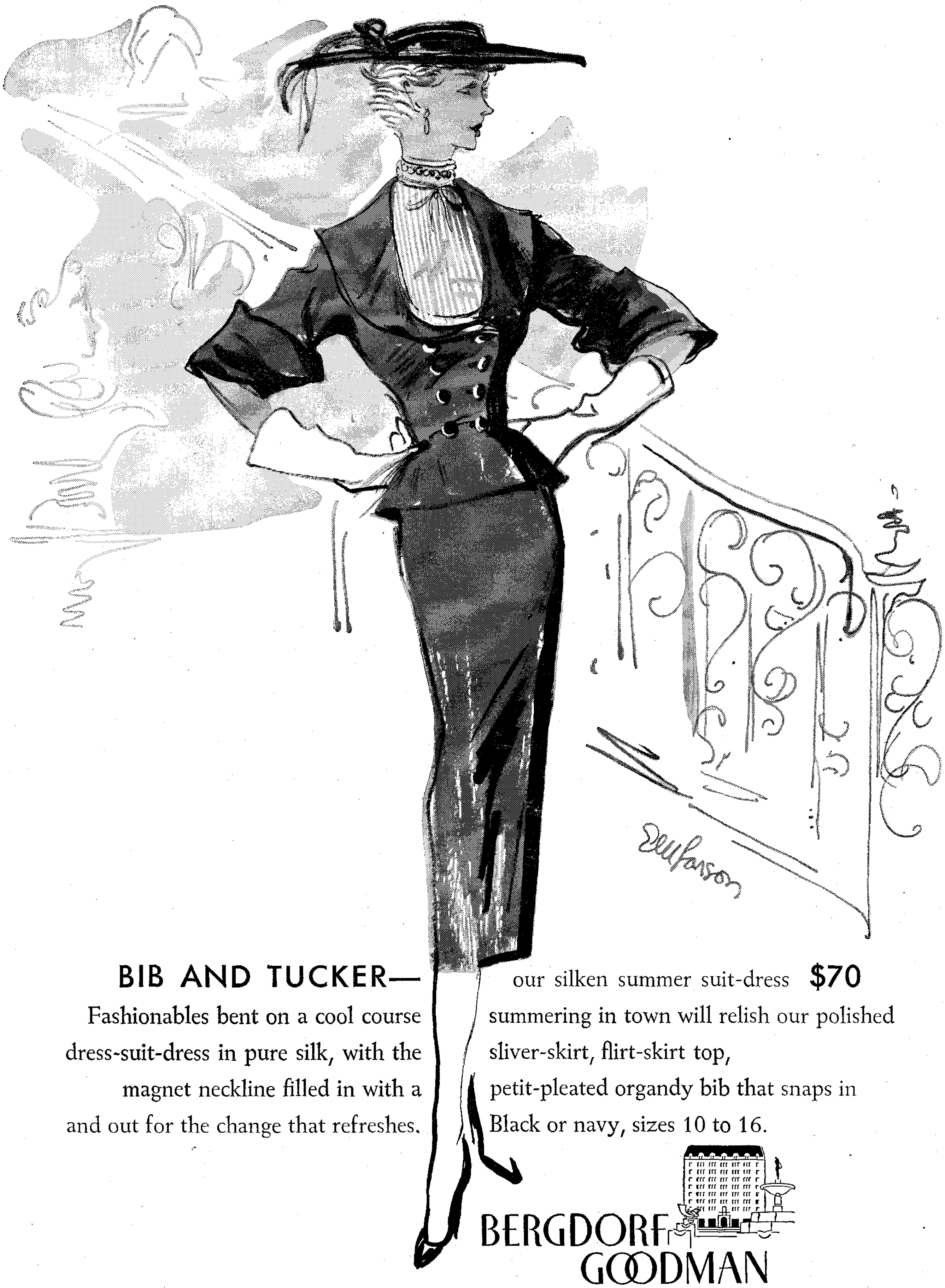

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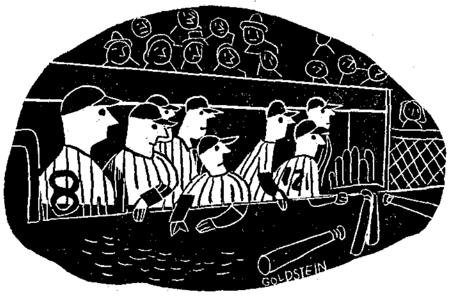

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

As You Like It—In spite of Katharine Hepburn's shapely and vivacious Rosalind and an extremely handsome Theatre Guild production, this comedy remains one of the most exasperating in the English language. William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Judy Parrish, and Bill Owen are also in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lilli Palmer as the Roman conqueror and the Queen of the Nile in an admirable revival of Shaw's comedy. Others in the cast, directed by Sir Cedric, include Arthur Treacher, John Buckmaster, Ralph Forbes, Francis L. Sullivan, and Bertha Belmore. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Clutterbuck—Arthur Margetson is superb as a simple-minded Briton in Benn W. Levy's comedy about promiscuity in the upper classes. Among the others whose love affairs are thoroughly discussed are Tom Helmore, Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Claire Carleton. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. The fine English cast includes Alec Guinness, Irene Worth, Cathleen Nesbitt, Robert Flemyng, and Eileen Peel. Winner of the Drama Critics' foreign award. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer give wonderfully effective performances in this occasionally exciting play that has to do with a man whose wife's behavior drives him to drink. Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian appear in subordinate roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Disciple—The encounter between Dick Dudgeon (Maurice Evans) and General Burgoyne (Dennis King) is one of the great high-comedy scenes in the theatre, but otherwise this revival of Shaw's 1897 play seems to show its years. With Marsha Hunt and Victor Jory. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—If you admired "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

I Know My Love—A play, dealing with half a century of matrimony in Boston, that is an ideal vehicle for the Lunts, if not terribly interesting on any other ground. S. N. Behrman rewrote it from the French, and the cast also includes Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, and Katharine Bard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Innocents—William Archibald's dramatization of Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" presents this minor classic as a simple ghost story rather than a psychological study, but it is still reasonably alarming. Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, and two gifted children named Iris Mann and David Cole are the mortal members of the cast, as distinguished from the spooks, and they are all good. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally compelling play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Velvet Glove—Grace George is as gentle and glowing as ever in this rather frail comedy about an ideological conflict in a Catholic college. Walter Hampden, Jean Dixon, and John Williams support her very satisfactorily. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Helen Hayes is lovely and impressive in Joshua Logan's Louisiana version of "The Cherry Orchard," but the play hasn't anything like the tragic distinction of the original. Among the other Russians who have been transplanted to the Deep South are Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. With Gene Lockhart. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, William Harrigan, and Henry Hull. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Arms and the Girl—This rendering of that old comedy about bundling called "The Pursuit of Happiness" is cheerful and lively, though perhaps a little silly in spots. Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Rouben Mamoulian did the revised book, Morton Gould wrote the music, and the cast is headed by Nanette Fabray, Georges Guétary, John Conte, and Pearl Bailey, who is unquestionably a very great woman. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Consul—Though neither the book nor the score of this musical drama by Gian-Carlo Menotti is especially memorable in its own right, they combine to form a true opera of astonishing sureness, balance, and power—something new to Broadway. The story deals with the desperate efforts of a European woman to rejoin her husband, a member of the underground, who has had to flee the country, and the singing, particularly of Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane, is of a high order. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for best musical of the year. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated affair, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne is responsible for the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley head the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Great to Be Alive!—Eight ghosts, three murders, and two love affairs are among the features of this eventful, and often quite entertaining, piece. Walter Bullock and Sylvia Regan wrote the book, Abraham Ellstein supplied the music, and the cast includes Valerie Bettis, Vivienne Segal, Stuart Erwin, and Bambi Linn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—This musical version of Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has an arresting score by the late Kurt Weill but may otherwise prove somewhat unsettling to admirers of the novel. Maxwell Anderson adapted the text for the stage and wrote the lyrics, and Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks lead the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—The victims of this satire are *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, none of which seems likely to be unduly embarrassed. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are often effective, but the book, the music, the costumes, and the dancing are all pretty regrettable. With Kenny Delmar, Mary Hatcher, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for

Page
BOOKS 106
THE CURRENT CINEMA 105
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 95
MUSICAL EVENTS 93
OF ALL THINGS 66
THE RACE TRACK 63
A REPORTER AT LARGE 77
THE THEATRE 61

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, April 23.)

Long Runs—kiss me, kate: Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, and Cole Porter taming Shakespeare's shrew. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with—sure, you know. Still with Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur and Boris Karloff in a new version of Barrie's play, with music and lyrics by Leonard Bernstein. Directed by John Burrell, and produced by Peter Lawrence and R. L. Stevens. Opens Monday, April 24. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Saturdays and Sundays thereafter, at 2:30.)

A Phoenix Too Frequent and **Freight**—Two plays, the first by Christopher Fry, with Nina Foch, Richard Derr, and Vicki Cummings, and the second by Kenneth White, with Dots Johnson heading the cast. Both produced by Steven H. Scheuer and Bernard Carson, and directed by John O'Shaughnessy. Opening Wednesday, April 26. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tickets, Please!—Grace and Paul Hartman in a revue with sketches by Harry Herrmann, Edmund Rice, Jack Roche, and Ted Luce, and songs by, among others, Joan Edwards and Lyn Duddy. Jack Albertson, Dorothy Jarnac, Patricia Bright, Tommy Wonder, and Roger Price are also in the cast. Produced by Arthur Klein and directed by Mervyn Nelson. Opens Thursday, April 27. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Thursday evening, April 20: "The Mute Wife," "Les Elfes," "Romeo et Juliette," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 21: "Coppélia," "Mort du Cygne," and "Prince Igor." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 22: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 22: "Giselle," "Mort du Cygne," "Paquita," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 23: "Les Elfes," "Mort du Cygne," "Madroños," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 23: "Pas de Quatre," "The Mute Wife," "Pas de Deux," "Romeo et Juliette," and "Prince Igor." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 25: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 26: "Coppélia," "Mort du Cygne," and "Birthday." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 27: "Ballet Imperial," "Romeo et Juliette," "Madroños," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Giselle," "Paquita," and "Birthday." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29: "Les Elfes," "Madroños," "Mort du Cygne," and "Prince Igor." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Les Sylphides," "Romeo et Juliette," "Madroños," and "Raymonda." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of the season—Sunday evening, April 23: "Les Sylphides," "Designs with Strings" (première), "Fall River Legend," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 25: "Swan Lake," "Jeux" (première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 26: "Interplay," "Theme and Variations," "Caprichos" (the company's première), "Pas de Deux," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 27: "Les Sylphides," "Jeux," "Pillar of Fire," and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Giselle," "Caprichos," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29: "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Designs with Strings," "Fall River Legend," "Judgment of Paris," and "Helen of Troy." (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Evenings at 8:30. Matinée at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

Katherine Dunham—With her company, presenting "La Bamba," "Afrique," "Jazz in Five Movements," and other dances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 6.)

Pauline Koner—In a dance recital, with her company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, April 29, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—A child's dream world come true, with a float of giant candy canes, among many other wonders. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30; through Sunday, May 7. The doors open at 1 and 7, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

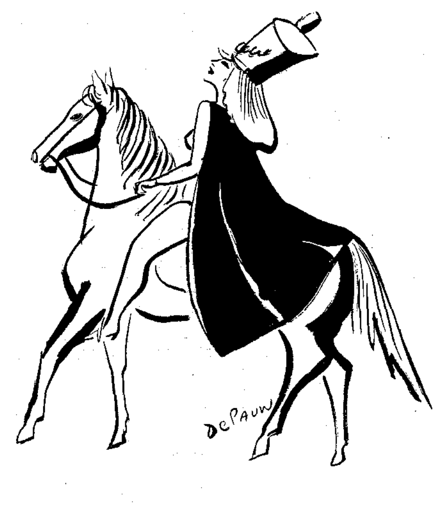
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Trianon Room has dance music by William Scotti's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' rumba band every evening but Sunday.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except on Sundays, Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court, switches to the Madison Room for dinner, and then goes back to the Palm Court. No dancing in room or court.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Starting Thursday, April 27, a new show, comprising Errol Garner's ingenious piano and the jazz songs of Ida James and Harry Belafonté. The rackety band of J. C. Heard provides dance music. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Dancing.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060)—Frank Sinatra pretending now and then that he's no longer a crooner—a transparent effort at best. Dining, drinking, dancing; Larry Storch's gags; showgirls; and other amusements in profusion.



Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's soup-to-nuts pageant of New York café life through the ages. The most entertaining nuts are Walter Dere Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers; the most heart-warming characters are the ancient W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A major refuelling base for Park Avenue's dawn patrol. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—*Toujours la politesse* translated with considerable success into American. Bernie Dolen's orchestra and Artie Arturos' band provide appropriate sound effects. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room offers Myrus, the well-known mental telepathist, and the songs of Betty Jane Watson and Jerry Austen. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band are on the stand. On Sundays, dinner show only, and the room is closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Evelyn Knight and Beatrice Kraft, two of our top-drawer glamour girls. Miss Knight's songs are not always as striking as she is, but Miss Kraft's parody of Javanese ballet is funny as well as subtle. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras are on hand for the customers' athletics. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has (after eight-thirty) Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's orchestras. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The ducal Oval Room offers Jan Engels' dinner music every evening but Sunday, when Harold Sandler's orchestra plays instead. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Rudy Vallée and his voice, which is more satisfactory wrapped around his old songs than when it's enmeshed in some speaker-of-the-evening gags. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, an eye-catching bit of bric-a-brac, sings her twentieth-century siren songs at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play casually for dancing. The celebrated Les Crosley is Miss Wilson's pianist. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the lavish Carnaval Room, you'll find Jan Brunesco's gypsy music and a scattering of Lester Lanin's musicians for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Don Abney's piano in the Café, from seven to one, except Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Why children leave home. Downstairs, every night, Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra and a rumba band; upstairs, on Fridays and Saturdays, more dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Kay Thompson, our foremost advocate of jet propulsion, becomes airborne twice a night. Most of her aerial stunts will bear watching. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band are also on hand.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at suppertime, Morton Downey, explaining that heaven on earth is really little old Ireland. Eddy Duchin's orchestra plays for dinner and, aided by Mischa Borr's band, for supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's dinner and supper dance music in the Fla-

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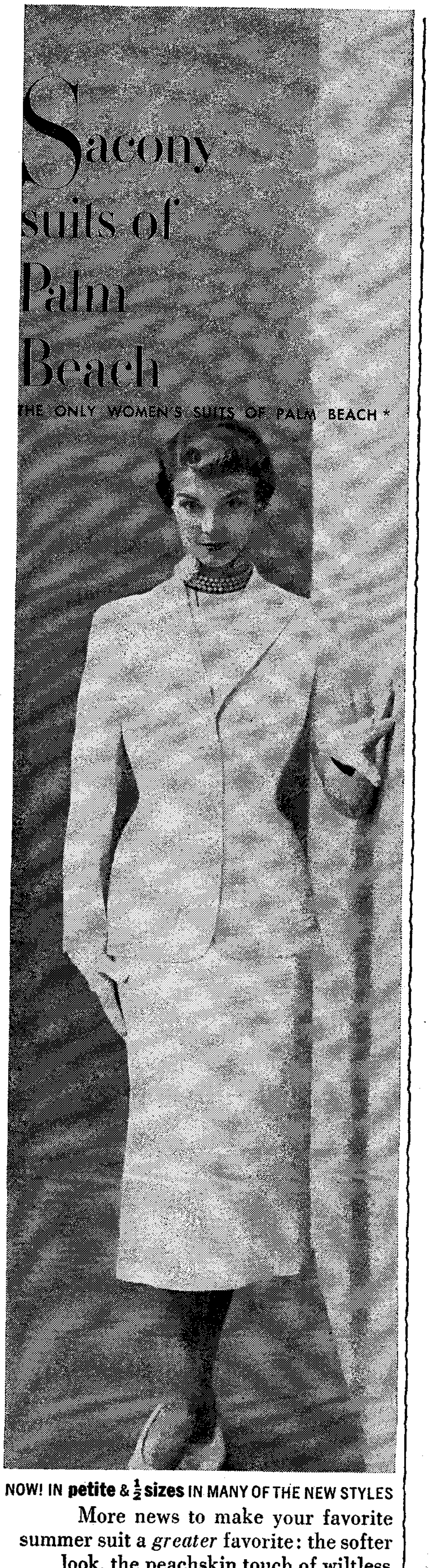
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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): While Les Crosley takes a sabbatical, Cy Walter plays piano for cocktails and again at suppertime. On Sundays, Graham Forbes fills in for him. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): After eight, the bubbly and inviting dance music of Eddie Davis. Phil d'Arcy's trio plays, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): In the bar of this venerable emporium, Mary McNally (at cocktail time) and Harry Taylor and Page Morton (after nine-thirty) provide piano undertones for the animated table talk. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The Allan Logan Trio sounds off at ten-thirty, and Harold Sandler plays prowler violin from dinnertime on. Piano music only on Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A new brace of humorists, named Walling and McHugh, is the main event here. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey play double piano, and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Amateur nights Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONTE CARLO,** 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): One of Dick Gasparre's bands and the Playa Sextet steadily at it in an Arabian Nights boudoir. Closed Mondays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Peter Walters' cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestra Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **SHELBURNE LOUNGE,** Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Juanita Hall looks in after "South Pacific" to sing, Louise Howard clowns, Lucille and Eddie Roberts do their mind-reading act, and Cy Coleman plays impassioned but absorbing piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **PERROQUET ROOM,** Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): Every night but Monday, starting around ten, Norene Tate, at her piano, sings her songs of only occasionally requited passion. Addison Bailey plays piano from dinnertime on. Closed Mondays. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): One of those it-was-only-yesterday reconstructions, made up of melodrama, singing waiters, checked tablecloths, aged movies, and creaky puns, enlivened principally by Paul Killiam's running commentary. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Up over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer's eloquent songs about love among the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Upstairs in the Empress Room, starting at eight o'clock, every evening but Monday, Louis Hawkins' all-night housewarmings, featuring, in about equal quantities, the host's table-side small talk and his piano. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): The distinguished Ellis Larkin now operates one of the grand pianos here; Isaac Royal plays the other. They begin about nine, and at ten-thirty are joined by Jimmy Daniels and Babe Hines, whose ballads are basically extrovert. Closed Mondays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, from suppertime until just before dawn, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack's spellbinding piano duets; every weekday, John Kelley, Jr., provides dinner music. . . . ¶ In the back room, every night, Eadie and Rack appear as themselves and also as Charles Trenet's outfielders. Nancy Andrews chucks in some got-to-get-me-a-guy songs, and Portia Nelson contributes some sad ones. Background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. Sunday nights, guest performers are interspersed among the regulars. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (Pl 3-6426): Ronnie Graham's remarkable free-associational musings, as entertaining as anything in town, plus Kirkwood and Goodman's double talk, Estelle Loring's bright little ditties, and Daphne Hellman's harping. Julius Monk is the paterfamilias. The Norman Paris Trio spices everything with its music of the day after tomorrow. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Weavers, an engaging, lively, unpretentious, and knowledgeable group of ballad singers that features Pete Seeger as mainstay, and banjos, recorders, and whatnot as props. Dance music by Clarence Williams' trio, for which Carl Lynch supplies elegant guitar. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Forecast for the rest of 1950: Intermittent thunder and lightning every evening but Sunday. The thunder: Wild Bill Davison and Cutty Cutshall. The lightning: Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, kicking that old Mississippi River gong around. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet and his band, which includes Vic Dickerson and Ken Kersey, huffing and puffing in the best medieval manner. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Sarah Vaughan's amusing bop singing, and Woody Herman's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Oran Page is the kingpin of the turmoil here. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those weekend shivarees at the Central Plaza have been transferred to this spacious, if austere, auditorium. Saturday, April 22, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, Wild Bill Davison, James P. Johnson, and Baby Dodds, among others. Dancing. . . . **STATLER,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Cafe Rouge, Ray Anthony's band. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

GIFFORD BEAL—Chiefly New England scenes, in oils, painted with an Impressionistic interest in color and light. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

GEORGE BIDDLE—Paintings, ranging in subject from South America to the circus, the color treated with adroit restraint. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; through April 29.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Recent paintings by one of the most sensitive of the American non-objectivists. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through April 21.)

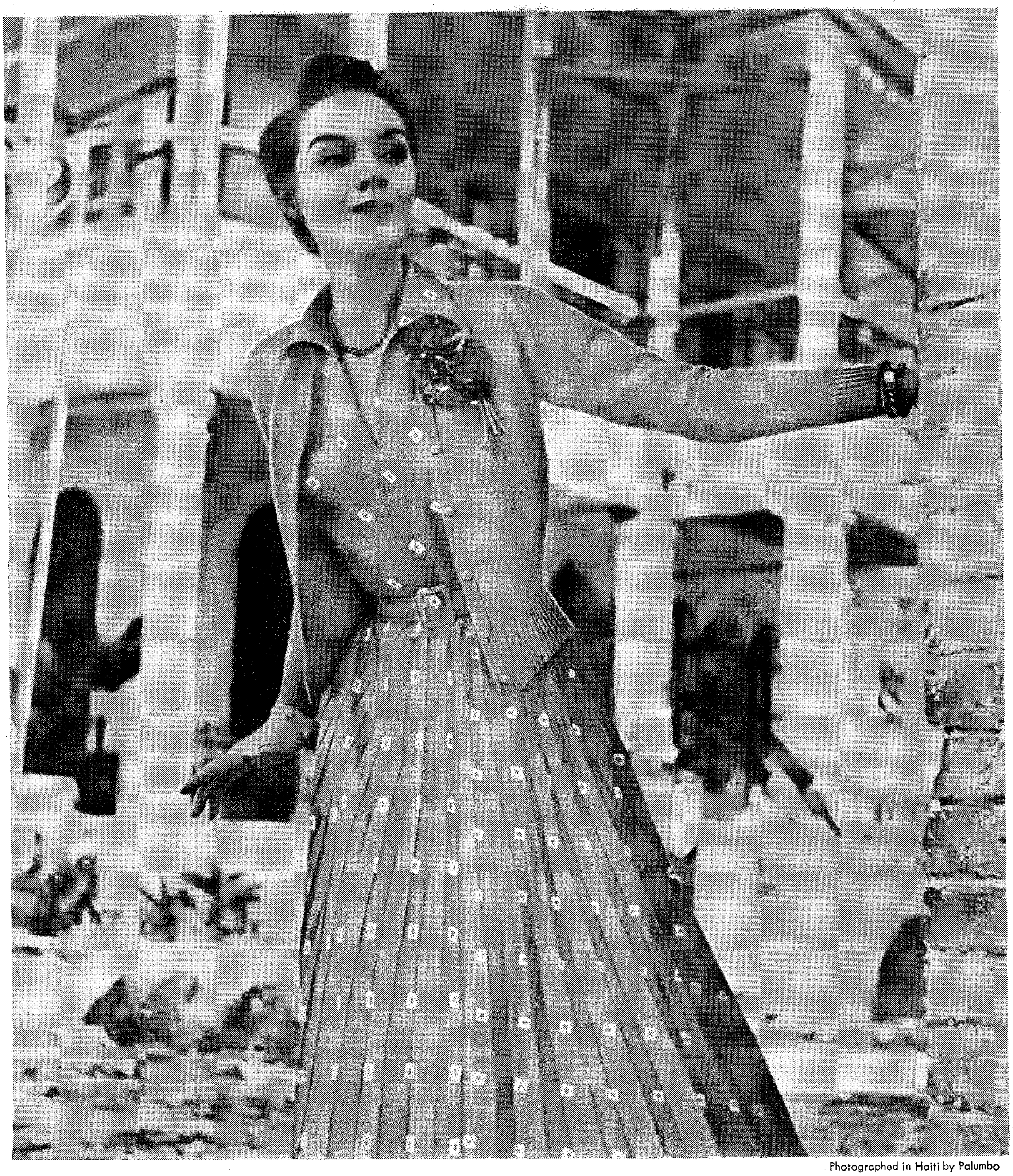
JAMES BROOKS—First one-man show of paintings, done in sweeping abstract color patterns. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St.; through April 22.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—A new set of water colors, embodying his fanciful interpretations of the sights and sounds of the countryside. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through May 10.)

LYONEL FEININGER—New abstractions, less rigid in design and more freely inventive than his previous work. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 29.) . . . ¶ A retrospective showing of about eighty of his drawings, dating from around 1895 to 1949. (Schaeffer, 52 E. 58th St.; through April 29.)

ARSHILE GORKY—A small but carefully selected group of paintings in a memorial show to this American abstractionist, who died in 1948. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through April 24.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Paintings done since 1947,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which display an unusual technique of interwoven light-colored masses and heavy shadows. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A small showing of paintings by American artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including Winslow Homer, Arthur B. Davis, Sol Wilson, and Jean Liberte; through April 29. . . . **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Five younger French artists, in a show called "Advancing French Art;" through May 31.

HAITIAN PAINTERS—A small but excellent showing of works by three leading Haitian primitives, Bigaud, Benoit, and Bazile, that reveals the great strides toward artistic maturity they have made in the past few years. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through April 22.)

ABRAHAM HARRITON—Landscapes and other subjects, done in clear, pearly tones that contrast with the rather nervous designs. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through April 29.)

YASUO KUNIYOSHI—New paintings, continuing his recent explorations into brighter color and slightly more abstract design. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through April 22.)

RICO LEBRUN—First New York showing of oils, most of them extremely competent, by an artist from California, known until now chiefly for his black-and-whites. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

JOHN MARIN—A small but important retrospective of oils that includes a batch of early pieces, painted around 1903, that have never before been exhibited. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through May 6.)

EDWARD MELCARTH—New paintings, applying a baroque style to vivid and dramatic subjects. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

MIRKO—Abstract sculptures and other works, intricate in design and very effective, by an Italian artist as yet little known in this country. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through May 6.)

MODERN FRENCH—The second half of this gallery's annual two-part show of paintings by members of the Paris school. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through April 29.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—Brilliant color and tightly patterned, segmented design, in a number of his new paintings. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through April 29.)

RENOIR—A large and handsome exhibit of paintings, for the benefit of the New York Infirmary, that includes no fewer than forty-three oils that have never been shown here before. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through April 29. Open Sunday, April 23, from noon to 5:30.)

YVES TANGUY—New oils and gouaches by this admirer of lonely vistas and Surrealist rock-and-bone accumulations. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

JOAQUIM TORRES-GARCIA—The first exhibition in this country of paintings by an influential Uruguayan abstractionist, who died last year. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

JOHN WHORF—Water colors, showing skillful treatment of the atmospheric effects of snow and rain. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART GALLERY**, 122 E. 55th St.: William Meyerowitz; through May 6. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Arnold Blanch; through May 6. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Arthur B. Davies; through April 29. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Gaston Lachaise; through May 6. . . . **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Edwin Avery Park and Glen Krause; through May 6. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: William Thon; through May 6. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57th St.: David Smith; through May 13.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's fourth exhibition of prints, an annual

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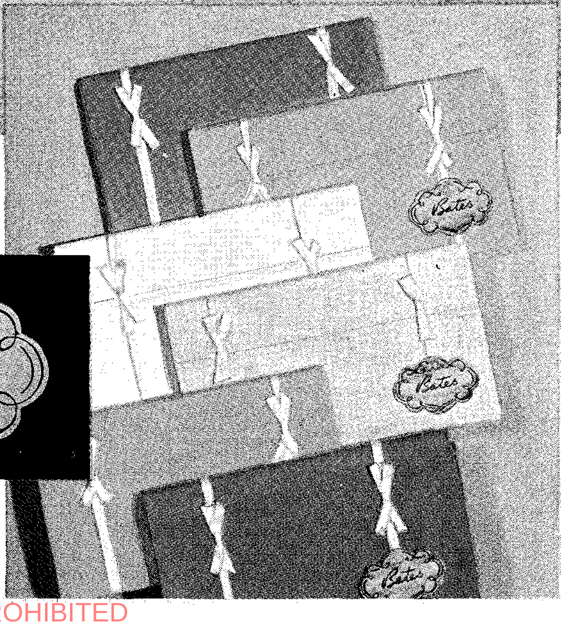

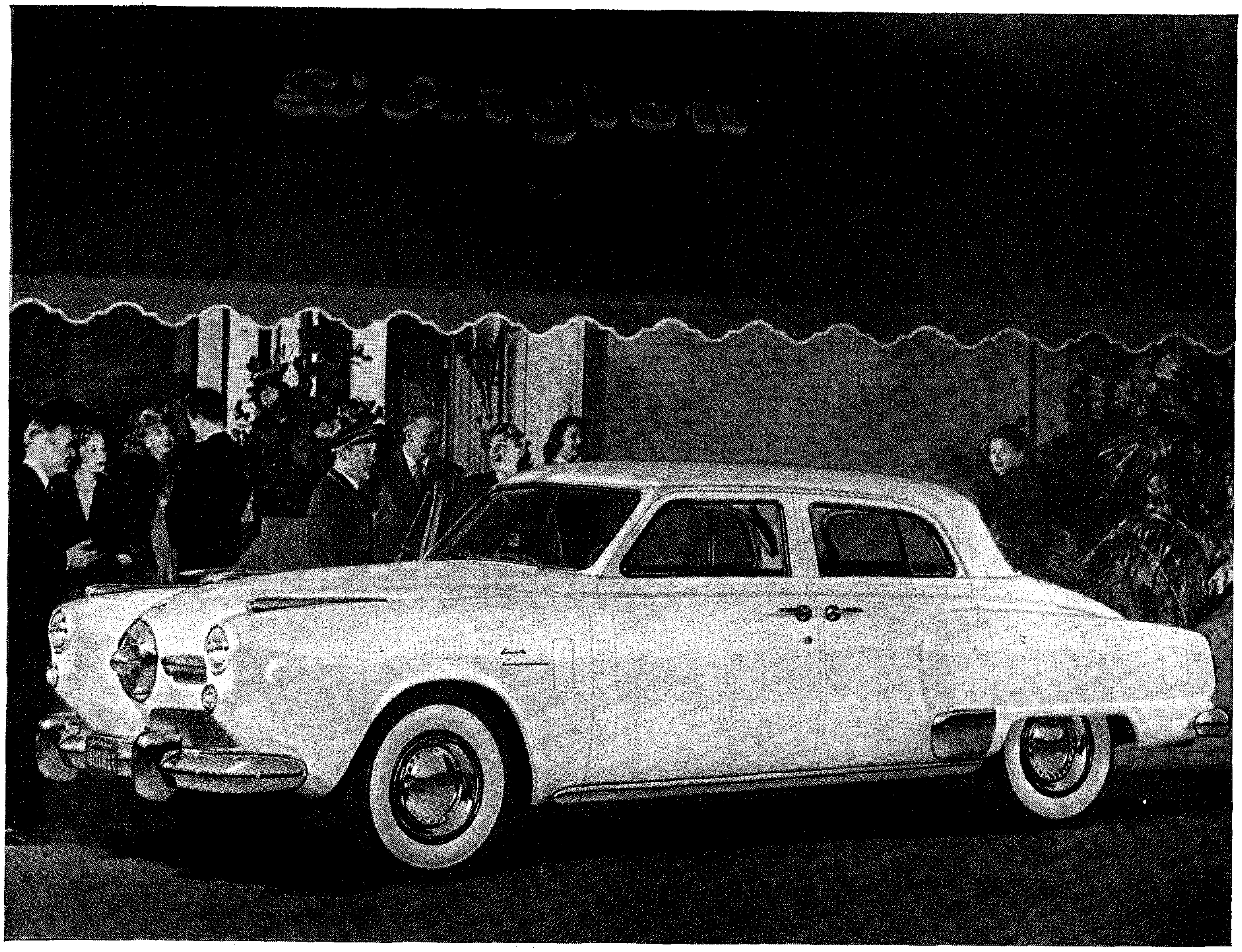

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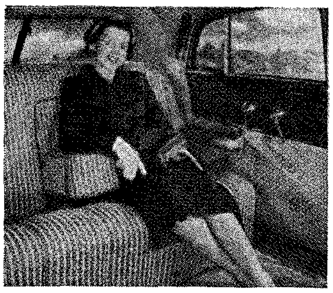

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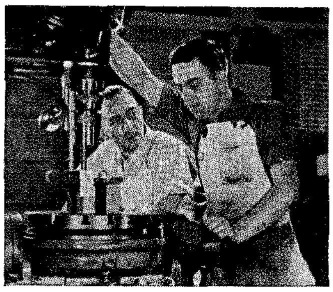

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

event that has already become recognized as one of the best surveys of contemporary American work in this field; through May 21. . . . ¶ Works by the nineteenth-century American painter John F. Peto, best known for his *trompe-l'œil* still-lifes; through May 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A memorial showing of paintings by Leon Garland; through April 23. . . . ¶ The seventh annual show of paintings, sculptures, ceramics, and crafts by children in Jewish schools in the metropolitan area; through April 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Austrian government's loan exhibition of art treasures from Vienna collections. An impressive affair, though not up to the recent Berlin show in scope or quality. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; through May 21.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large, comprehensive, and curiously spirited exhibit of works by the late American watercolorist Charles Demuth. . . . ¶ An illuminating retrospective (1922-48) of paintings by the Philadelphia artist Franklin C. Watkins. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; both through June 11.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The museum's 1950 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings, in a compact and lively showing. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through May 28.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, April 20: "Turandot." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 21: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 22: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 22: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 23: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 23: "The Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 25: "Turandot." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 26: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 27: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "La Bohème." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the final performances of the season: Thursday, April 20, at 8:45, and Friday, April 21, at 2:30 (no soloists); Saturday, April 22, at 8:45 (with Leonid Hambro, piano); and Sunday, April 23, at 2:45 (no soloist).

New York Mandolin Symphony Orchestra—Ignace Strasfogel conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting with Winifred Cecil, soprano; Louis Kaufman, violin; and Bernard Garfield, bassoon. In the first of two all-Vivaldi programs. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Chamber Art Society—Robert Craft conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 5:30.)

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick Glee Club—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 21, at 8:30.)

De Paur Infantry Chorus—Leonard de Paur directing. (Great Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 139th St. Friday, April 21, at 8:40. For tickets, call PL 7-2963.)

Yale Glee Club and Hunter College Choir—A joint concert, with Marshall Bartholomew and Anders Emile directing. (Hunter College

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Arthur Mendel directing Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Barbara Troxell, soprano; William Hess, tenor; William Warfield, bass; and others. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. Tuesday, April 25, at 6:30, and Saturday, April 29, at 2. For tickets, call MU 5-4171.)

Manhattan College Glee Club—Brother Basilian directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Centenary Junior College Singers—Percy Grainger directing and as piano soloist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 3.)

RECITALS

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Concert—Rosina Lhevinne, piano; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Joseph Fuchs, violin; and others. A benefit for the Student Aid Fund. (Juilliard School, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 33. Friday, April 28, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Thursday, April 20, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Monday and Tuesday, April 24-25, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, April 28, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 29, at 2:30. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, April 21, at 2:30; Saturday, April 22, at 2; and Sunday, April 23, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, April 26-27, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 1:30, and Sunday, April 23, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, April 26, at 8:30, and Thursday, April 27, at 1:30.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta (Yale's Derby Day): Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., Princeton, and Rutgers. (Princeton. Saturday, April 29.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Tryon Riding and Hunt Club. (Tryon, N.C. Wednesday, April 26.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 29.)

Racing—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 22; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, April 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . HAVRE DE GRACE: Weekdays at 1:45; through Wednesday, April 26. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track daily at 10.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2, starting Thursday, April 27. The Colonial Handicap, Saturday, April 29. (A train will leave Penn Station for the track daily at 10:30.) . . . PIMLICO-HAVRE DE GRACE, at Pimlico: Mondays, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, at 2:15, starting Saturday, April 29.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40, starting Thursday, April 27. (A train will leave Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Ballet—Lisa Parnova presenting "Cinderella," "The Red Shoes," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." For the benefit of the Handicapped Children's Home Service. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, April 22, at 3. For tickets, call CH 3-6292.)

Plays—By the "Y" JUNIOR THEATRE: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd

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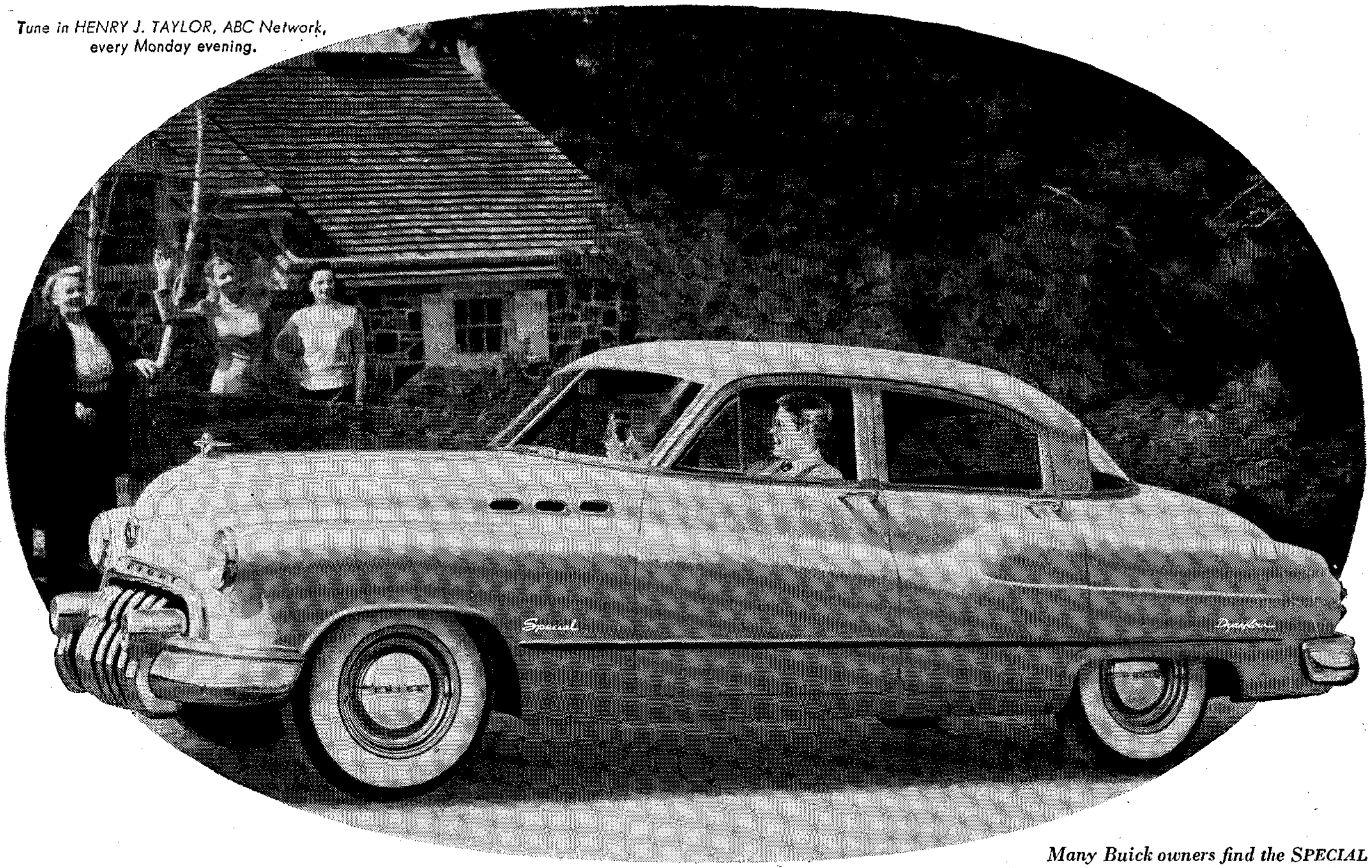

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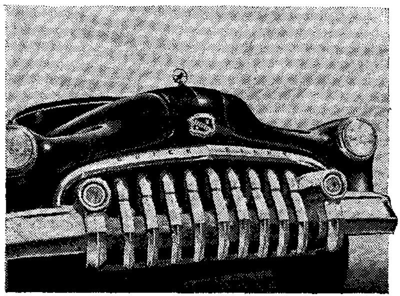

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

Your Key to Greater Value

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PARLIAMENTARIAN SPARES NO EXPENSE YET SHARES IN OUR EVERY ECONOMY

We think that every Business and Professional Man within reach of a Rogers Peet Store should at least *look* at our Parliamentarian* Suits.

These are the Suits we make from England's finest Worsteds—brought in direct from the world-famous British mills that weave them. Cut in the styles of our own Master-Designer. Hand-tailored in our own workrooms.

Sparing no expense in any detail . . . Parliamentarians nevertheless express every economy we offer as Makers-and-Merchants-in-one. $125.

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at Broadway

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Tremont St.
at Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, April 23, at 3.) . . . **KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Golden Cage." For the benefit of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association. (Lenox Hill Hospital Theatre, 131 E. 76th St. Monday, April 24, and Wednesday, April 26, at 8:40, and Tuesday, April 25, at 5. For tickets, call RH 4-5022.)

MARIONETTES—The **SUZARI MARIONETTES:** "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Friday, April 21, at 3:30.) . . . **TIBOR NAGY MARIONETTES:** "Mozart and the Blackamoor" and "The Frog Prince." (Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. Saturday, April 22, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call AL 4-1075.)

MOVIES—Features, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Commission on Human Rights. For tickets, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, any hard questions, within reason, about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Avenue, at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

BRITISH AUTOMOBILE AND MOTORCYCLE EXHIBITION—Around a hundred English cars, representing twenty-two makes, as well as a number of oddities, such as a turbo-jet convertible, and an automobile reported to have done 400 m.p.h. Some antiques, too. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 20-22, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, April 23, from 1 to 11.)

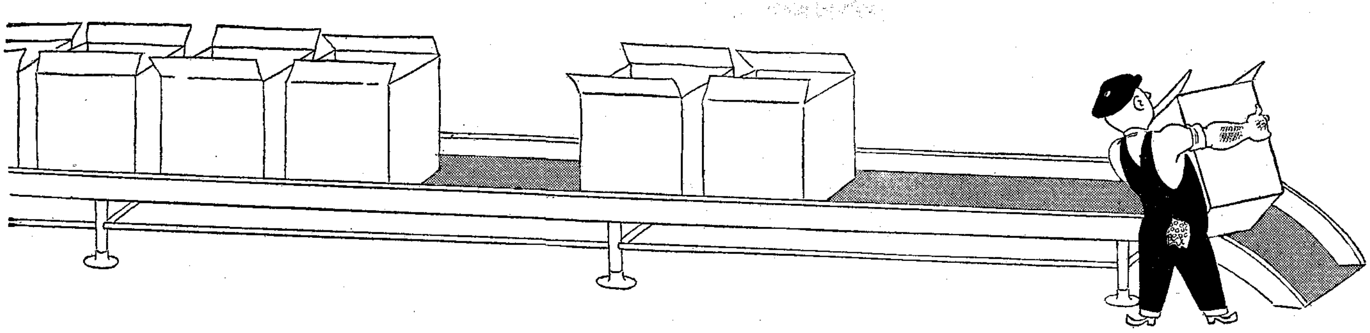
FLOWER SHOW—The annual exhibition of narcissus by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Tuesday, April 25, from 2 to 10, and Wednesday, April 26, from 10 to 6.)

STRANGER IN MANHATTAN—A tourist's-eye view of New York. The exhibit includes written accounts, dating as far back as 1524, by visitors to the city, pictures by transient artists, and items recalling events held in honor of distinguished guests. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 30.)

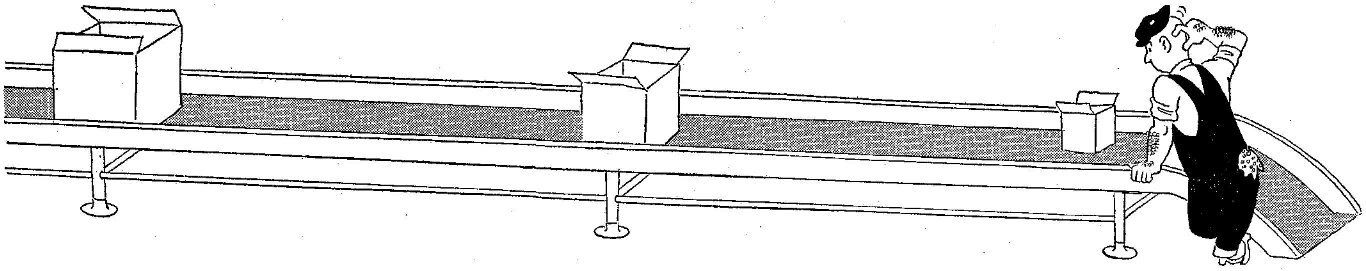
AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Paintings by French artists of the Impressionist and post-Impressionist schools, among them Monet, Utrillo, and Braque, and by other moderns, including Boldini and Grandma Moses, collected by Marie Ballentine and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, April 20, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday, April 20, at 8.) . . . ¶ French Provincial furniture and objects of art, property of Jean Esperandieu, of Tournon, France, and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, April 20, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 2.) . . . ¶ First editions of Milton, Dickens, Carroll, Hemingway, and other English and American authors, from various collections, including that of the late William Adams Kissam. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, April 20-22, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Monday and Tuesday, April 24-25, at 2.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French furniture and decorations, property of the late Eleonora F. Carr and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, April 22, and Monday through Wednesday, April 24-26, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday, April 27, at 2, and Friday, April 28, at 10:30 and 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Conquest of Space." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

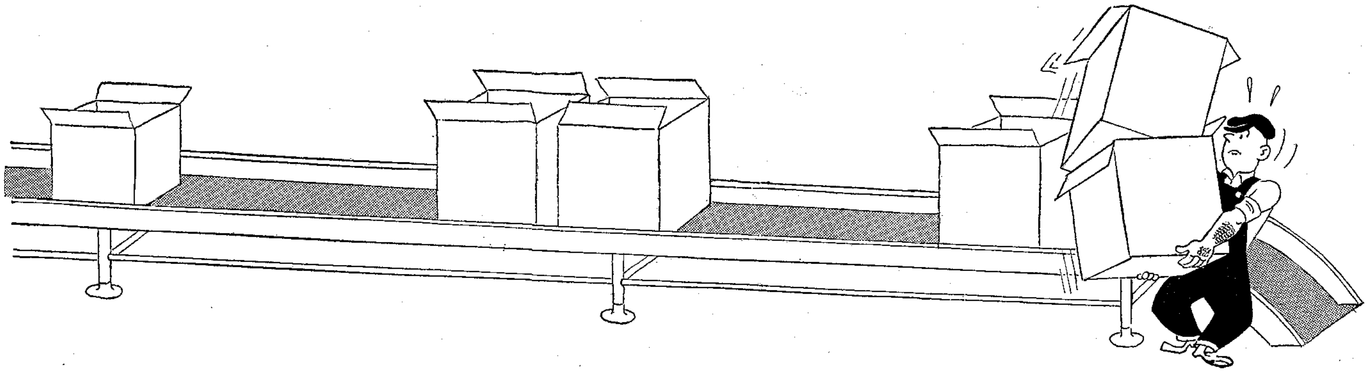
(*Advertisement*)



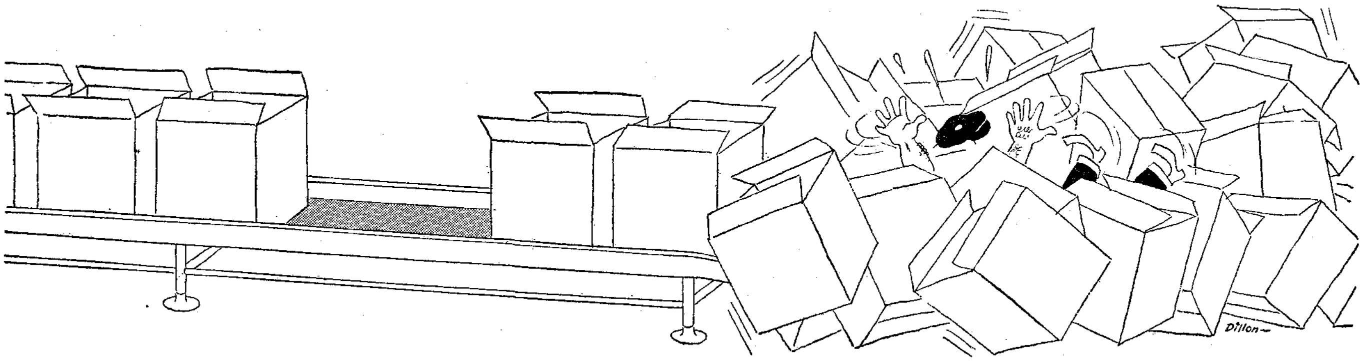
Some companies . . . . *had always* . . . . *assumed that* . . . .



. . . . *a seasonal decline* . . . . *in sales* . . . . *was inevitable* . . . .



. . . . *until they* . . . . *advertised in* . . . . *Holiday* . . . .



. . . . *and discovered* . . . . *that it* . . . . *wasn't!*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Bicycle Thief—A chronicle of the quest for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son, transformed by Vittorio de Sica into just about the best picture that has ever been turned out in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Cinderella—The famous fairy tale as interpreted by Walt Disney, who does much better with mice than he does with human beings. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; April 21-24. . . . ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting April 23.)

The Fallen Idol—A British picture, as good as they come, about a small boy who gets involved in a highly complex adult world of policemen, a shrewish woman, and violent death. From a short story by Graham Greene, and with Bobby Henrey, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Golden Twenties—Views of the Jazz Era, ranging from grim to hilarious, assembled by the editors of the "March of Time" from newsreels and Hollywood films of twenty to thirty years ago. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable British study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in the cast. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Riding High—Bing Crosby in a remake of "Broadway Bill," the film about an assortment of horse enthusiasts and a noble beast. Directed by Frank Capra and a genial affair all around. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100.)

A Run for Your Money—A couple of Welsh coal miners loose in London under the supervision of Alec Guinness. Funny stuff, particularly when Mr. Guinness is behaving a lot more anticly than you might expect from a man who can interpret the night thoughts of T. S. Eliot. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

Saints and Sinners—A consistently captivating English picture about a village in Eire that teems with daft characters. The script is by Paul Vincent Carroll, and the bulk of the cast is made up of Abbey Theatre Players. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through April 21. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5 P.M.)

Sands of Iwo Jima—Action in the South Pacific, with John Wayne leading a group of Marines up the beaches. While the fighting is on, everything is all right, but there are occasional pauses for highfalutin dialogue and foolish military romances. John Agar, Wally Cassell, Forrest Tucker, and James Brown are among the warriors. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting April 25.)

The Third Man—A fast, melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. A Carol Reed-Graham Greene collaboration that has its moments. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Tight Little Island—A comical British film having to do with a whiskey drought on an island in the Hebrides during the war. Basil Radford heads the estimable cast. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through April 23, tentative.)

The Walls of Malapaga—Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda in a moody but absorbing picture that depicts the activities of a Frenchman who, having fled his homeland after indulging in a bit of homicide, joins up with a lovelorn lady and her impressionable daughter in a bombed-out section of Genoa. The daughter is portrayed with great sensitivity by Vera Talchi. A French-Italian production. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

When Willie Comes Marching Home—Some fairly funny stuff about a soldier who wants to be a hero and can't get an assignment any farther from home than an airfield five miles away. Directed by John Ford, the picture includes in its cast Dan Dailey, Corinne Calvet, and Colleen Townsend. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through April 22. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 21-24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 25.)

The Woman of Dolwyn—Some gripping interludes in the Welsh village of Dolwyn, chiefly distinguished by the magnificent acting of Dame Edith Evans. Emlyn Williams wrote and directed this one, and acts in it, too. A British film, formerly known as "Dolwyn." (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; April 22-25. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5 P.M.)

REVIVALS

Beau Geste (1939)—The Foreign Legion and Gary Cooper in the desert. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 21-22.)

City Lights (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously on the loose in a big town. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 24.)

Hamlet (1948)—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane. An English picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 25.)

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer (1935)—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell facing the hazards of India. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 21-22. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 23-24.)

Mourning Becomes Electra (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 20. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-7890; April 21-22.)

Shoe-Shine (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 20.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor. A French picture. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; April 21-24.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 25, tentative.)

Tragic Hunt (1948)—An Italian film about a lady bandit and her gang. With Vivo Gioi. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 25.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 25, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 23: "Song of Ceylon" (1934), "The Spanish Earth" (1937), and "The Window Cleaner" (1945). . . . ¶ Starting April 24: The development of color in motion pictures from 1905 to 1934 as shown in six films. Included among them are excerpts from "The Black Pirate," "Rio Rita," and an early Disney cartoon. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Scandals of Clochemerle" (in French).

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE GOLDEN TWENTIES.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through April 26: "Escape Into Dreams" (in Italian), Vittorio de Sica, Aldo Fabrizi.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Reformer and the Redhead," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Love Happy," the Marx Brothers.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through April 25: "Mad About Opera" (in Italian), Beniamino Gigli, Tito Gobbi.
From April 26: "Border Street" (in Polish).

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Guilty of Treason," Charles Bickford.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through April 26 (tentative): "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
RIDING HIGH.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through April 25: "Comanche Territory," Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey.
From April 26, at 8:30: "The Big Lift," Montgomery Clift, Paul Douglas. (Opening night is a benefit for the *Daily Mirror* Youth Welfare Fund.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy, Jeanne Crain.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).

What in the wide, wide world are you waiting for?

. . . because while you're waiting, everything in the wide, wide world of television is passing you by.

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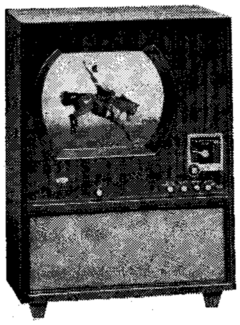

The Westwood
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19" Life-Size Du Mont picture tube. Distinguished console. Full doors. Built-in FM radio. Plug-in for phonograph.

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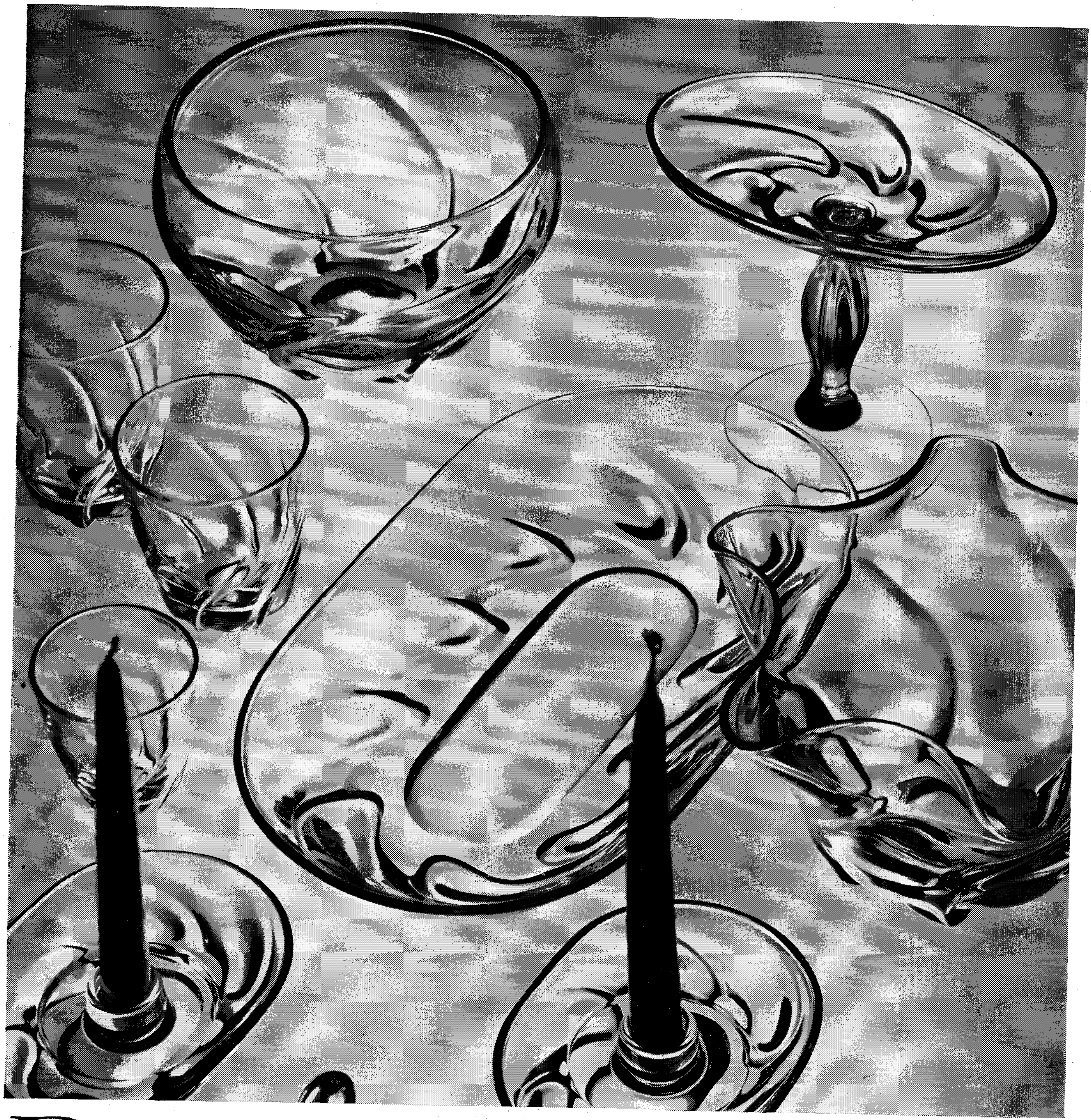
A Style Event of First Importance . . .



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MODERN DESIGNERS AND MODERN DECORATORS, with reckless courage, risk everything on the chance that you will like the sheer, unadorned natural beauty of a material itself.

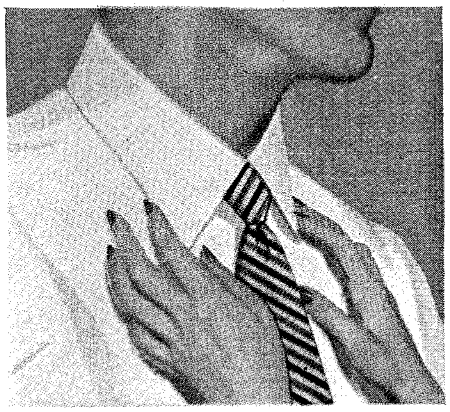
That is what we have done in the new Duncan pattern, Avalon. Here is deep, clear glass that rests everything upon its own limpid beauty. Yet it has already been acclaimed as one of the loveliest of the modern glass patterns.

It is offered . . . at prices that will please you . . . at good jewelry, gift and department stores. If you cannot find it, write and we will tell you the nearest dealer. The Duncan & Miller Glass Co., Washington, Pa.

A starter set of AVALON *will make*
a wonderful wedding present

GENUINE
Duncan

This is a MEN'S SHIRT ad for WOMEN ONLY!

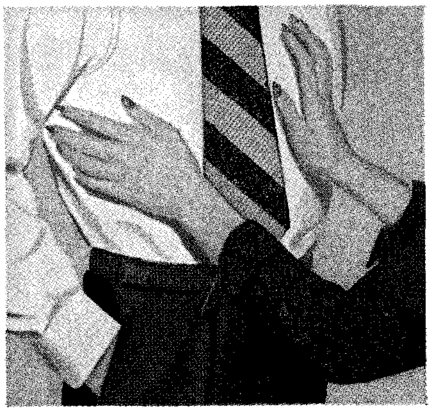


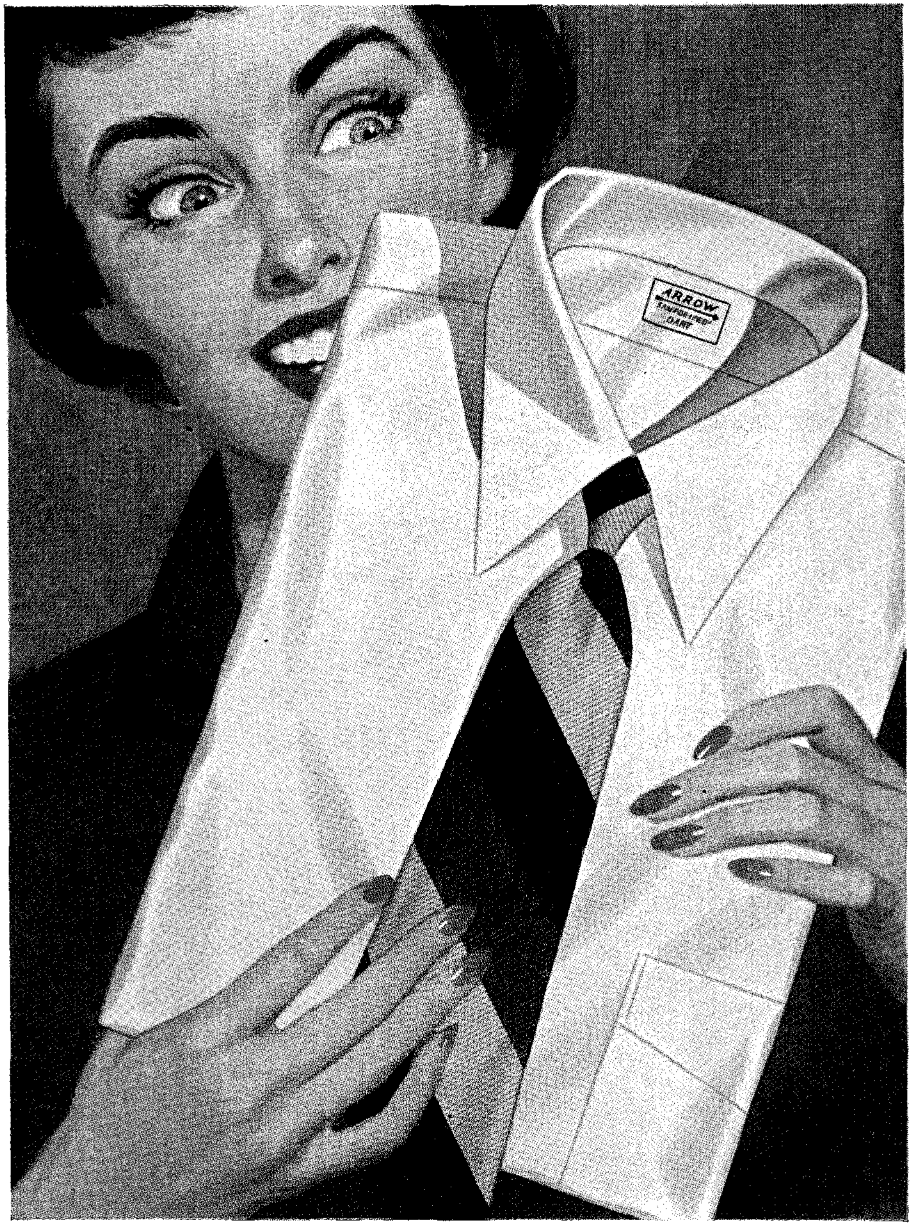
FOR WOMEN ONLY? Yes! For *more than half of all the Arrow shirts* we've made have been bought by women . . . for men.

We're pretty proud of this fact. For, to us, it's evidence that women, as well as men, recognize the value that's packed into every Arrow shirt.

Coming down to cases, women like *these* features in America's most popular shirt.

1 . . . **the handsome,** can't-be-copied Arrow collar! Women often check collar points to see if they're *exactly* even. (They ALWAYS are in Arrow shirts!)





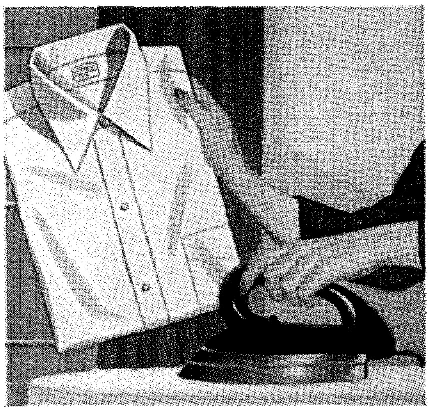
2 . . . **women can tell,** by touch, that the combed cotton yarn in Arrow shirts means *just this: better feel . . . longer wear!*

3 . . . **women demand** garments with permanent fit. "Sanforized" trade-mark on every Arrow shirt (fabric shrinkage less than 1%) means *just that!*

4 . . . **for appearance** and comfort, the shoulders, sleeves, and sides of Arrow shirts taper to follow a man's contours. Shirts of this design carry the trade-mark "MITOGA." *Only Arrows have it!*

5 . . . **women love** Arrow buttons! For they're *durable, firmly anchored on*—no fuss having to sew on buttons that pop off.

6 . . . **finally,** fine tailoring makes Arrow shirts *easy to iron!* We are flooded with letters about this. Sample: "Arrow shirts require *only about half* the time to iron that I used to spend on others!"



Arrow Dart *(left)* has the famous non-wilt, wrinkle-free collar that needs no starch—keeps neat all day, $3.65. This collar is also available in Mall, $3.95; Dale, $4.50; and Regis, $5.50. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

P.S. Those handsome neckties are Arrows, too! Pure silk Royalty repps, $2.

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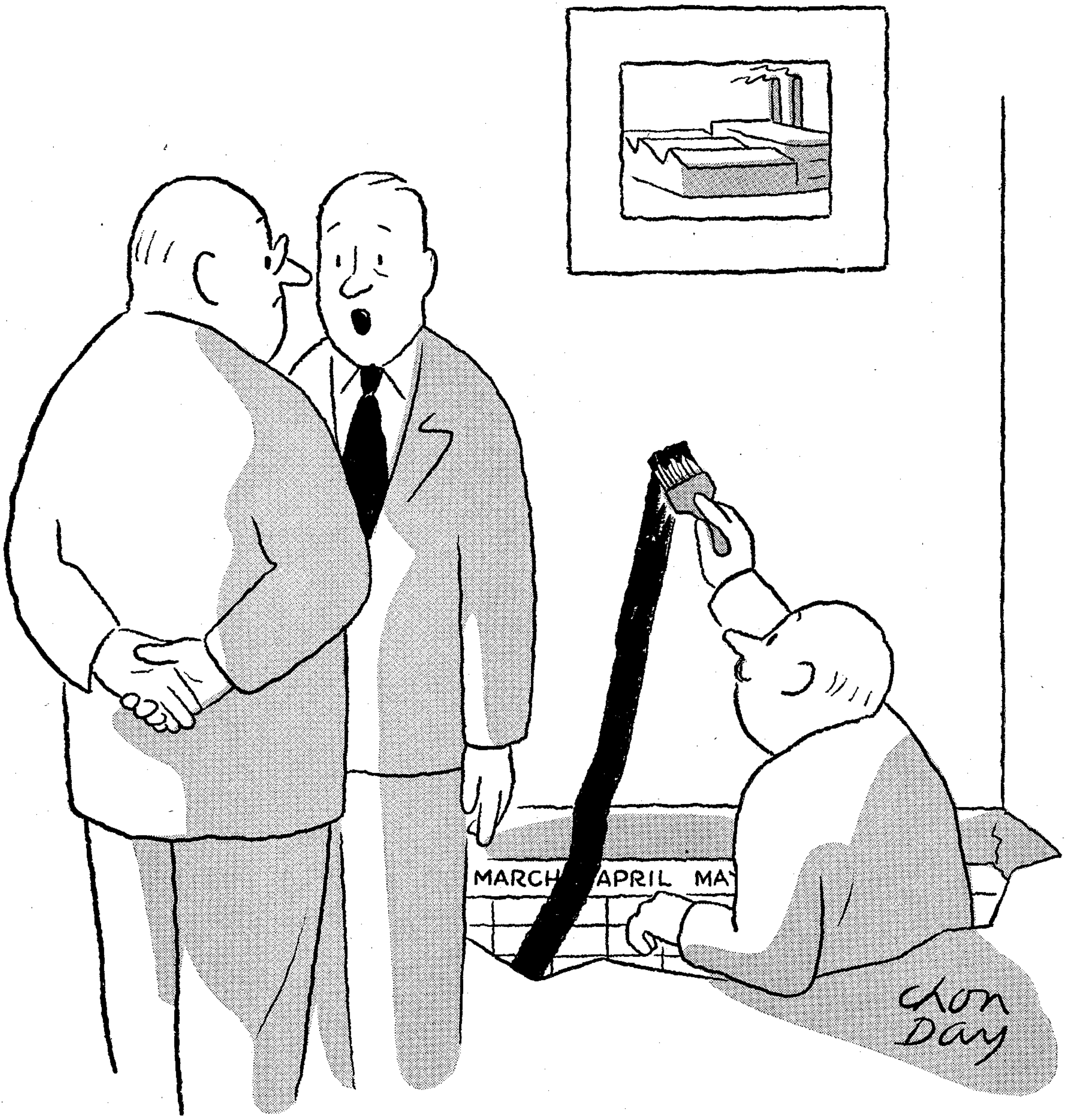
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD



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*out of every 100.**

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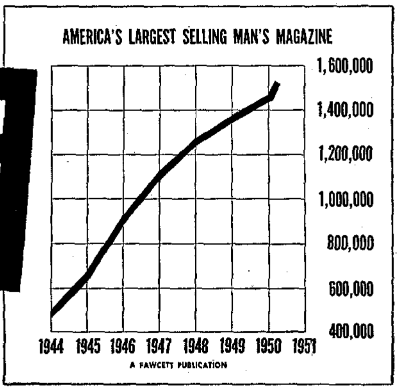
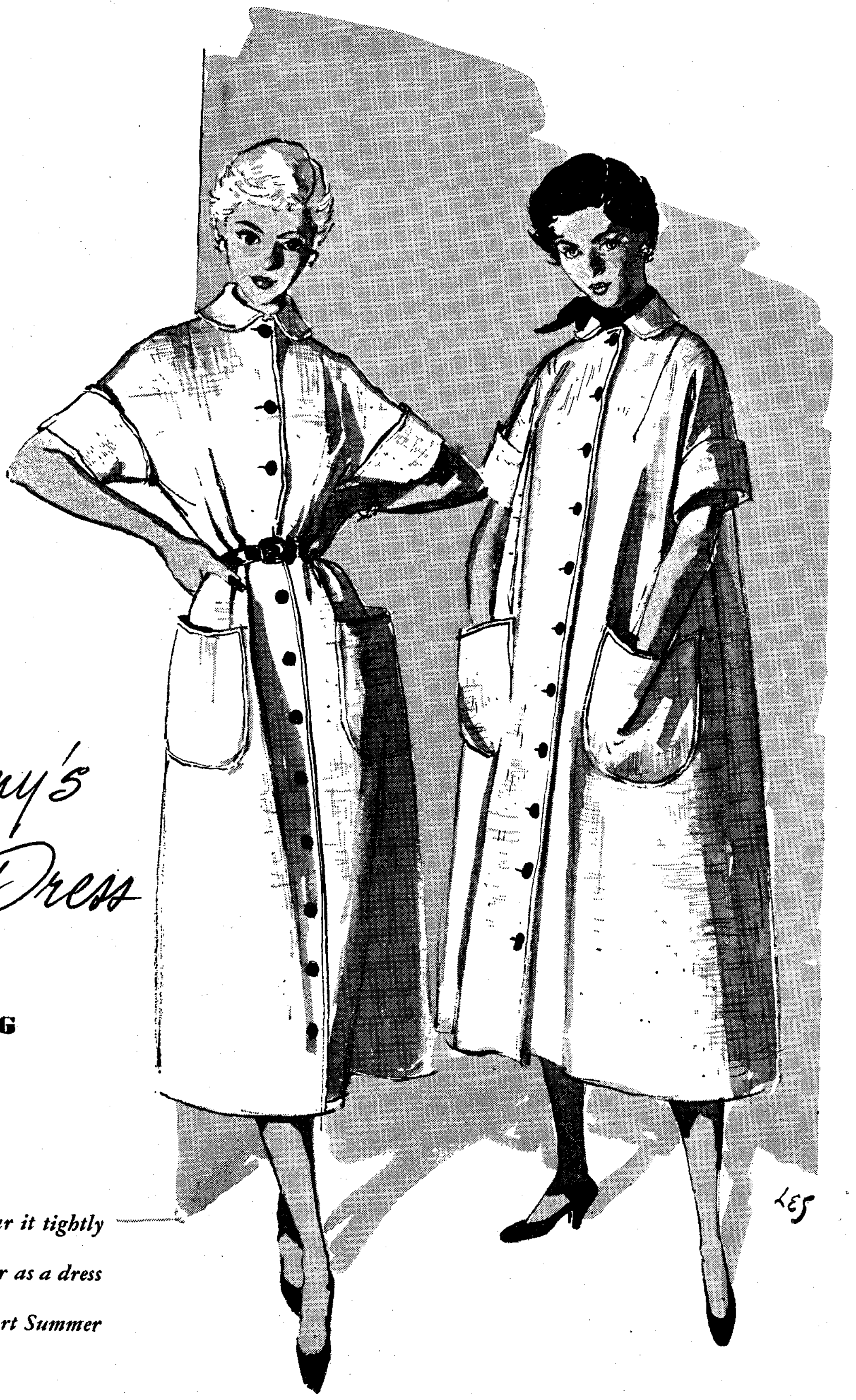


*According to a survey of brand buying habits made by A. S. Bennett Associates



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THE
NEW YORKER

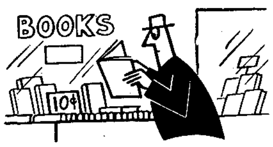
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

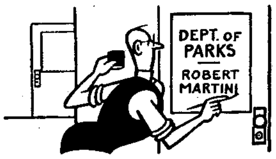
WE picked up a magazine the other day, turned to its lead article, "A Better Remedy Than Communism for the Unhappiness of the Times," and read:

> We live in an unhappy age. This is apparent on every side. Literature is full of unhappiness. Our most thoughtful novelists are gloomy. Our representative poets sing in a minor strain. Our deepest philosophers confess the mystery of life, the insoluble character of its problems. Art, too, is melancholy. What pictures rivet the modern gaze like those full of sadness and pathos! What strains rivet the modern ear like those full of mystery and unrest! . . . Life is unhappy. The capitalist is insecure in his possessions, the laborer is discontented with his condition, professional life abounds in disappointments and heart burnings . . . the spirit of the time is one of sadness. We are continually advancing in culture and material improvements. But is there any advance commensurate in the art of happy living? No! if anything, there is probably a decline in this respect. No century, perhaps, is more characterized by unhappiness than this.

What century, riveted reader? The *nineteenth*, the one so many of our contemporaries say they wish they had been born, and had died, in. We reprint the above passage from the January, 1879, *New Englander*, a New Haven bimonthly (which we picked up in a second-hand bookstore), as a steadying influence. Chin up! Face the front of the car! Down with our most thoughtful novelists, our deepest philosophers, our doom-ridden painters, our cacophonous composers. Up, capitalist! Up, laborer! Let our professional men hoist a soothing Alka-Seltzer! Blessings undoubtedly abound, as someone rooting around a second-hand bookstore a hundred years from now will surely discover.



"WARNER BROTHERS," the *Herald Tribune* reports, in a department headed "News of the Theater," "has changed Virginia Gorski's name to Gibson and given her a leading role opposite Gene Nelson in 'Tea for Two.' Miss Gorski was a featured dancer in 'Along Fifth Avenue.' " Corporate effrontery, thy name is Hollywood! Not for Miss Gorski to handle her own nomenclature, not for the Brothers to *announce*—theirs to command this momentous and intimate change, affecting every future phone call Miss Gibson, née Gorski, makes and, very likely, the fabric of her dreams; hers to acquiesce, if she wants that cup of tea. This kind of paternalism will doubtless spread, and we look forward, without much enthusiasm, to a City Hall release reading, "The Department of Parks has changed Robert Moses' name to Martini. Mr. Moses has long been a featured commissioner."



Census Director

THE seventeen thousand census-takers who have been canvassing this state and northern New Jersey on behalf of the seventeenth decennial population census haven't run into any serious recalcitrance—or hadn't as of late last week, when we called on this region's Bureau of the Census area director, Dr. Zola Bronson, at his office, on Washington Street. "If someone refuses to answer, the enumerator refers the matter to a crew leader," said Bronson, a dynamic area director if ever we saw one. "The crew leader tells the refractory person that a response is required by law. This usually works. If it doesn't, a district supervisor, or one of his assistants, goes to bat. This almost always works, though I believe that as an aftermath of the 1940 census several adamant individuals were taken to court and fined." There's a crew leader to every twenty-two urban enumerators, Bronson told us, and to every fifteen rural enumerators. We also learned that his area is probably the most heavily populated of the fourteen in the country and contains thirty-nine districts, that urban enumerators get seven cents a name, that some, working around the clock in densely populated neighborhoods in Brooklyn and the Bronx, have been making as much as thirty-five dollars a day, and that the census won't be cleaned up locally before the end of this week, at best.

Although Bronson's post is one that brings its incumbent into the limelight only once every ten years, it is an all-decade-round one. "We carry on monthly sampling propositions and interim projections bearing on population trends with respect to unemployment and so forth," he said. "Last year, the Bureau conducted a census of all the business establishments in the nation—over three million of them. Our enumerators—I had a thousand on the job in this area—would leave a schedule of questions with the owner of a business, or the chief accountant. Some companies, like Standard Oil, took months to get the answers. The big companies seemed especially glad to coöperate, perhaps because in many cases our findings helped them figure out the volume of business of their competitors. They could just deduct their own figures from the over-all ones and come to certain conclusions."

Bronson is a native New Yorker, but he doesn't know where he was born, beyond the fact that it was in Manhattan. His father was running a restaurant at the time, and Bronson doesn't know where that was, either. He attended C.C.N.Y., majoring in chemistry, on the theory that he would teach it. The depression coincided with his graduation, impairing the market for chemistry teachers, so he went on to N.Y.U., and in 1933 he emerged a Doctor of Social Research. He taught economics and sociology at Essex County Junior College and N.Y.U., and then participated in a national survey of technological displacement in industry for the P. W. A. In 1937, drawing upon his chemical know-how, he went into private industry, as manager of a lacquer-manufacturing plant in Irvington, New Jersey. His heart, however, was not in lacquer. "I couldn't see why I should go on making money just for the sake of making money," he told us, "so in 1940 I entered the University of Chicago. I took a Master's degree in Public Welfare Administration, and in 1941 I joined the government's Office of Defense, Health, and Welfare Services." With the war in the offing, Bronson helped Midwestern communities that had been earmarked for defense industries to meet the impact of the expansion of same by providing facilities to accommodate vast increases in local populations. The Army subsequently preëmpted three and a half years of his time—he ended up as a Military Government captain in Germany—and then came three and a half years with the Veterans Administration, at the end of which he switched to the Census Bureau. "It's an exciting job," he said, "but a demanding one. In some of my more sane moments, I think I should have gone back to the lacquer business. You work much harder in government than you do in private industry." For a moment, we thought we detected a faint, nostalgic, capitalistic gleam in his eye.

Bronson is married and lives in Kew Gardens. He owes his given name to an admiration his parents felt for Emile Zola. "He's supposed to be good, I know," Bronson said, "and I've *tried* to read a couple of his books, but I'd rather read a good technical book than a good novel any day." A lot of Bronson's mail is addressed to him as "Miss," and he doesn't like that much.

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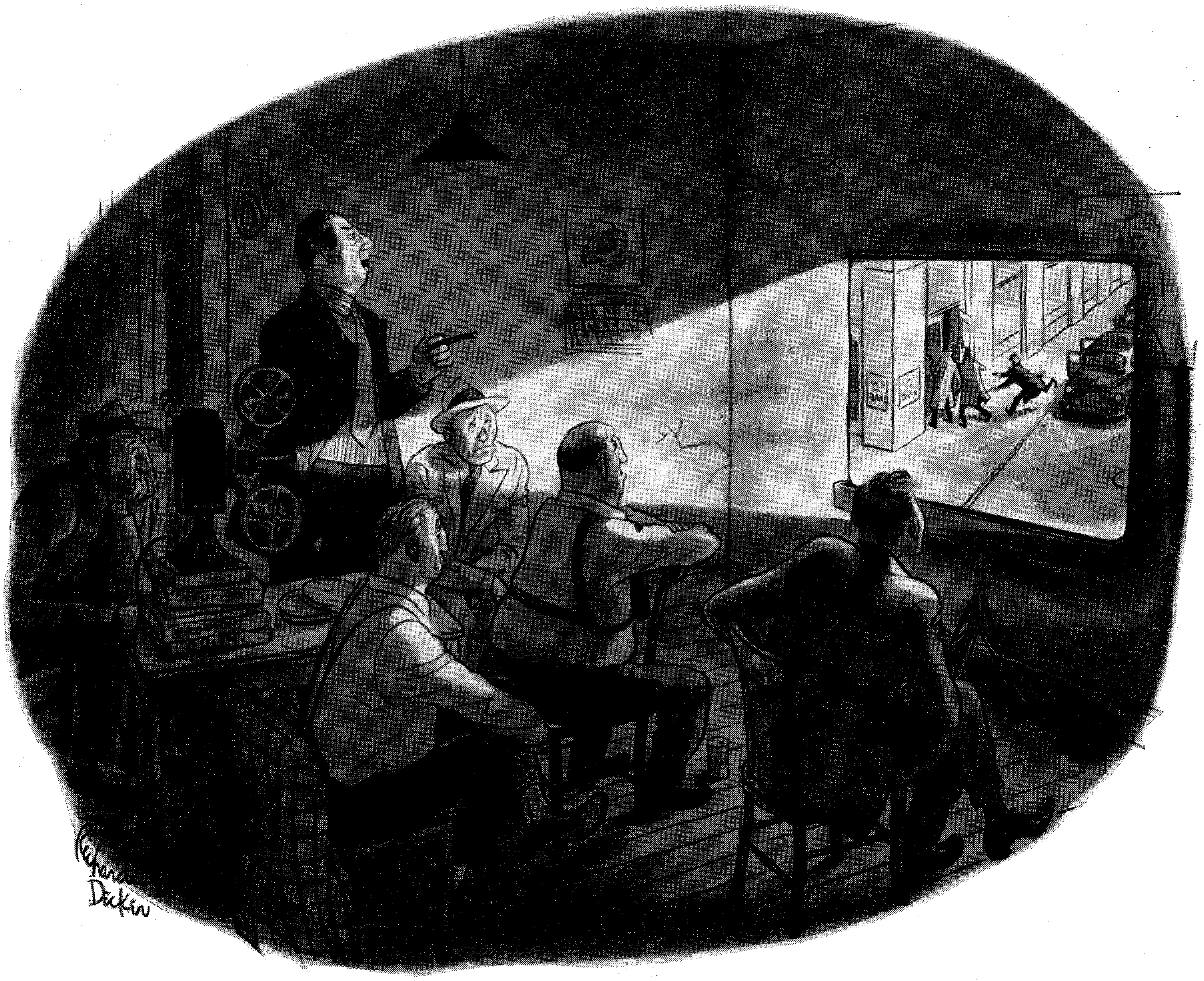
WEST COAST INTELLIGENCE: The Sierra County, California, Board of Supervisors has changed the name of the Little North Fork of the Middle Fork of the North Fork of the Yuba River to Empire Creek.

Voice of the Future

A GROUP of designers and manufacturers of display-advertising devices held a show at the Waldorf last week, to which we gained damp admittance by resolutely forging our way through a shower of soap bubbles blown from the mouth of a mechanical clown representing the Ultima Thule of display-advertising inspiration. After a cursory survey of various whirling and blinking contrivances apparently intended to assault all members of the American public with anything upward of a dime to spend, which we won't dwell on here, we settled down with one Alfred Landes, vice-president in charge of sales of the Learepeater Sales Corporation. We came upon him standing before a set of mock grocery shelves, gazing at a gadget no bigger than a man's hand, looked at philosophically (and no bigger than a portable radio, actually), which, we concluded, will drive the nation's housewives loonier than radio and television have. This, Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and all the ships at sea, was the Learepeater, a device for rendering vocal sales messages inevitable to any woman trying to pass a given spot in, say, a supermarket. "We trip them electronically, with a ray set at foot level," Mr. Landes explained to us happily, "and the wire-tape announcer starts going, telling them why they should pause and buy what we have in mind. The beauty of the Learepeater is that it cannot be heard for more than four or five feet." "Hoot, MacGregor," we heard a voice shrilling from the grocery shelves, "it's the Learepeater ye're needin'." We were standing a full twelve feet away from the shelves. "Hoot, Landes," we said, "there's more here than meets your particular ear." "What we have is a nicely modulated method of bringing to the housewife sales messages that have already appeared in print," said Landes. "But there are other possibilities. *Time* and *Life* are both ready for field tests. The idea is that when somebody approaches a newsstand, he breaks the beam, and promptly a machine—only $72.45 the complete unit—starts informing him about the contents of a certain paper or magazine. Wonderful!" Mr. Landes proceeded to lead us through a dry run. Ushering us to a ramp in front of the shelves, he ordered, "Go!" Immediately, we heard a voice saying, "You're walking right past my display of Vel." We plunged on nervously in Landes's wake, and a dog barked at us. The Vel voice then resumed: "Sport doesn't want you to forget your package of Vel." Next we heard the voice of the classical radio pitchman, ringing with fake good cheer, remark ruefully that we had passed him by; "I'm the Pepsi-Cola man," he said. We were mumbling what the Pepsi-Cola man could do when, at our next step, we were assailed by an imitation-Barry Fitzgerald voice shrilling, "How d'ye do, how d'ye do?" Turned out this, the final plug, was for Schaefer's beer.

Mr. Landes told us that Mr. William P. Lear, the inventor of the Learepeater and chairman of the board of Lear, Inc., was able to do such a sweet job of making this tape recorder practical because he'd been working for a long time on high-precision navigational and electro-mechanical equipment for aircraft. "Gas stations, automobile display rooms, supermarkets—I tell you this is the sales force of the future," said Mr. Landes, and, dropping his voice to an earnest whisper, he added, "Think of this noncommercially. The Learepeater giving out a Papal message, all modulated with refinement. Or"—his voice rose—"telling jaywalkers not to cross against a light. Or"—by this time his voice was orotund—"giving the housewife the nudge that lies behind *any* printed ad." A passing visitor looked down on a stack of wire tapes in small, transparent packages. "Tapeworms?" he asked, chuckling. "Tapeworms, yes," Mr. Landes said, "but with a message."

Another gentleman came up, and Mr. Landes presented him to us as Mr. Lazare Gelin. "President, I might add," said Mr. Landes, "of the Learepeater Sales Corporation and the Lear International Export Corporation." "Listen," said Mr. Gelin. "A few days ago a man from Central America talks of giving us an order for two thousand Learepeaters. Two thousand! You



"... you, Spade—you're moving too fast, and you're looking back over your shoulder. You're nervous, Pete, nervous. You nosed the car in much too sharply, and you parked too far from the corner. You're lucky another heap didn't move in ahead of you and bottle you up. Watch that. Lefty, you were supposed to be covering for cops ..."

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can imagine the astonishment. There aren't two thousand supermarkets, drugstores, or anything like that in Central America. But the man—I mention no names—says what a device for elections, instead of pistols! The Learepeater applies anywhere." "Suppose you want to buy an automobile," said Mr. Landes. "The salesman tells you it is good. Then suppose, when you open the door, the *car itself* tells you it is good. The psychology of the people of this country is geared to things of this nature." "God forbid," we said. "How's that?" said Mr. Landes.

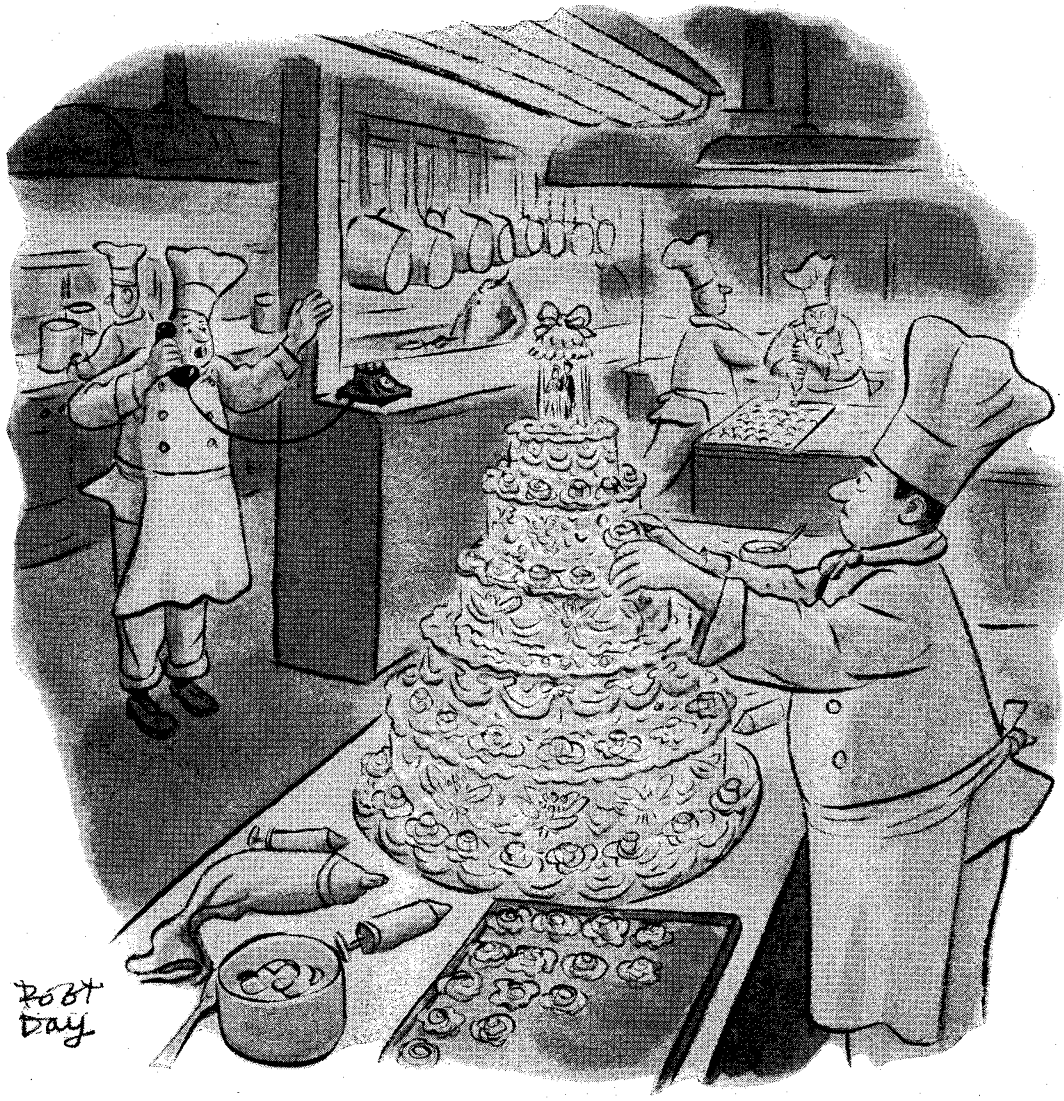
Creed

An eight-year-old came home from school the other day, handed his mother a smudgy document, and besought her to type it, which she did. It comprised the rules for a club he and several classmates have founded, as follows:

1. Be friends together.
2. No sudden moves.
3. Peaceful wars.
4. Unpeaceful wars if nessasary.
5. No teasing at all.
6. Gim practice every day.
7. Help each other if nessasery.
8. If running away do not chass.

Cheers

So far, the people most seriously affected by the water shortage seem to be the owners and employees of local automobile laundries, which since December 8th have been forbidden to use city water to wash cars. Several companies have rallied from the blow and, by dint of drilling wells, are back in business. We dropped by one such resourceful laundry recently, the Minute Auto Wash, at Twelfth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, and found David N. Katz, a co-owner, standing in front of a large sign reading "Cars Washed with Our Own Well Water." Katz, a stocky young man dressed in an Army field jacket, greeted us wearily but with an air of satisfaction. "We were the first automatic car laundry in Manhattan," he told us. "We were going great guns when the water ban hit us. Then we had to lay off sixteen men. We were shut down for six weeks. We spent the first two of them experimenting with filters, thinking we might be able to work out some way of using the same water over and over. We found we could filter out everything but our de-



"Hold it, Joe! They've eloped!"

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tergent, so we had to give up *that* bright idea. Then my partner and I, we figured we'd be going broke anyhow, and we decided to risk some money drilling a well. That way, we knew we'd either be booming or busted."

Katz and his partner, Lester Goodman, weren't too optimistic about finding water beneath their premises, because as soon as they had to stop using city water, they had a hydraulic engineer in and he took a look at the parking space before the building in which they do their laundering and advised them against sinking a well. They also had difficulty getting the services of a well-driller. Most of the drillers anywhere near the city turned out to be busy drilling wells for other desperately water-needy people, and to have bookings for months ahead. Finally, Katz and Goodman got in touch with the distinguished well-digging firm of Bishop, Kroeger & Bishop, of Monticello, New York. The senior Bishop and the sole Kroeger came down, looked over the site, and expressed the opinion that if there was any water around that region at all, and they weren't saying there was, it was as likely to be found in one spot as another. Katz promptly instructed them to go ahead and drill a well three feet to the left of the front door of the laundry. They drilled for six days through solid rock, at a rate of about eighteen feet a day and a charge of ten dollars a foot.

Every day, as Bishop and Kroeger were drilling, five or six passersby would stop at the rig and ask them please to come quick and drill them a well, too, and as a result of this show of interest the firm moved into a midtown hotel and began taking further orders. At a depth of a hundred and sixteen feet, Bishop and Kroeger struck water. When it came trickling from the well pipe, Katz let out a yell, a bus driver taking on passengers honked his horn, and the people in the bus all cheered.

Because the North River is right across the street from the Minute Auto Wash, Katz had been afraid that any water found might be salty. A chemist analyzed a sample of the well water for him and discovered no salt. "It's at least as soft as city water," Katz told us. "It suds nicely." A pump delivers thirty-five gallons a minute from the well—enough for the laundry, which uses about fifteen thousand gallons on most weekdays and eighteen thousand gallons on Saturdays. Each car washed gets about forty gallons. The water is pumped into a four-thousand-gallon pressurized tank inside the building. Cost of the well, pipes, pump, and tank was forty-five hundred dollars, and since the cost of the city water they used ran to around nine hundred dollars a year, Katz and Goodman think they have probably made a good investment. "We'll be ahead of the game in a few years," Katz said. "That is, unless somebody in the next block sinks a well to the same water level and drains us out."

One World

A LADY back from the Belgian Congo and vicinity has told us of a couple of jungle scenes that remain vividly in her mind—a picnicking Hindu family listening to American cowboy songs on their portable phonograph, and a trio of native boys singing, "Bongo-bongo-bongo, I don't want to leave the Congo!"

Hush-Hush

WE weren't surprised to find a good deal of noise and stir at a rehearsal of "Peter Pan" we attended at the Imperial Theatre Thursday evening. Stagehands were scuttling about with colored border lights, hammering nails into things, scaling ladders of dizzying height, and pouring paint into buckets. One group was shoving a papier-mâché cave about. We had entered via the stage door, and ahead of us, onstage, we saw a small body hurtling through space. We pressed forward, past kegs, past treasure chests, past small cannons, to the stage, which was decked out to represent a children's bedroom. Directly in front of us was a tremendous doghouse. A figure dressed in green tights, green jacket, green hat, and elfin-looking green shoes, with a piano wire affixed to its back, stood poised down near the footlights. We instantly recognized it as Miss Jean Arthur. Suddenly she rose in the air, shot across the stage, her arms outspread, and exited gracefully through a window. Two boys and a young miss stood by, each wearing a leather harness, on the back of which was a metal plate attached to a length of piano wire leading into the darkness above. We were peering at one of the contrivances closely when a lady in culottes came up, peered at us, and asked us suspiciously if we had been intending to make a diagram of the flying harnesses. We said we had not been, and mentioned our business. "They're very hush-hush," she said. "I'm Wendy Toye, the assistant director. Barrie made up the name 'Wendy,' you know."

A tall, pale man with a dark mustache and a shorter, black-haired man wearing a shirt open at the throat appeared, and Miss Toye introduced them as Peter Lawrence, the producer, and Peter Foy, the man sent over from London by Joseph Kirby to handle the flying in the play. "Mr. Kirby does all the flying for 'Peter Pan' productions in England," Mr. Foy told us. "He and his father have been flying actors for upward of a hundred years. He's head of Kirby's Aerial Ballets, Limited, you know. His system of counterweighting is patented. He's the only man who can fly you into a somersault. But that's only in aerial ballets, of course, along with greets [technical term], herringbones [ditto], and spinning pictures [ditto]. Here it's all effect flying—very elementary." Mr. Lawrence assured us that all four of the players who are to fly in "Peter Pan" have mastered the technique and are insured against accident. "Nothing to it, really," said Mr. Foy. "I flew when I was a child, as the sea witch in 'Where the Rainbow Ends.' All you have to do is look happy."

Mr. Kirby, we learned, has flown such well-known personages as H.R.H. the Princess Alexandra, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, Beatrice Lillie, Gracie Fields, and Hermione Gingold. He'd have come over to supervise this production personally but for previous commitments. Mr. Foy told us he'd met Mr. Kirby during his sea-witch period and three years ago had renewed his acquaintance, after writing a musical comedy called "The Man Who Could Fly." He asked Mr. Kirby for some technical advice and Mr. Kirby took him on as an assistant. Three stagehands will help Mr. Foy fly the "Peter Pan" characters. He doesn't look for any difficulties. "All I ask," he told us, a little grimly, "is that the actors stay where they're bloody well put and don't keep moving about. Otherwise the ropes get into a fearful tangle and you've got to cancel flights." At this point, the elder of the two boys attached to piano wire buttonholed Mr. Lawrence. "These evening rehearsals are playing havoc with my geometry," the boy said in a loud, clear voice, and recited, *above the hammering and shouting,* " 'The square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle . . .' "

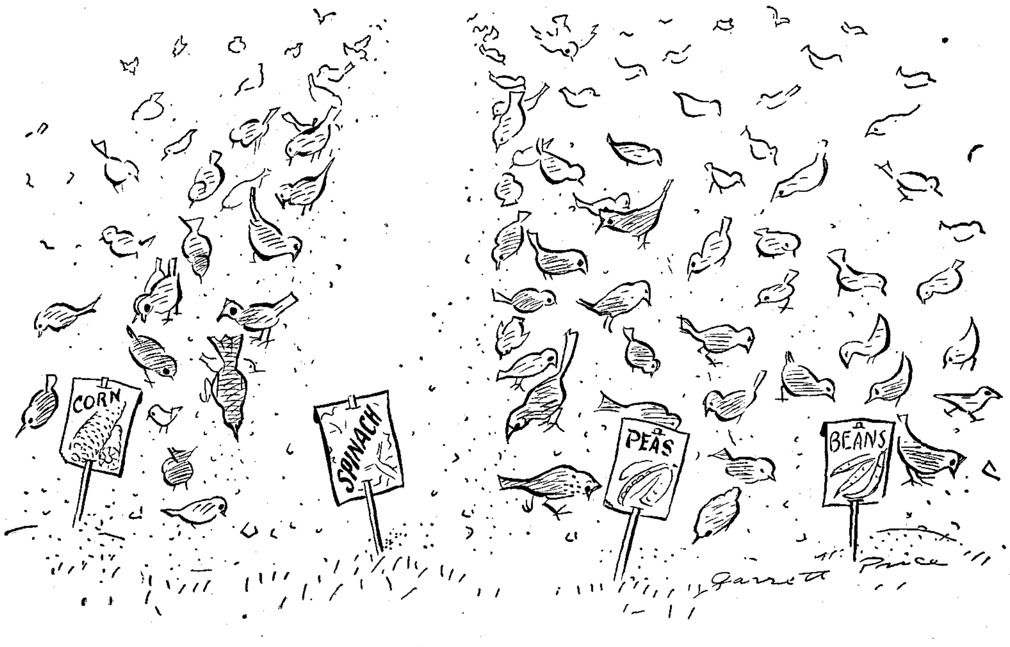
In Contact

A YOUNG man carving out a career here, and so busy at it that he has neglected his correspondence with the homefolk, got a letter from his mother, in Maryland, a few weeks ago, to wit:

DARLING:

Since you evidently don't seem to care to write to me, would you at least go to a TV show at Madison Avenue and Fifty-third Street on a weekday between one-thirty and one-forty-five? Yesterday, I discovered the show while the Bendix was doing the laundry. Perhaps you could go during your lunch hour. It would mean so much to me. Are you wearing the wool scarf I gave you for Christmas?

Well, the young man went to the intersection mentioned, which, fortuitously, was but three or four blocks from his office, and there found a man with a walkie-talkie interviewing people. He joined the crowd and, noting that he was within range of a television camera on the ledge of a second-story window, smiled a filial smile, pulled his wool scarf off his neck, and waved it at the camera. Next day, he got a special delivery from his mother: "Seeing you did this old heart good. Why weren't you wearing a hat? It looks cold up there." The young man dropped in on the show again a couple of days later. "How are you?" the interviewer asked him. "Fine," he said. "It's not really so cold here." "Today's question is 'What do you think of Mayor O'Dwyer's proposal to legalize gambling?' " said the interviewer. "Do you have a few words?" "Perfectly sound proposal," said the young man. "The hospitals get most of the money. They need help. Good way to help those in need. Hello, Mother." "Do you really believe in legalized gambling?" the mother wrote. "Grandmother is coming for a visit next Thursday. Please get televised Friday. I want her to see you." The young man pushed his way into the Fifty-third Street crowd Friday, but he was too late for a chance to talk. The interviewer was just concluding, with "This is the Man on the Street again bidding you goodbye from the heart of Manhattan." All the young fellow could do was face the camera and yell "Hello, Grandma!" "Seeing you made Grandmother very happy," his mother wrote. "Go by there often." He plans to.



OUR VINES HAVE SHREWDER GRAPES

I DON'T suppose that, sibling for brainpan, there was a single layman in the whole borough of Manhattan the other night whose thoughts were further from anthropology than mine. Outside of spearing an olive in a Martini, shrinking my head slightly in the ambient fluid, and drumming on the radiator to exorcise the television in the apartment below, I was as remote from primitive cultural patterns and unaware of the science that concerns itself with them as one could possibly be. In other words, I was living in a first-class fool's paradise equipped with *chauffage central* and *confort moderne*, and anybody with the merest knowledge of anthropological sporting odds could have predicted that sooner or later I was a cinch to be evicted. It took an unconventional bailiff to oust me—a lady ethnologist in an amusement weekly, of all things—but when I had finished dusting myself off, I was tuned in to a scientific wave length I'd never really heard before.

The lady responsible was Dr. Margaret Mead, associate curator of ethnology at the Museum of Natural History, and the journal in which her provocative statement appeared was *Cue*, whose theatre calendar I was consulting at the time. I had heard repeated hosannas for a play called "Copts and Jobbers," which dealt with the wholesaling of scarabs by an early Egyptian sect and which held forth the promise of a stirring evening's entertainment. Unfortunately, it must have flopped out of town at Khartoum, or perhaps King Farouk had earmarked its ingénue for palace use; at any rate, my quest ultimately fetched me up against an article on Dr. Mead by Ruth Hawthorne Fay, one of a series about women who have made important contributions to New York life. The major part of it was given over to Dr. Mead's public career, her field trips to faraway places, her working habits, and her essential femininity, none of it calculated to set one plunging in his stall, but the last paragraph lassoed my wandering attention. "She is married to Gregory Bateson, an Englishman and a distinguished anthropologist," the text disclosed. "The Batesons have a ten-year-old daughter, Catherine, who so far has shown no particular leanings toward anthropology. 'She may, though,' her mother remarks. 'She has an observing eye. I've a dress that's faintly Renoir in design. When I put it on the other morning, she said, "Mother, you need a little parasol to go with it." So far as I know, she's never seen a parasol, unless it's in a picture at school. But that's how we anthropologists learn to look at life. It's a combination of the scientific method and disciplined intuition—fitting bits and pieces together until a pattern of the whole emerges.' "

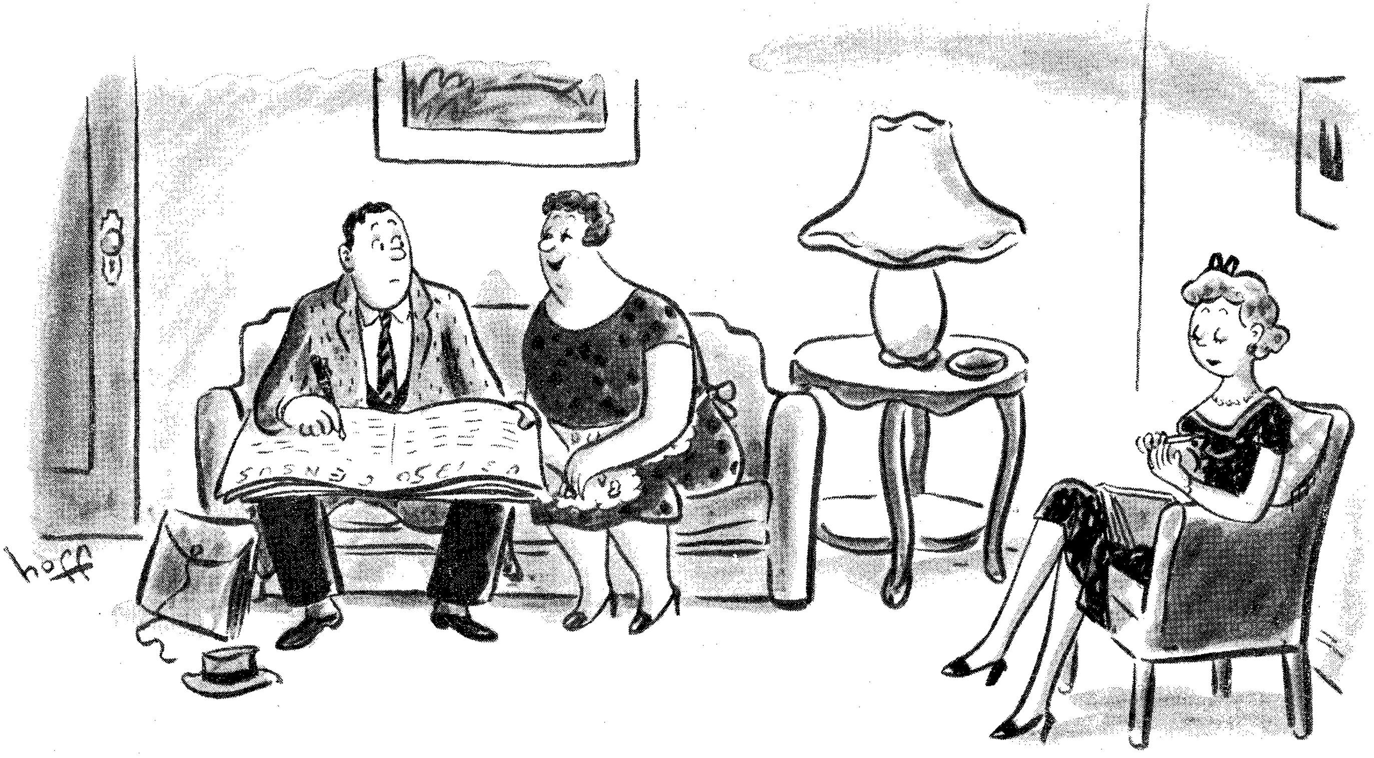
If Franz Boas, Malinowski, and the eminent curator herself had leaped into the room clad in black leotards and formed a living pyramid, I could not have been more electrified, for that paragraph brought into sudden focus a number of events in my own family that had been puzzling me over the past winter. Neither of my children, despite their exposure last spring to two of Dr. Mead's favorite seedbeds, New Guinea and Bali, has shown any greater penchant for anthropology than Catherine. They tend, in fact, to treat their sojourn in Indonesia as if it had been an attack of herpes zoster, a vaguely shameful episode that alienated them from society and is best excused by pretending abysmal ignorance. When questioned about such everyday places as Celebes and the Moluccas, for instance, they invariably dummy up, or, if pressed, locate them between Denver and Salt Lake. Ask them to describe the simplest Balinese ceremony, like the daily ritual of spitting on Dutch hotelkeepers, and the cat's got their tongue.

Consequently, I was caught off balance somewhat a couple of months ago when my son, who I thought was quietly freezing his marrow with a comic published by Charnel House, edged into the living room and began with cold objectivity to analyze a party we had given the night before. There had been nothing exceptional about it; two playwrights had accused each other of plagiarism and been quelled without loss of hemoglobin to either, and one of the older business girls had broken the dumbwaiter cord in an attempt to duplicate Lillian Leitzel's gymnastics. But no greenstick fracture, stabbing, or domestic showdown had marred the evening, and everyone, even the fair acrobat, had cleared in no apparent need of a jury rig. The boy felt, nonetheless, that the soirée had fallen short in some indefinable respect. He groped to put it into words that kept eluding him.

"The shrimp? The cypress shavings flavored with curry?" I prompted. "I can't think what else it could have been except the liquor."

"That's it, that's it!" he said eagerly. "The people were drinking the punch with their hands—like this." He cupped his palms and scooped them up toward his face, graphically illustrating how the liquid had dribbled down over the guests' corsages and shirt fronts. "I don't know—it didn't seem right to me."

FOSFORO
THE
FIRE-EATER
Madam
DE KOBRA
QUE OF SNAKES



"And are you married?"

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"But that's the only way you can get it out of the bowl," I explained patiently. "Don't you see, there's a gap between the surface of the hooch, so to speak, and the mouth—"

"Couldn't you use a beaker or an Erlenmeyer flask or something?" he suggested. "Some kind of a little vessel to decant the punch from the bowl?"

"By George, I never thought of that before," I murmured thoughtfully. "A regular cup for the purpose, eh?" I was on the verge of interrogating the lad to ascertain whether he had seen anything of the sort in his schoolbooks, but, remembering that he never opened them, I forbore. To be candid, I was just a shade jealous of the ease with which he had evolved a concept that had baffled older heads for years. For a fleeting moment, I had the uncomfortable suspicion that I was nourishing a viper in my bosom. Had I sniffed the air keenly, though, I would have detected the unmistakable whiff of ether that meant I had been present at the birth of an anthropologist.

ABOUT a week later, as I was passing the local florist shop, Batrachian, the proprietor, bade me a civil good evening and said he hoped the rubber plant was proving satisfactory. Presuming that he had slipped a cog, since I had noticed no such ornament around the house, I assured him it was flourishing and went my way. The significance of his words came home to me at dinner. In the midst of the usual peevish threnody that accompanied the meal, I overheard my daughter snivelling. Her brother had promised to contribute equally to the cost of a rubber plant but had welshed.

"You mean you actually *bought* a rubber plant?" I exclaimed, my voice soaring into the alto register. "For Christmas' sake, what would possess any rat—"

"Please, can't we bring down the pitch a trifle?" implored my wife. "The maid can drop the roast by herself without an offstage cue."

"Any rational person to want a rubber plant?" I demanded, unheeding. "Next thing you know, we'll have a dado, a mission table with a calfskin on it, and a pianola. Whose idea was it?"

"The children's," she said. "They haven't told me why, but if they're willing to spend their allowance on it, there must be a reason."

The logic of this assumption seemed assailable, and I proceeded to assail it, without, however, deriving a clue to the purpose of the plant. That remained an enigma for almost a month, during which time I discovered that it was the hub of all kinds of mysterious activity. Diagonal slits were cut in the bark and a bucket suspended below them, sinister gurgling and boiling sounds issued through my son's locked door, and the premises unaccountably took on the hot, steamy languor of a Malayan plantation. One bitter January morning, while girding myself to face the snow and slush in the streets, I noticed the children eying me expectantly.

"Why don't you put something on your feet to keep them dry?" asked my daughter, as casually as Cameo Kirby proposing a round of stud to a wealthy cattle drover.

"Like what?" I returned. "As far as I know, there's no method of protecting the extremities in the manner you indicate. Unhappily, luckless mankind appears destined to fall victim to coryza, rhinitis, and a host of respiratory ills from the vicissitudes of these northerly climes, not only shortening tempers but robbing business of untold manpower hours."

"Well, these may provide a partial solution," she said diffidently, producing from behind her back a pair of crude homemade galoshes, or arctics. I could hardly credit my ears when I learned they had been fashioned entirely by hand; even the clasps, paltry and imperfect as they were, had been snipped out of tin cans and laboriously riveted to the canvas uppers, the whole being stained with lampblack to simulate an old-fashioned rubber boot. That juvenile fingers could fabricate so complex a piece of footgear was in itself astounding, but what really moved me was the children's utter modesty about their achievement. They had never seen an

MYSTIC RIVER

I

The dirty river by religious explorers
Named Mysticke and recorded forever into its future
Civilization of silt and sewerage recovers
The first sweet moon of time tonight. A tremor
More thought than breeze, more exhalation than motion,
Stirs the gold water totem, Snake of the Moon.

"A most pleasynge gentle and salubrious river
Wherein lieth no hindraunce of rock nor shoal
To the distresse of nauvigation, but ever
Aboundaunce of landynge and of fisherie, and withal
Distillynge so sweet an air thorough its course
Sith it runneth salt from the sea, fresh from its source

And altereth daily thorough its greater length
Thus chaungynge and refreshynge the valleys breath,
That," wrote the Gods, "God grauntynge strength
We took up launds, and here untill oure death
Shall be oure hearthes, oure labour, and oure joy."
But what the Gods will have they first destroy.

Still Mystic lights the wake of Gods—the moon
Dances on pollution, the fish are fled,
Who had a finer instinct of revulsion
Than Gods had. And the Gods are dead,
Their sloops and river rotted, and their bones,
Which scrubbed old conscience down like holystones,

Powdered imperceptibly. Their land
Is an old land where nothing's planted
Beside the rollerdrome and hot-dog stand—
Still Mystic lights the wake of Gods, still haunted
By the reversing moon: "Let me be clean,"
It cries and cries, but there are years between.

II

And I have stoned and swum and sculled them all:
Naked behind the birches—at the cove
Where Winthrop built a landing and a yawl
And tabloids found a famous corpse of love
Hacked small and parcelled into butcher's paper—
Joe La Conti stumbled on an old pauper

Dying of epilepsy or D.T.s,
And I came running naked to watch his fit.
We had to dress to run for the police.
But did we run for help or for the joy of it?
And who was dying at the sight of blood?
Weeks long we conjured its traces in the mud.

And there was no trace. Later, above the cattails,
A house frame grew, and another, and then another.
Our naked bank bled broken tiles and nails.
We made a raft and watched the alewives smother;
But there our play drank fever, and Willie Crosby
Went home from that dirty water and stayed to die.

III

So I know death is a dirty river
At the edge of history, through the middle of towns,
At the backs of stores, and under the cantilever
Stations of bridges, where the moon drowns
Pollution in its own illusion of light.
O rotten time, rot from my mind tonight!

Let me be richly lit in this one stir,
And where the Gods grew rich and positive
From their ruinous landing, I'll attend disaster
Like night birds over a wake, flying and alive
Above the shuttered house, and beautifully
Wheel on the wing, find food in flight, and be

Captured by light, drawn down and down and down
By moonshine, street lamps, windows, moving rays,
By all that shines in all the caved-in town
Where Mystic in the crazy moon outstays
The death of Gods, and makes a life of light—
That breaks, but calls a million birds to flight.

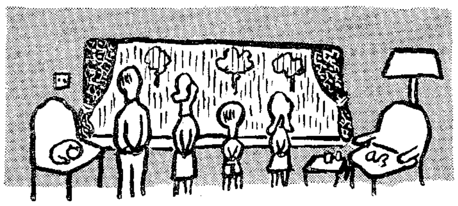
—John Ciardi

• •

overshoe in Bali or New Guinea, certainly; I now realize they had merely applied the disciplined, intuitive approach characteristic of the budding anthropologist and *reasoned* it into existence. Yet they claimed no special genius or inspiration, nor, indeed, were they piqued that I never wore their handiwork, preferring to keep it in our curio cabinet alongside the Papuan pressure cooker I picked up on Thursday Island.

THIRTEEN years of fatherhood should have warned me that once the trial balloon succeeded, another ascension was inevitable. It was the sight of the fat-tailed sheep in the foyer, I guess, that convinced me we had ceased being a family and had become a cottage industry. Having established, by a few adroit and seemingly offhand questions, that the animal really belonged to us and had not strayed in from a neighbor's apartment, I deliberately ignored its presence and waited for events to take their natural course.

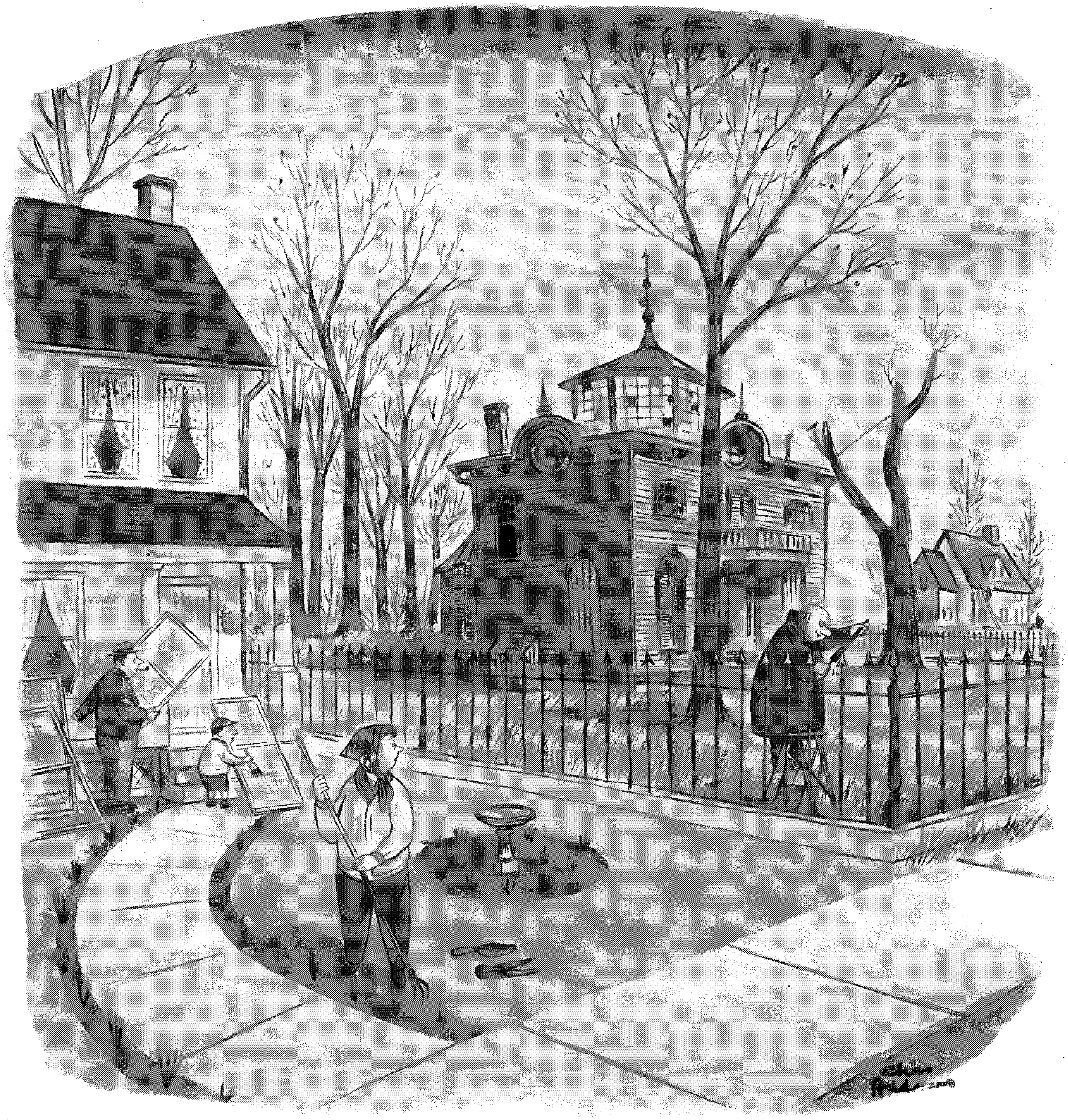
As the days drew on, the youngsters were swept up in a cycle of handicraft as colorful as a Scottish crofter's. With the aid of a borrowed collie, the sheep was rounded up and sheared, the wool combed and carded, and a rough hand loom improvised—the collie, of course, contributing invaluable advice at every stage of the process. Ofttimes of an evening, lounging by the radio, my wife and I could hear our daughter tonelessly humming Thomas Hood's "The Song of the Shirt" to herself as she sat cross-legged on her bed and patiently plied her needle; the boy, bent over his miniature lathe, was absorbed in polishing some type of rude bone objects that looked like buttons.



"You know," remarked my wife at length with a frown, "I have a hunch those two are up to something in there—fabric-wise, I mean. Remember your old tuxedo pants I threatened to discard not long ago?"

"The ones that were dimly Degas in feeling?"

"Yes." She nodded. "Well, just as I was discarding them, the kids stopped me and said that what you needed was a little tartan dinner jacket like King George wears to go with them." She held up her Tom Collins and regarded it speculatively against the light, watching the shimmering interplay of ice and fruit. "I wonder if—"



"Don't be an ass," I said. "Why, they've never even seen King George. You're always reading between the limes." It was an unfortunate taunt domestic-wise, for, woman-wise, her instinct proved superior to mine man-wise.

Forty-eight hours afterward, I found awaiting me among my birthday presents an authentic tartan dinner coat, cut and sewn with an artistry not commonly seen this side of Savile Row—or the other, for that matter. Though the children accepted my encomiums with pardonable pride, they made it clear that the entire garment, from design to execution, had originated in their own resourceful imaginations. "We just felt King George would wear a thing like that, so why not a perfect prince like Daddy?" they argued. "Hence, we started in from scratch with the sheep and explored every avenue until we got what we wanted."

WELL, Dr. Mead, there it is—a chain of circumstances that may strike the secular mind as unusual, but if any doubting Thomas can come up with a better explanation to fit the facts than yours, I'm ready to listen to it. I can always be reached care of the Mangrove Trading Corp., Ternate, North Moluccas, Indonesia, when I'm out of New York, and, judging from the way things have been breaking recently at the flat, I expect to be out of New York a good deal. Happy curating, and before I forget, one further question: How old does an anthropologist have to be to get his working papers?

—S. J. PERELMAN

NOT A SOUL WILL COME ALONG

Henry Williamson sat in the bar at the corner of the plaza and drank his tepid Danish beer absent-mindedly and without pleasure as he watched the familiar sight of the flat, brown feet padding by on the narrow stretch of paving that showed below the small, high swing doors. He was the only customer there, and the room was cool, and the worn paving outside was shady under the low stone arcade. Imalda, the colored girl who was in charge during the daytime, moved dreamily about in her short flowered-cotton dress, pushing a dirty ship's swab over the green-and-white tiled floor between the counter and the big green-and-red-and-chromium juke box. The bar was in an old, thick-walled building at the lower end of the arcade; it faced the plaza, which in the midmorning April sun was hot and bright and deserted, the light blazing up off the little harbor, where the island sloops, tied up to the stone quays, butted gently against each other in the small waves. Williamson, local agent for a Puerto Rican steamship company, had almost finished his beer when the doors flew open like the doors of a cuckoo clock and an Anglican priest in a black cassock and dark glasses, his low celluloid collar open behind for comfort, strode in and made straight for Williamson, very tall, very vehement and direct. Williamson saw at once that he bore no good news, but he was glad to see him there, although he looked up at him with a carefully blank expression on his long, pale face and did not rise from his chair.

"Good morning, Henry," said the priest in a warm, confident, rather elegant voice. "I've been hunting all over the place for you. I can't find out anything about this brother of yours, and apparently you haven't been able to track him down either. Or have you?" He gave Williamson a sharp, affectionate glance as he pulled a spindly wire chair out from the round table, set it down with a clank on the tiles, and swiftly lowered himself onto it.

"No," said Williamson. "Not so far. But now I'm going to get busy."

The priest shook his head sympathetically; then, taking off his dark glasses, he polished them on his left sleeve. Crossing one leg over the other under his habit, he folded his arms, and with his head held a little back, at its characteristic, somewhat snakelike angle, he surveyed the empty room with the same expression of critical liveliness with which he might have gazed around a theatre or a race track. In his mind's eye, Williamson was always able to see Father Brooke in this same careless, lordly attitude in white flannels, or a business suit, or a cutaway, for, used though he was to the priest's poses, they never seemed to him entirely priestlike, as though the black robes were only a costume, a masquerade for the moment; it was the poses that were natural. His thick gray hair was cut *en brosse* and very short, like plush, and his face was handsome, healthy, civilized, hard, and brown from the weather, for, to the agitation of his parishioners, he seldom wore a sun helmet. It was a firm, heavy face, with deep lines, but the brown eyes were bright and young, far younger than the brown eyes of his younger companion.

Now he called to the girl behind the bar, "A beer, please, Imalda."

Imalda smiled at him with frank good will. Everybody on the island liked him, both blacks and whites. His predecessor, a prim man, had never carried much weight. Imalda took a bottle of the dark beer out of the ice chest, scrutinized a large, dry, unwashed glass to see if it was clean enough, and decided that it would do, and came slowly switching across the floor, carrying the bottle and glass chin high. Her red bedroom slippers scuffed the tiles, and the silver bangles on her wrists jingled as she put the beer down on the table. She gave Williamson a sideward glance out of her perfectly round, bitter-chocolate eyes as she did this, but he was looking another way, and he said to Father Brooke, "The Swift's sailing at twelve, and they won't wait for any passenger. So we haven't too much time." Imalda, looking down her nose, as though she had received a dreadful insult but were far too proud to take any notice, withdrew haughtily, humming.

"I was just down on the quay myself," Father Brooke said. "But he hadn't showed up. They were almost loaded then, and they certainly won't wait for him."

"No," said Williamson. "You'd think they were a liner, the way they always go out on schedule. They're more prompt than the Alcoas."

Father Brooke pulled out of his pocket a none too clean handkerchief with a "B" embroidered on it and wiped his forehead; then he raised his chin and wiped around his neck, under the loosened collar. "I swear I'd never bother with him again, Henry, if it wasn't for you," he said, and Williamson, who liked such open friendship but was also embarrassed by it, scowled into his beer, swirled it around in his glass, and drank it off.

"I know," he said. "And don't think I don't appreciate it." He leaned forward on his folded arms. "You've done everything you possibly could, and I think I have too. I wish he'd never come."

Father Brooke shrugged. "Well, it certainly hasn't helped him at all."

"This time, when he gets home, his wife will have him committed," said Williamson. "You knew he came here to get away from her and from that, didn't you?"

"Yes, he told me that one day when he happened to be sober," Father Brooke answered. They were both silent; then Williamson said, "If this black skipper gets him on the ship at San Juan, it'll be a miracle."

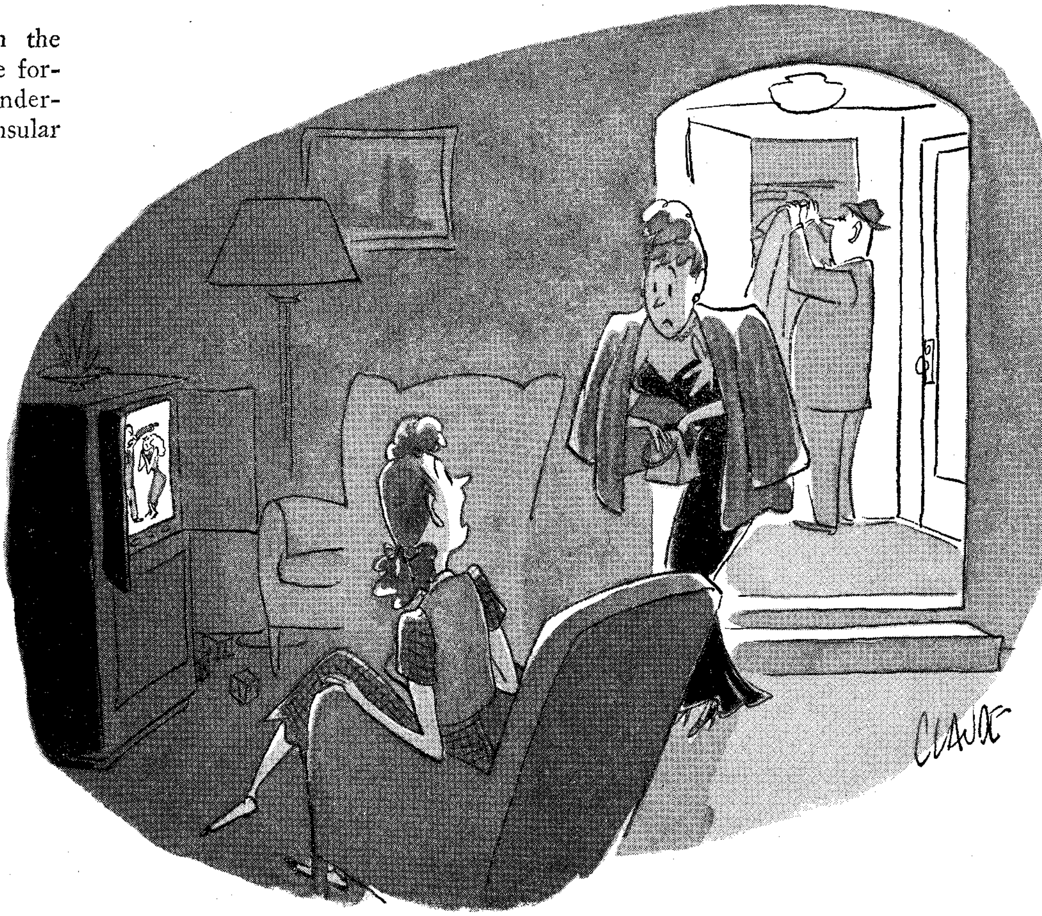
"Perhaps you ought to go over with him and make sure he really gets off," suggested the priest.

Williamson scowled again and said, "The last thing I want to see right now is a ship sailing for the States." A black hen and a brown one came in from the street and pecked, clucking, at some objects on the floor near the juke box, and he watched them carefully as he said, smiling a little, "I'm homesick, Father. It's been a long time since I've seen the spring in the North. Four years."

Father Brooke nodded. He himself was not one to hanker after anything, and he was never troubled by nostalgia in

any form; after three years in the islands, he felt he had been there forever, but to a certain extent he understood the homesickness of his non-insular friends. "It's too bad you can't go back for a holiday," he remarked rather tentatively, for this was the first time he had ever heard Williamson so much as express a wish to go home.

"I'd planned to go this year," Williamson answered. "If Helen had been well enough, we would have gone for a couple of months. I haven't taken a holiday since we came." After a moment, he added, "But she *isn't* well enough, as you know, and anyway I was pretty broke after she came back from the hospital." He reached into his trouser pocket for some change for the beer, and tipped back in his chair and waited for the priest to finish his drink, letting the coins clink lightly from hand to hand and watching the chickens. He looked unconcerned, but knowing how anxious he really was, Father Brooke took two hurried swallows while he looked at him over the top of his glass. Williamson's shirt, fresh that morning, was already limp on his shoulders, and he had loosened his dark-blue tie and undone the top shirt button. Nevertheless, there was something about him that prevented him from ever looking slovenly or careless—something in his thin, New England construction, some assurance of manner, and in the calm, rather superior expression of his pale face, with the eyebrows raised in the manner of a sardonic observer above the clever, often sorrowful dark eyes. It's style, thought the priest, and it will never desert him no matter what condition he may find himself in. And, Father Brooke suspected, if he was not actually coming down in the world, neither was he going up in it. He was forty-eight, but his hair was thick and black without any gray at all in it, and his tall frame, lightly but strongly put together, moved always with quickness and grace. He seldom talked about himself, and Father Brooke was not at all sure why he was there and what had brought him; one of the stories, and it was a perfectly acceptable one, was that he had come there after the war because of his arthritic wife, who suffered less in a warm climate. But he's one of those people, thought Father Brooke, of whom one always says, What a pity he's wasting himself in a place like this. And yet perhaps it wasn't a pity—perhaps he was better off here, in a position of some importance; he was not an ambitious man, and at home he might have been lost in the general scramble, suffering, besides, from the setback of three years' Navy duty. And there were few things that he seemed to really care about. Father Brooke, swallowing the last of his beer, for a moment considered Helen Williamson, but he could not somehow believe that she was one of the things closest to Williamson's heart—though he does, the priest continued to himself, treat her rather well—remarkably well, considering that she's something of a shrew, far from being improved by suffering. Try as he might, Father Brooke could not be sympathetic toward her. He did not take to her faded, blond prettiness and her weak, sweet but penetrating voice, and he was bored by what was, sad to state, her empty mind. If a woman cannot be beautiful or intelligent, he felt, then by all means let her be coarse and jolly. He had never been able to imagine what the marriage could mean to Williamson, and he marvelled at his loyalty.



"Please, may I sit till the end of the program, Mrs. Hanson? I won't charge you anything extra."

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He got up, saying "These are on me," but Williamson, shaking his head, slipped by him to the bar and put down the money. He and Imalda looked at each other, and Imalda, lowering her round eyelids instantly, made a scornful gesture of acceptance with her right shoulder and languidly swept up the coins with her long, dark, aristocratic hand.

THE two men walked out into the plaza, blazing hot and windy and bright. A mule cart with four empty oil barrels in it went clattering past them, and a car came up the street with its springs squeaking. An ancient bus named Olympia, decorated with faded decalcomanias, stood silently at one side of the square, with no driver and half a dozen dozing passengers.

"I'm going down to the Swift again, just on the chance," said Williamson.

"I'll come along," Father Brooke said, and they started off in the wake of the mule cart, the priest's black

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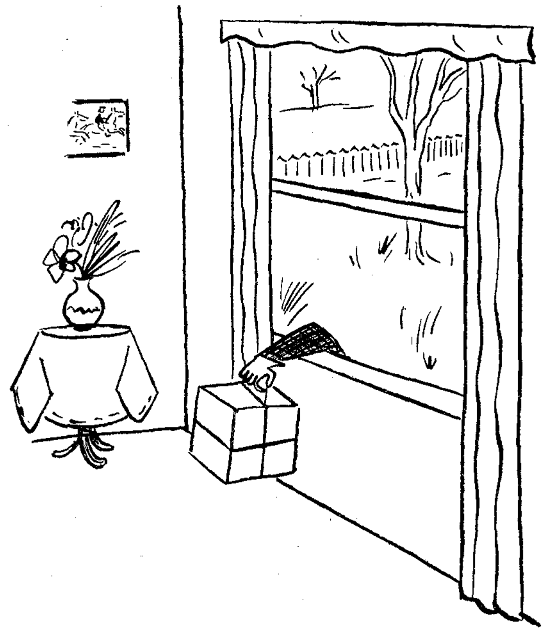

2)

skirts flying out to left and right in the wind.

The Swift was tied up to the quay, behind a pistachio-colored warehouse; her bowsprit, draped with an unfurled jib, pointed at the rococo little bandstand under the palm trees in the park, and there were six chickens, each tied by a leg to the pinrail at the foot of the foremast. The crew was loading empty oil drums, to which the four from the cart were now being added, and there was no sign of a white man or of any baggage that might belong to one. The schooner's mate stopped rolling the barrels aboard over a plank and turned around, and Williamson said to him, "My brother hasn't showed up yet, has he, Wilson?"

"I ain't seen him," said Wilson. He was small and grisly, the color of calf-bound books, and shining with sweat; he wore only a pair of navy-blue woollen bathing trunks, and from their pocket he now pulled a pack of cigarettes and lit one quickly in the wind, with dexterous fingers.

Williamson did not waste any time in making plans. The idea that his brother might be here for another week, if he missed the schooner, seemed to him insupportable and filled him with panic; he began to grow angry, chiefly at himself for having had up till now a certain listlessness toward the departure, merely assuming it would go off as he had planned it and wishing it over and done with. Now it looked as though there was every chance in the world that Scott might not get off after all, since it was within an hour of the Swift's sailing time.

"Let's go," he said to Father Brooke. "I'll go to the bars, and you take my car and go out to the Covingtons'—he may be out there saying goodbye all over again to Julie. Try the other estates out that way—somebody must have seen him—and I'll go down to Evan's."

They walked back to where his old Chevvy stood, in the shade of a building, and Father Brooke got in, slamming the door in annoyance, for he did not like being ordered about even under the circumstances. Here was Julie, he grumbled to himself—Julie who, as people said, had everything, and she had fallen in love with Scott, the besotted, hopeless, dashing stray from another land, which was bound to cause her and everyone else involved nothing but misery, and what was the use of it all? The fact that it was an old story did not make it any more palatable, especially as he was fond of Julie himself—they had been good friends ever since she had come back to the island the year before. Nodding distantly to Williamson, he drove off, grinding the gears and making the old engine whine as he raced off around the street corner.

Williamson went into the telephone office in the post-office building. It was cool and dusky inside; he cranked the handle of the telephone that hung on the wall in the stone hallway, and it made a weak, spasmodic jangle. He gave a number, and after a while the faint voice of a friend three miles away answered. But it was a fruitless call, and so were the six others he made quickly one after the other. Going out again, he went across to the bar on the chance and looked in over the doors. Imalda was sitting near the big juke box filing her nails, and two men from the agricultural station were at a table in the far corner of the room. Williamson turned away and went up the street, under the arcade, toward the next bar. There were only four bars in town; in twenty minutes he had covered them all, and in none of them had his brother been seen that morning.

He went back down the street to the pharmacy, which was owned by a friend of his. Running up the steps, he shouted into the empty store, "John! Let me borrow your car? I'm trying to find Scott."

"Help yourself!" called a preoccupied voice from a back room. "And best of luck!"

He ran out again and jumped into the small car by the steps, thinking he was probably a fool but there was a chance that Scott might have gone to his friend Evan's, a painter who lived in a cabin on the southern shore. This man, a red-headed Englishman, seldom left the neighborhood of the circular bay where he lived, but Scott had struck up a friendship with him, and it occurred to Williamson that he might have hidden himself there. As at the Covingtons', that part of the island had no telephone line, so the only thing to do was to go there. He drove out of the town and took the wide, straight road that ran between two lines of palms, with the cane fields behind them on either side. By this time, it was nearly eleven-thirty, and he drove furiously, rocketing past the carts and trucks loaded with cane, and when he came to a mossy graveyard sunk under tall trees, he swung to the left on a narrow dirt road and, rounding a bend, nearly ran head on into a

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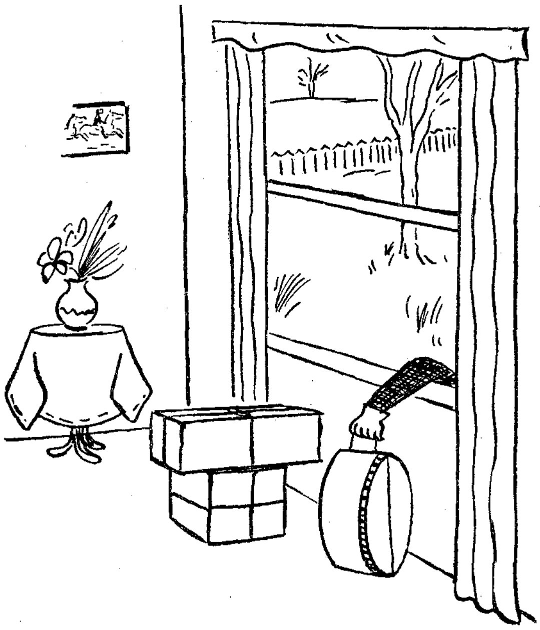

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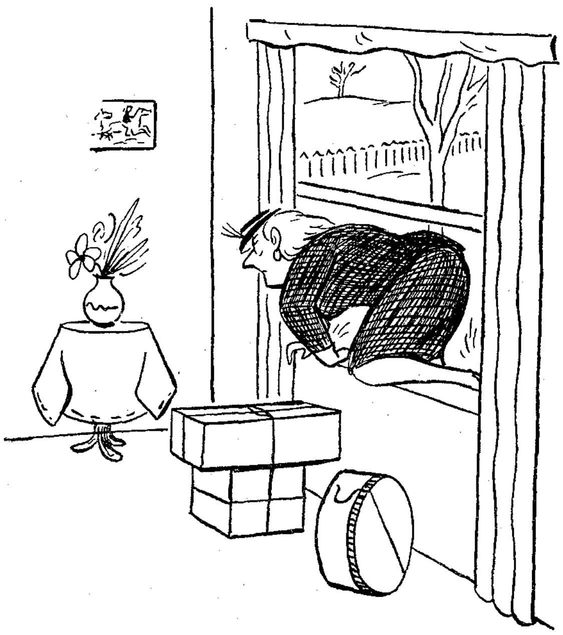

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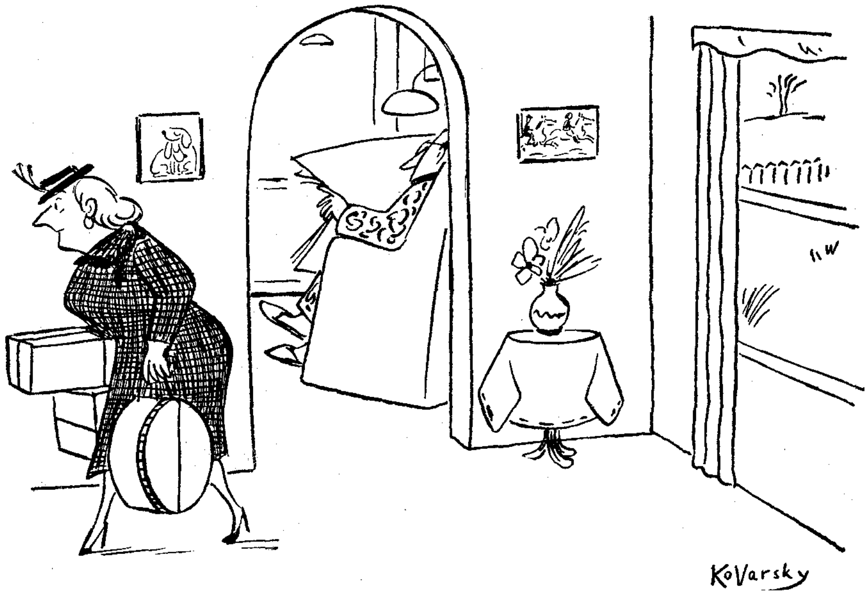


two-mule wagon coming out. There was no room to pass it, so he had to back up to a crossroad to let the mules go by, with their harnesses clinking, looking askance at him out of their big, wise eyes. He went on again, down to the shore of the bay, and, jumping out at a lopsided gate in the fence of a goat paddock, he ran down the path through the dry woods to the beach, where the cabin stood, in a clearing facing the sea. But there was no one there. The door was closed but unlocked. Williamson, walking into the one large room and looking around for some sign of his brother, found the interior just as it always was, empty of the ordinary sorts of possessions, except for a bed and a big table and a couple of wooden chairs, and cluttered with canvases and tinned foods. He felt quite sure his brother had not been there recently; somehow, he felt the owner had not been there either—there was a sort of deserted feeling about the room. As he stood there, the rumble of the surf against the high shores of the bay came to him like the sound of the sea in a conch shell, steady and humming, and for the moment that he stood there he was aware of the calm of the shack, of the absence of trappings, and for a second the scene through the open door caught his eye with the vividness a familiar scene can sometimes take on—the clear, green, quiet water, the cluster of palm-thatched houses under the cliff on the other side of the bay, and the row of bright-painted fishing boats pulled up on the beach, and the nets hanging up to dry. Perhaps, if he had found Scott there, he thought then, he might not have been so sure about shipping him home; he might have been carried away by the place and let him stay on in some such surroundings as these, and then have to go through the whole thing again, later on.

Perhaps he had brooded there longer than he realized, for though he drove back to town as fast as he dared, the clock on the post office was striking twelve as he came into the square. A few people were coming up the alleyway that led to the Swift's wharf, and his own car was parked there. The schooner, he knew, was gone, for he had not been able to see her masts over the top of the building, and when he came out on the wharf, he saw her half a mile away, going wing and wing before the wind, her wake spreading out from her black stern, and her stubby mastheads white against the sky. No one was left on the jetty except two little colored boys and Father Brooke, who was filling his pipe as he stood there on the edge, above the water.

Seeing Williamson coming, he called to him, "It's all right. He made it."

Williamson slowed down, and Father Brooke walked up to him, and they stood together in the shade of the warehouse, looking after the schooner.

"Where was he?" asked Williamson.

"At Julie's," said Father Brooke. "He did intend to go, though."

"Did she come down to see him off?" Williamson asked him.

"No, she didn't," Father Brooke answered. "She wanted to, I think, but he asked her not to." Williamson had looked away, as though he did not wish to hear any more about the matter, so the priest said only, "He asked me to say goodbye, and he said, 'Tell Henry I wish he was the one who was going.' "

Williamson looked at his friend and gave him a wry smile. Father Brooke put his hand that held the pipe on Williamson's shoulder and shook him gently. "See you later," he said, and walked away.

"Thanks, Father," Williamson called after him.

I WOULD like to have seen him, Williamson thought; it's possible that I may never see him again. As he stood there, the sound of an accordion came from a house along the quay, floating down the wind to him. He leaned back against the chipped pistachio plaster wall and listened to the lonely, homesick quality of the music—the air of a local song, played with expert syncopated hesitancy by brown fingers in a windy upstairs room. That's the instrument of wanderers, he thought, of seafarers and gypsies and soldiers, of all the romantic ones who can never be at home. The tune paused, began again, then stopped abruptly in the middle of a bar, and the day was still, except for the slapping of the small waves and the distant, continual rattle of the palms in the plaza. The light smell of cedar burning in the keel-coal pits beyond the town came to him, mixing with the tropical smell of the dry, dusty mule dung that, disintegrated in the heat and sun, blew here and there, like chaff, along the stones. He thought of the wet, fragrant spring to which his brother was going but still might not see—the streams filled over their banks and sweeping down over the green grass of the meadows, and the old orchards flecked with the white narcissus flowers that had gone wild from deserted dooryards. He remembered, with fierce love, the spring wind at home running through the new long hay, rustling the cattails and the reeds, and driving the pale-blue waters of the little ponds smartly up against pebbly beaches and mossy banks, and he remembered the thin branches of the willow trees streaming out, slowly rising and falling. Yes, it was the spring wind he missed more than anything, the mild west wind. Here there was no escaping from the racket of the Trades, and now, in the dry season, the loud thrashing of all the parched vegetation nearly drove him out of his head—it whistled and rattled in all the palms and the acacias and the dry mahogany trees, and it tore through the cane day after day with a sound like the shaking of millions of pods, until, mercifully, the time came for the cane to be cut. There were four tall mahogany trees and some flamboyants on the terrace of his house, and, lately, when he was at home in the afternoon, he had not been able to sit out under them; it was not until evening, when the wind went down, that he would go there. It was really getting to be a bug with him, he sometimes thought.

Looking after the Swift, he saw that she was now outside the reef and beginning to rise and run with the long seas. As he watched, she changed her course and stood away to the northeast and, heeling down, grew rapidly smaller and smaller, a tiny, sharp-cut ship sailing away toward the jagged edge of the world. And, leaning against the wall, he had an unpleasant hallucination, for it seemed to him that the tropical world suddenly contracted into a hard, bright sphere, so small around him that he could swing his arms and crack it wide apart and leap out into the real world, which lay all around, just beyond the horizon, which was to him, for that moment, only a stone's throw away. It was a sensation that made him giddy, and he straightened up and walked to the edge of the jetty and stared into the water, so limpid and clear, tinkling and winking like glass in the sunlight, and full of bright little fishes that hovered just over the scalloped and wrinkled sand. The best thing to do, he decided, is to get tight myself—it's noontime, a fine time to get good and plastered, in the heat of the day, when you start seeing things. He looked again at the Swift, now very small, her sails sharply cut with shadows, and then, with his hands in his pockets, he strolled back up the alleyway to the street.

Forgetting all about returning his friend's car, he went in under the shady arcade in front of the bar. The juke box was playing a rumba as he pushed open the doors, and he remembered how in the cold Northern spring, long before the narcissus flowers and the thin willow leaves, around the horizon the northern lights would shoot up—the mysterious, shuddering fingers flaming wildly up to the head of the great night sky.

Imalda was still in the bar, which was empty again of customers, doing nothing in particular. "Let's have a whiskey, please, Imalda," he said, going up to the counter and leaning on it with both arms. Imalda, after giving him the most fleeting look, poured a good shot into one of the murky glasses and slid it to him along the oilcloth cover.

"Well, he got off," said Williamson, and drank down the whiskey.

Imalda also leaned on the counter, a few feet away. "He was a real nice man," she said, as though Scott had been gone for weeks. She chuckled. "He did like a leetle romance, I hear." She pronounced it "rome-ahnce," and her voice was not altogether guileless.

"Yes, I'm sure he did," Williamson agreed. "Not like me. Quite the opposite, as far as romance goes, wouldn't you say?" He echoed her pronunciation, smiling down at his glass as he slid it back to her.

Imalda gave her disdainful shrug, taking the glass and reaching dreamily for the bottle of V. O.

"Maybe so," she answered. "But you might surprise yourself, one of these days, Mr. Williamson. Somebody come along . . ." She let the sentence trail off, wistful-sounding.

Williamson laughed. "Not a soul will come along, Bright Eyes. Not a soul." He drank the second whiskey.

But Imalda chuckled again, cocking her head as she looked at her newly red fingernails, having heard this sort of talk before from white men in the heat of the day. —ELIZABETH PARSONS

•

FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

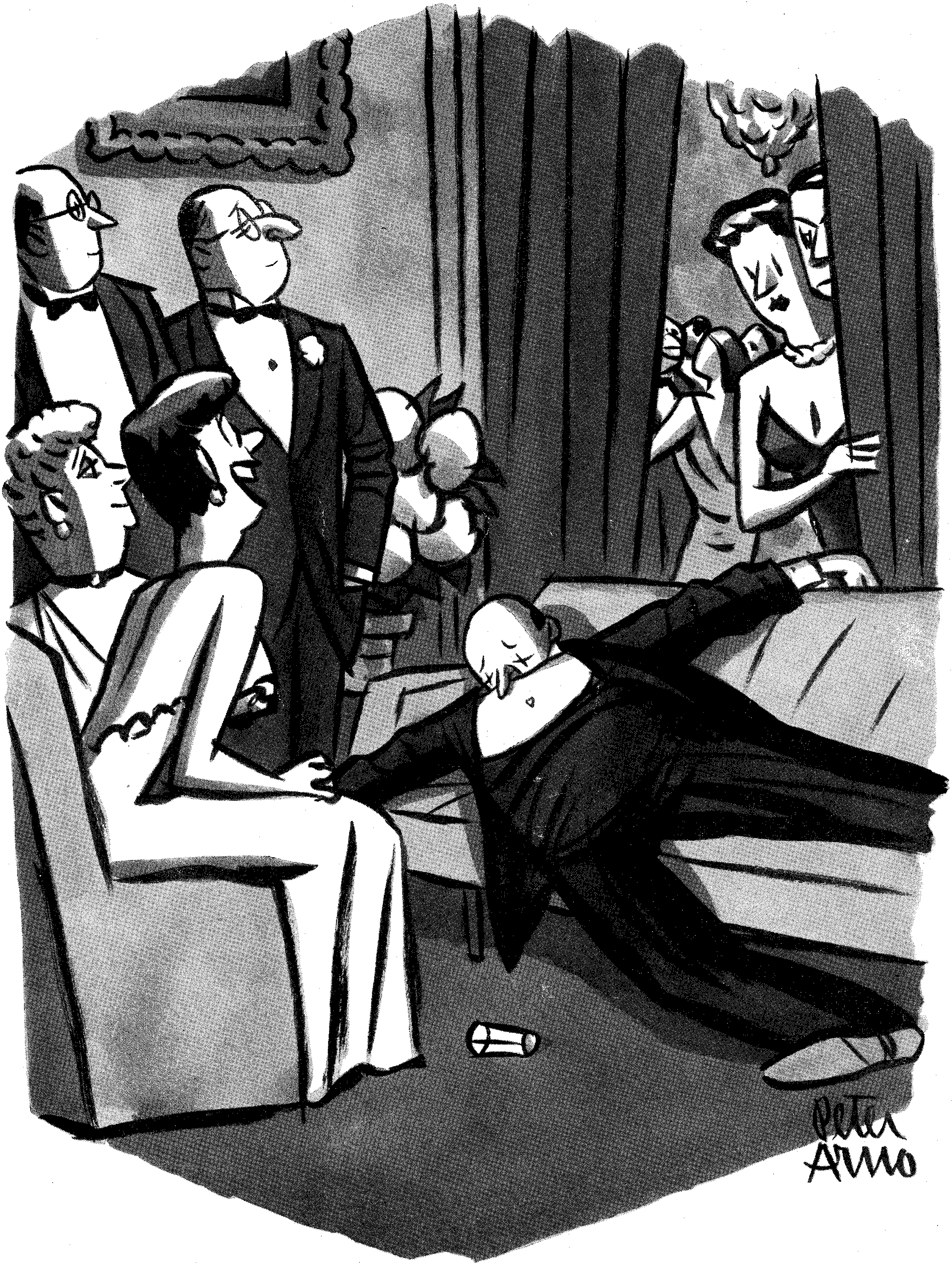
(WITH A CURTSY TO PETER DE VRIES, WHO IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE PRAISED THE PARTNER OF HIS SIXTH)

In garden-colored boots he goes
Ardent around perennial borders
To spray the pink, celestial rose
Or give a weed its marching orders.

Draining at morn his hasty cup,
He takes a train to urban places;
By lamplight, cheerful, figures up
The cost of camps and dental braces.

And warm upon my shoulders lays
Impetuous at dinner table
The mantle of familiar praise
That's better than a coat of sable.

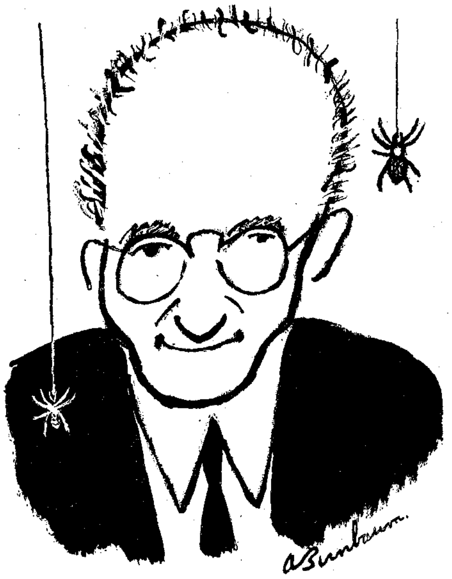
—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



"*Oh, you just missed it! Mr. Casey's been absolutely* *scintillating**!*"

PROFILES

ARACHNOLOGIST—I



Dr. Alexander Petrunkevitch

THE relatively thin habitable layer of air that envelops the globe is an empire man now calls his own. He has become master of the earth's surface, and he is constantly, confidently probing into the earth's depths and the atmosphere's upper reaches for further dominion. Yet it is doubtful whether man, with all his intelligence and vigor, holds his planetary seat with greater assurance than a vast tribe of small, many-legged animals that pass their lives at his feet. This is the curious company of spiders, whose way of life makes them one of the marvels of natural science. They dwell at higher altitudes than any other creature their size, or larger, in the world. On the slopes of Mount Everest, at an altitude of twenty-two thousand feet—five thousand feet above the vegetation line—lives a species of black spider a quarter of an inch long. These spiders make their home on the islands of rock that lie here and there amid the snows of that bleak and perpetual wilderness, an incredible environment for creatures so delicately constructed. To protect themselves from the sudden chill of night, they take shelter in crevices where the twenty-four-hour variation in temperature is only twelve degrees, as against forty-four on the outside. They subsist on springtails, tiny insects often found leaping about in snow fields. Spiders inhabit other unlikely places, including rabbit burrows, squirrels' nests, flowers, anthills, the tunnels of woodchucks, and the desolate, drafty aeries of eagles. They have been found soaring through the air five miles above the earth, and even the subterranean shelters of an atomic war would probably not take human beings as far down as the deepest dwellings of spiders, a species of which has been discovered in an African cavern over two thousand feet underground, subsisting on glowworms.

One spider, a good-sized European species, *Argyroneta aquatica*, spends considerable time below the surface of lakes, ponds, and slow-moving rivers. All spiders are air-breathing, and Argyroneta simply carries its own air down with it. Like many other spiders, it can walk on water; it has fine hairs on its feet that enable it to run on the surface the way a man on snowshoes walks on snow. When it submerges, air bubbles clinging to its hairs, it climbs down a piece of vegetation or forces itself below by swimming. Underwater, the bubbles make it look silvery. The Argyroneta can remain beneath the surface for several hours. It usually attaches itself to some object and turns upside down, so that the air bubbles on its back slide up to the abdomen, where its lung openings are. Or the spider may weave of its own silk an underwater tent, about the size and shape of a thimble, generally attaching it to the underside of a submerged leaf. Shuttling between the tent and the surface of the water, it brings down enough air to fill the tent. In the winter, it hibernates, cozy and secure under a blanket of several feet of water.

The man who probably knows more than anyone else in the world about spiders is a Russian-born scientist, Dr. Alexander Ivanovitch Petrunkevitch, a retired Yale University professor of zoology, who lives in New Haven. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, gaunt, distinguished-looking man of seventy-four, slightly stooped from long years at the dissecting table and the microscope. A few stiff gray hairs rise from his head, and old-fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles are perched on his prominent nose. His name is pronounced "Pay-trun-*kay*-vitch." His close friends call him Pete. Although he officially retired in 1944, he keeps regular hours each weekday at Yale's vine-covered Osborn Zoological Laboratory. His office, which he has occupied for thirty-eight years, is Room 201, a large, high-ceilinged, disorderly chamber crowded with books, desks, chemical oddments, laboratory glassware, stands, tables, microscopes, assorted aquaria and terraria, and spiders.

Dr. Petrunkevitch is apt to come upon spiders anywhere, and is always prepared to collect them. For almost fifty years, he has carried in the pockets of his coat two wide-mouthed, corked glass bottles, one empty and the other partly filled with alcohol. When he goes for a walk, he makes a point of capturing alive the first spider he meets—usually by placing the empty bottle over it and letting it crawl up the inside. Subsequent ones that he finds he lets run onto his fingers—unless the spider is large and poisonous, in which case he uses a stick—and then flips them into the alcohol, where they perish. Live spiders cannot safely be kept together, because they are cannibalistic. Petrunkevitch has been bitten only once, and that was years ago, when he was a student in Germany. He was collecting Argyroneta in a pond near Freiburg. He became careless with one, and it nipped him on the finger. The bite felt like a wasp's sting and the pain lasted several minutes. "I remember it distinctly," Petrunkevitch recently said. "Since then I have handled spiders with intelligence and respect."

Whether at home or abroad, Petrunkevitch meets what for a layman would be a startling number of spiders. He has collected them on practically every street in New Haven, and on his travels he invariably encounters them, often under odd circumstances. Once, in Arizona, he nabbed a full-grown airborne one that flew by him as he was strolling in the countryside. If it had been a young spider, the incident would not have been surprising. Spiderlings of many species soar on air currents, lifted off the ground by the buoyancy of silk streamers they have expelled. This, however, was a mature spider. "An oxyopid, male," Petrunkevitch says. "Grass-dwelling. A beautiful thing sailing by my nose. I was very happy to capture it. I can only imagine that it wanted to get someplace quickly." Petrunkevitch once found a minute and very rare spider on the dining-room table in a friend's house. For some time afterward, it was considered a new species; then it developed that a misplaced decimal point in a description of an earlier specimen of the species had multiplied the creature's size by ten. Petrunkevitch even flushes spiders in New York, notably in Central Park. Once, on the edge of a weedy part of the pond near Fifty-ninth Street, he sighted a water spider. He bent down to study it, and a cop asked what he thought he was doing. "I'm looking, I think, at a diving spider, *Dolomedes triton*," Petrunkevitch said. The cop told him that in that case he'd better get the hell out of the Park. Petrunkevitch often finds spiders on people. After a good deal of trial and error, he has evolved two methods of removing them. If the spider is harmless, he says, "Just a moment. There is a spider on you," and plucks it off. If it is the kind of spider that might bite, he brushes it to the ground, with a scrap of paper or anything else that's handy, and then explains. At dusk one day, walking up a side street in New Haven, he saw a fine orb-weaving spider on the shoulder of a plump little lady ahead of him. After his customary announcement, he carefully picked off the spider. The lady looked at it and screamed. "It is only an *Epeira marmorea*, female, Madame," he said as he popped it into a bottle. This reassurance didn't help much. Finally, she walked off in one direction, sobbing, and he walked off in the opposite direction, shaking his head.

In the last forty years, Petrunkevitch has, he estimates, spent over twenty-five thousand hours collecting spiders. He used to devote all his summer vacations to collecting, which took him to most of the forty-eight states, as well as to Panama and Puerto Rico. In his thirty-four years on the Yale faculty, he collected, when he was in New Haven, every Sunday from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., beginning in April and continuing through November. He still makes Sunday jaunts, though not on a regular schedule. He goes out on his hunts in a sedan he owns, usually accompanied by one or more colleagues or other friends. He wears a wide-brimmed green cloth hat, khaki trousers, heavy shoes, and a brown cotton jacket with many pockets, in which he carries a knife, a pair of scissors, forceps, small boxes, and other equipment. Somewhere in the pockets are his usual two bottles. Slung over one shoulder is a canvas knapsack containing sixteen more bottles in a cardboard rack, two aluminum canisters the size of large salt shakers, and a folding insect net.

En route to the collecting ground, Petrunkevitch talks with great warmth and animation about many things besides spiders. A few of his numerous interests are history, folklore, petrography, meteorology, and dendrology. Once in the field, his comments are generally confined to spiders and other wildlife. One Sunday last summer, he took a small party to the Yale Natural Preserve, two hundred acres of woods and waters on the outskirts of New Haven. Inside the Preserve, he stopped the car at a clearing and everybody got out. He looked about him, inhaling happily, then put together his insect net. (Years ago, the sight of his tall figure, armed with a net, kiting across the Connecticut fields caused small boys to follow him, yelling, "Bug man!" Even in less restricted areas than the Yale Natural Preserve, this never happens today, which he considers a sign that civilization has come of age.) He noticed a bright-green beetle on a tree stump, and bent over. "A really delightful beetle," he said to one of the group. "Are you interested in beetles? This is one of our loveliest. The tiger beetle. It lives on

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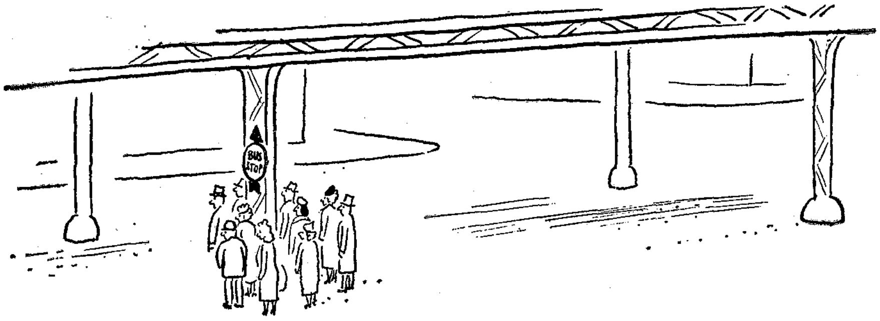

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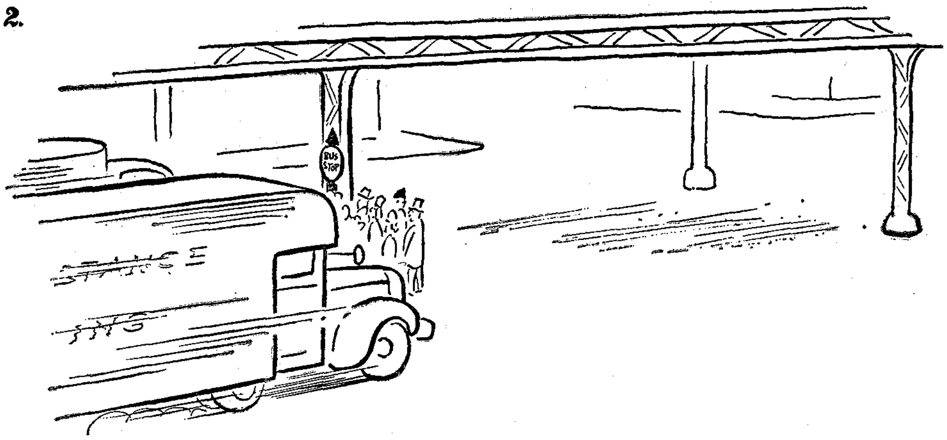

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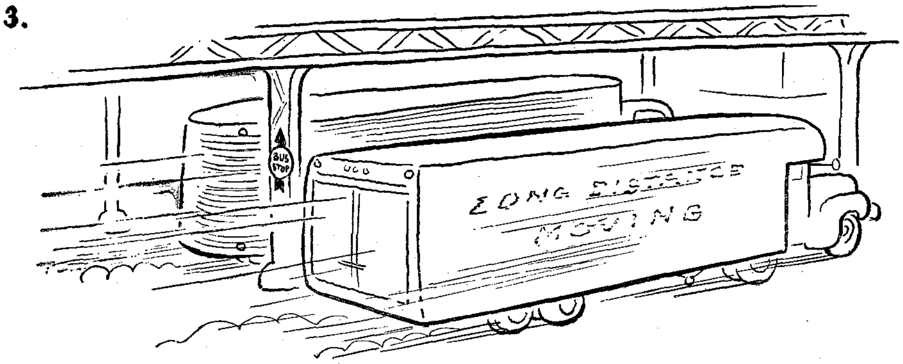

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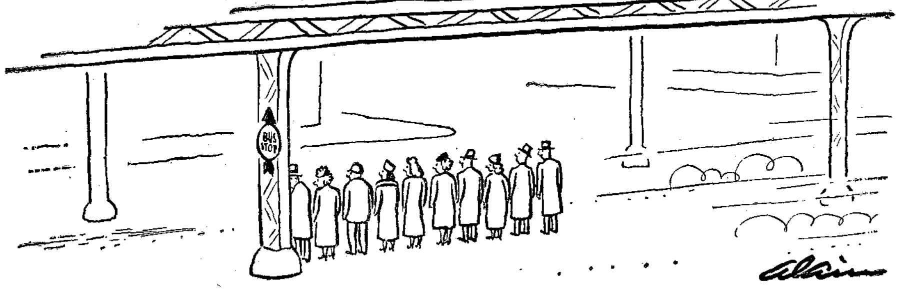

ants." Then, walking with a long stride, he set out through the clearing toward a pond. Every few seconds, in a rhythmic motion, he swept the ground with his net. "It is astonishing the amount of life there is in the grass that you never see," he said. After a few minutes, he stopped to examine the net. At the bottom were scores of captives. "See how many things there are in there, crawling and flying," he said. "Flies, damsel flies, beetles, and—yes, there's a spider. That minute thing. Probably a linyphiid." He pointed to a black creature smaller than the head of a pin. He paused by the pond to observe some whirligig beetles gyrating on the surface. "A wonderful thing about them is that they have their eyes in halves," he said. "The top looks up through the air, the lower section down into the water. A splendid arrangement. Typical of nature."

Still sweeping his insect net, Petrunkevitch moved on through a sparse woods with tall grass. He spotted a reduviid bug on a rock, imitating an ant. "Don't touch it!" he warned. "It can sting." By this time, the others were swatting the mosquitoes they had attracted, but Petrunkevitch paid no attention to them. A little lizardlike creature ran out from under a leaf. "Ah, the red eft!" he said, snatching it and some moss up and dropping them into one of his canisters. "The young stage of a newt. Mr. Barrow, a colleague of mine who works with these, will be very glad to have this." In another clearing, the group came to a boarded-up cottage with a deserted phoebe's nest under the eaves. Petrunkevitch glanced about sharply. Near the nest, stitching the air like sibilant needles, were some large insects. "There—always life," said Petrunkevitch, pleased by his discovery. "Polistes, I believe. Wasps." He searched a nearby shed for *Epeira cavatica*, an orb-weaving spider rare in Connecticut. The year before, he had released in the shed six specimens he had brought from New Hampshire. He found a number of spiders there, but no *Epeira cavatica*. He went over to the cottage and studied one side of it. "Aha!" he said after a few minutes, and poked the handle of his net under the eaves. A big gray-white spider ran out on it. "Excellent, excellent," said Petrunkevitch. "So she moved from there to here. I am going to release her. She is not yet mature. Since she is here, the others may be also. I'll come and visit again." Gently he put the handle of his net back under the eaves, and the spider crawled off. In the yard, Petrunkevitch looked under some old boards that were lying there, but he found nothing of interest. "I like boards lying around," he said. "Not because they look bad, but because they support life you wouldn't get otherwise." Something on a rusted pump in the clearing caught his eye. He stooped over and examined the spout. Stretching from it to the grass was a strand of silk. "Some spider passed this way, but it didn't make a web," he said.

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I'm going to get a gold watch if my father doesn't catch me smoking until I'm eighteen."

The group walked down a path and stopped before a dead dogwood tree. Petrunkevitch pried off some of the loose bark with his fingers, and a tiny black spider scuttled away. "Some kind of theridiid—a relative of the black widow," he said. "I probably have one in my collection, so I didn't want to take it." The next inspection of his insect net revealed, among a host of other creatures, a brown click beetle, half an inch long. He laid it on its back in his hand, and it neatly flipped itself over, with a click. "Hear its special apparatus for righting itself?" Petrunkevitch asked. Before dropping the insect to the ground, he stared at it sternly. "A very noxious beetle. The adults are not, but the larvae most certainly are. They live under bark and destroy trees." He noticed a rotting red-oak stump just off the path. "I like stumps," he said, and gave it an

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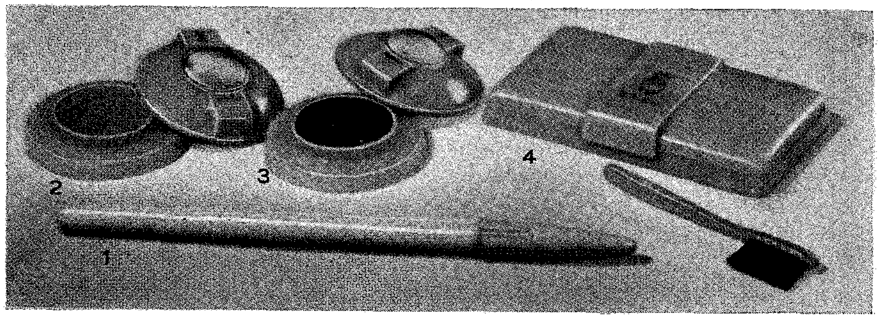

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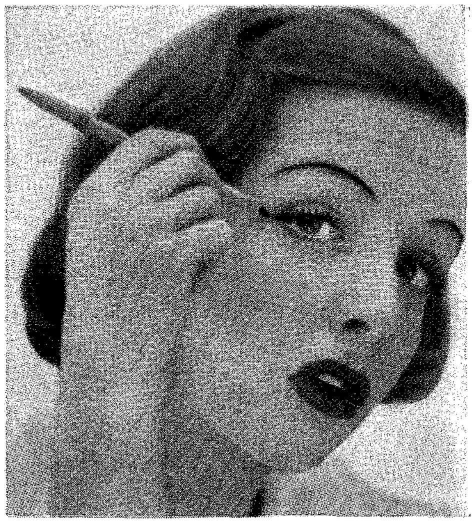

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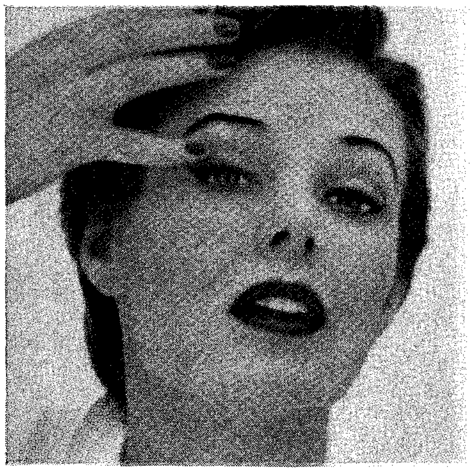

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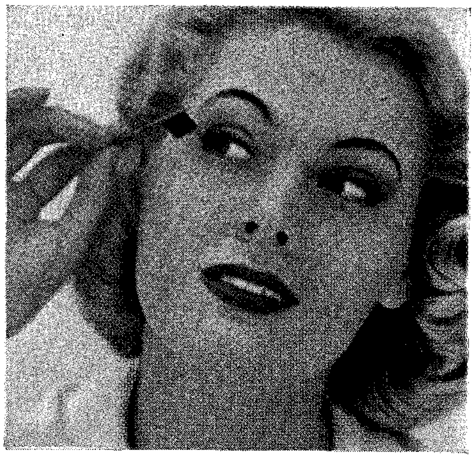

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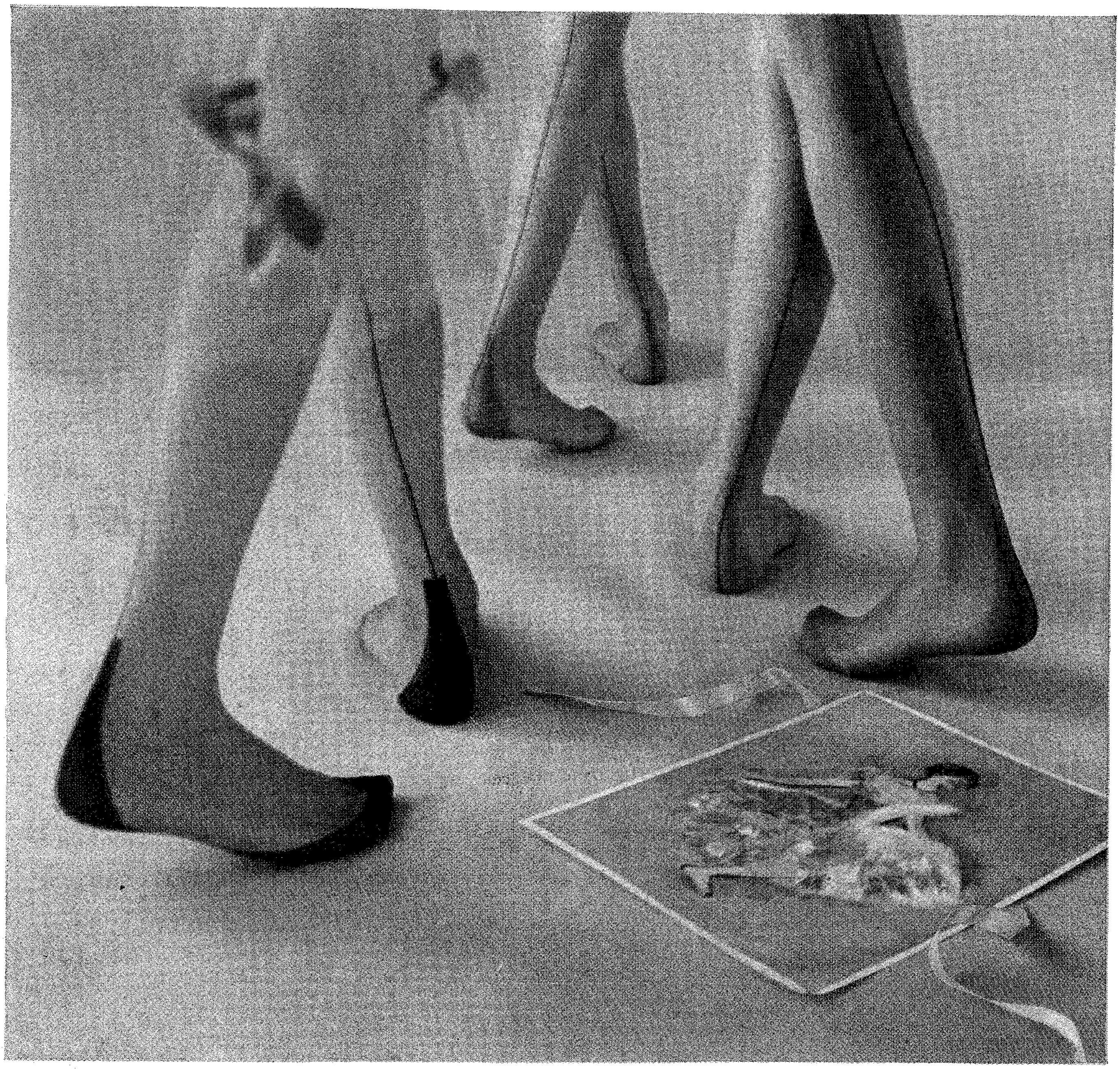

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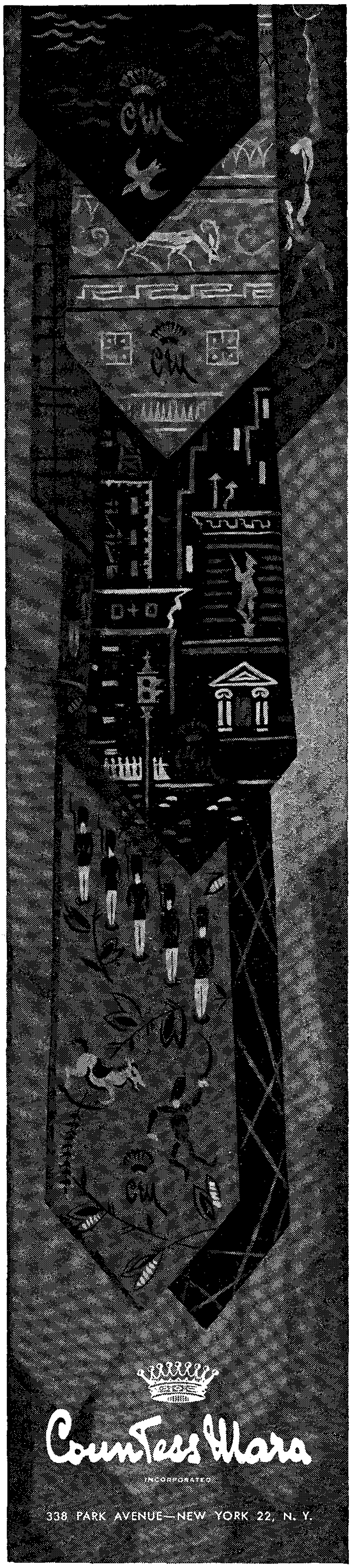
appreciative kick, uncovering an earthworm. He picked it up and put it in a bottle. "Eyeless, earless, voiceless, and legless, it eats the stone and creates the flower. Something for Dr. Grace Evelyn Pickford. She's Research Associate in the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory, and is a great authority on earthworms, possibly the world's greatest. She has an insatiable desire for them." Then Petrunkevitch saw, crouching under some loose bark at the base of the stump, a large toad. It seemed impossible that a creature its size could have squeezed itself into so small a crevice. "Wonderful toad," Petrunkevitch said. "There he is, hopefully sitting in his refuge, and I will leave him there."

A former student of Petrunkevitch's recently wrote, "On a walk with him you have a feeling of being with an immense, benign intelligence, sweetly in key with the humbler part of the universe."

THE spider is not an insect but an arachnid, a member of the zoological class of Arachnida, which also includes such creatures as scorpions, king crabs, harvestmen, and mites. Petrunkevitch is thus an arachnologist. "The number of spider species is prodigious," he says. "Seventy-five thousand are known, but it would not astound me if there were many hundreds more than that." Spiders also vary enormously in size. The largest known spider is a hundred thousand times as big as the smallest known spider, a disparity in bulk that can be approximately represented by a man standing beside an ocean liner. Outwardly, the spider is a fairly simple bug. Every spider has a head, called a cephalothorax; a body, called an abdomen; and eight legs. The cephalothorax, however, which is covered with a hornlike material and shaped like a pear, is much more than an ordinary head. The front end, which is the smaller, contains the mouth and the eyes and two pairs of appendages, called the chelicerae and the palpi. The first, which are poison fangs, are on either side of the mouth. They have an orifice near the tip, through which the venom passes. The palpi have several functions, one of which is to contribute to the spider's sense of touch. The eight legs are attached to the hind portion of the cephalothorax. A slender waist, or pedicle, connects the cephalothorax with the abdomen, the round, squashy part of a spider. The abdomen contains the heart, the lungs, and the reproductive and silk glands, as well as most of the creature's fat and blood, the latter a pale-blue fluid, which derives its color from copper instead of from iron, as human blood does. There are, according to the species, from two to eight spinnerets, or spinning tubes, supplied by the silk glands, in the after end of the abdomen. The silk glands, numbering in some cases over two hundred, are little sacs. They act as self-replenishing reservoirs, containing the silk in liquid form, and are connected to the spinnerets by ducts. There are seven joints in a spider's leg, which terminates in a foot that usually consists of two toothed claws. Since all seven joints assist in movement, whether horizontal, vertical, or a combination of the two, a spider's walk is a miracle of locomotion. It has been likened to the leg motions of four men marching in Indian file, with the first and third in step with each other but out of step with the second and fourth. Nevertheless, the spider can manage speed. Man at his swiftest moves about fifty-four body lengths, or a hundred and eight yards, in ten seconds; in the same time, a house spider covers three hundred body lengths. This is the equivalent of a man's doing the hundred-yard dash in under two seconds. There is great diversity in the color of spiders; some are plain black, some are piebald, some are brick red and black, lemon yellow and black, or black and silver. "Oh, those creatures can be wonderful to look at!" Petrunkevitch says. "And many tiny spiders that seem plain are sheer prismatic delights under the microscope."

How many of the five senses spiders possess is not known. They can unquestionably see, feel, and taste, and it is believed that they can probably smell, and that they can possibly hear. Most spiders have four pairs of eyes; some underground varieties have none. Keenness of vision varies. Hunting spiders, which catch their prey by chasing it along the ground, are the keenest-sighted; they are believed to see clearly for six inches and somewhat dimly for another six. Petrunkevitch discovered that spiders register different images with each pair of eyes. That was in 1907. "It is one of the most interesting experiments I've ever made," he says. "It was like



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walking in an enchanted garden. Everything I expected turned out the other way." From a dissected spider he took the eight eye lenses, peered at a grasshopper through them by means of a microscope, and, after involved calculations, figured out how things looked to a spider through its eyes. He then drew pictures of the images. On a movie screen in his office, Petrunkevitch occasionally shows visitors slides of a grasshopper as seen through a spider's eyes. It is a remarkable sight. Since a spider's eyes are placed at several points along the curving front of the head, the images range from normal through three degrees of distortion, the latter images somewhat like figures seen in the concave fun-house mirrors at Coney Island. "I have no idea how the spider correlates the numerous images in its brain, or the reason for them," Petrunkevitch has said.

All spiders have an acute sense of touch, located in the palpi and apparently in the hairs that cover various parts of their bodies. The sharpness of this faculty has made it difficult to determine whether or not they can hear, since sound waves conceivably may travel through the air with sufficient force to register on a spider's sensitive hairs. Whichever sense may be responsible, spiders do react to noise. They have been known to emerge from their hiding places at the sound of a piano. Moreover, a number of varieties create sounds. In Australia, there are barking and whistling spiders, and on Staten Island there is a purring spider, which drums with its palpi as it runs over dead leaves. "Since we know that some spiders have sound-producing organs, we must assume that they hear," Petrunkevitch says. "But the fact remains that nobody has yet discovered their ears."

Petrunkevitch is not certain that spiders have a sense of smell, but he points out that if a female of certain species walks across a sheet of paper, a male will follow her trail accurately. Spiders definitely possess a sense of taste. "All animals have it," Petrunkevitch says. "But where is the spider's located? I have a suspicion that it's partly in their feet. However, enough of it is in the mouth to cause them to discard unpalatable objects. Last summer, I offered a darkling beetle, a large, exceptionally acrid variety, to a tarantula. The tarantula would tackle the insect and then back off, shaking itself. Finally, it gave up entirely. Anyway, this talk about *five* senses is ridiculous. Spiders have a sixth sense, just as we all have—the

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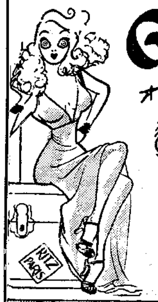

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muscular sense. When we come to a ditch, the muscular sense tells us how much energy to exert to jump it."

Arachnologists do not agree on just how intelligent spiders are, but most of them agree that a spider learns fairly quickly. In one experiment, a tuning fork was sounded at intervals near an orb weaver that ordinarily drops from its web at any loud noise. The first nine times, the spider did drop from its web, but thereafter it slowly lost interest, and by the end of two weeks it didn't move when the tuning fork was struck. Spiders will frequently leave their dens to go toward a person who makes a habit of feeding them. Petrunkevitch is not entirely prepared to admit that such behavior shows intelligence, however. "It seems to be a conditioned reflex that partakes more of the quality of memory than of rational intelligence," he says.

A spider starts life as an egg wrapped in a cocoon of its mother's silk. With it in the cocoon may be from one brother or sister to many hundreds of both, depending on the species. After hatching, the spiderling lives for a while in a web woven by its mother, subsisting on a residual part of the egg yolk from which it was formed. When this has been consumed, it leaves the web. A spider, like a lobster, molts its covering as it grows. Shortly after leaving the cocoon, it undergoes the first of possibly a dozen molts. At that stage, most species embark on a fantastic aerial journey. Climbing to the top of a plant, rock, or other object, the spiderling faces the wind. From the spinnerets in its abdomen it extrudes a silk thread from six to twenty feet long, at the bottom of which it weaves a tiny net. In even the slightest draft, the thread acts as a sail and lifts the spiderling off the earth. It clings to the net during its journey. The spiderling usually remains aloft until it strikes some object. Before arachnologists discovered that spiders were carried through the air by their silk, no phenomenon in nature had puzzled man more than how spiders fly. Beginning with Aristotle's theory that they propelled themselves by shooting out their threads like arrows, speculation ran a gamut of implausibility down through the years to the last century. Some scientists held that the creatures became airborne by inflating sacs inside their bodies with hot air and that they swam in the atmosphere by moving their eight legs. Agents of the United States Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine have netted spiders in open-cockpit airplanes

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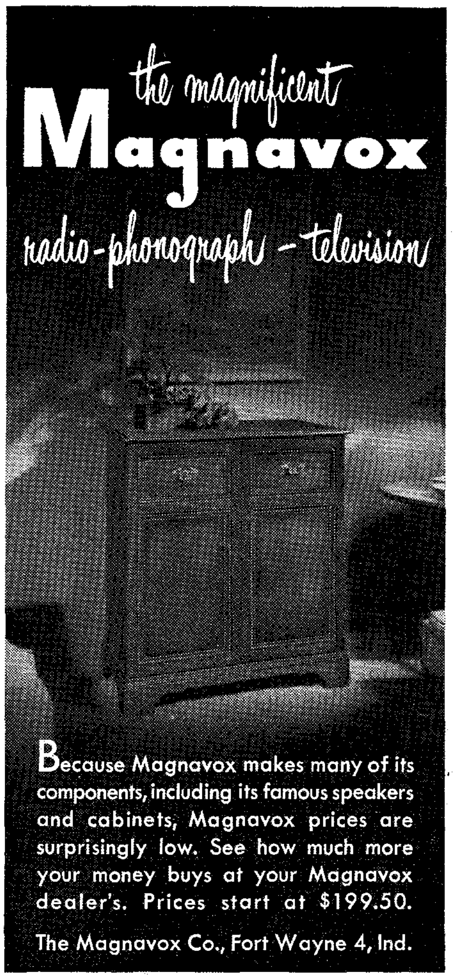
at an altitude of five miles, where, of course, the temperature is much below freezing. Most of these spiders were black. How they managed to survive the cold is suggested by the experience of the Belgian stratosphere balloonist Professor Auguste Piccard, who for his first ascent painted the enclosed gondola of his craft black. At the zenith of his flight, fifty-one thousand feet above the earth, the outside temperature was more than twenty degrees below zero, but the black paint had absorbed so much of the sun's heat that the interior of the gondola was uncomfortably hot. The horizontal distance that spiders can travel in the air is also striking. Darwin noted that he had seen some spiders drift onto a ship sixty miles off the Australian coast; years later, Captain George H. Dodge, of the American Line steamer Pennsylvania, saw some over two hundred miles off the coast of Brazil. Petrunkevitch believes that since in the last war Japanese balloons floated from Honshu to our Pacific Coast, Japanese spiderlings could do the same. From time to time, spiders and spider threads fall to earth in alarming numbers. Pliny states that during the consulate of Paulus and Marcellus it rained wool, frightening the Romans, and shortly after the Germans had begun to use poison gas in the First World War, so much spider gossamer was discovered in one part of England that people sent specimens to Army headquarters, fearing that a new kind of chemical warfare had been developed. Usually, mass flights of spiderlings occur in the spring or the fall. When the aeronauts descend, they spin tiny webs, and sometimes tremendous numbers of these are found. One September, they were so thick on the fields in one section of England that a foxhunt had to be postponed. The hounds just lay down, moaning and trying to scrape the mesh from their faces.

Once back on the ground, spiders pursue their lives according to the habits of their species. As they mature, generally within a few months, the ends of the male palpi sprout small bulbs, through which the sperm passes to the female during mating. Of all the creatures in the world that copulate, only two besides the spider are believed to have copulatory organs not directly connected with the sperm-producing glands—the ricinulei, which is a tiny arachnid, and the squid. "Like so many, many things in nature, this still seems mysterious," Petrunkevitch says. "Often I have asked myself, 'How the dickens did such a fashion of reproduction originate in spiders?' Of



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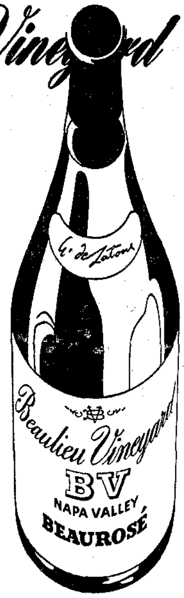

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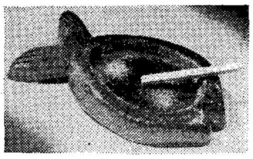

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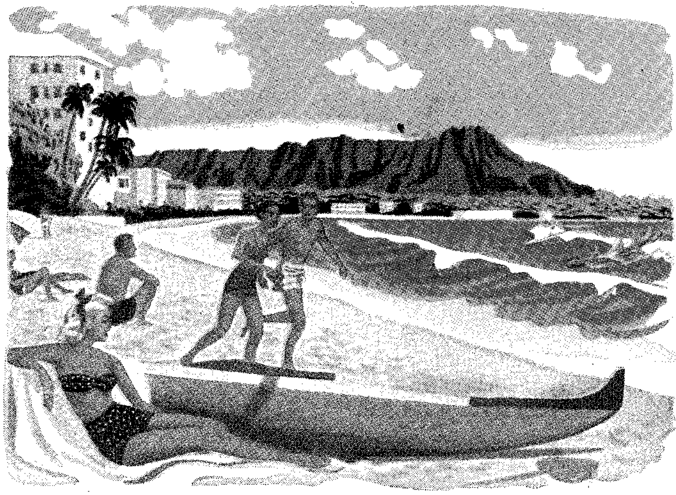

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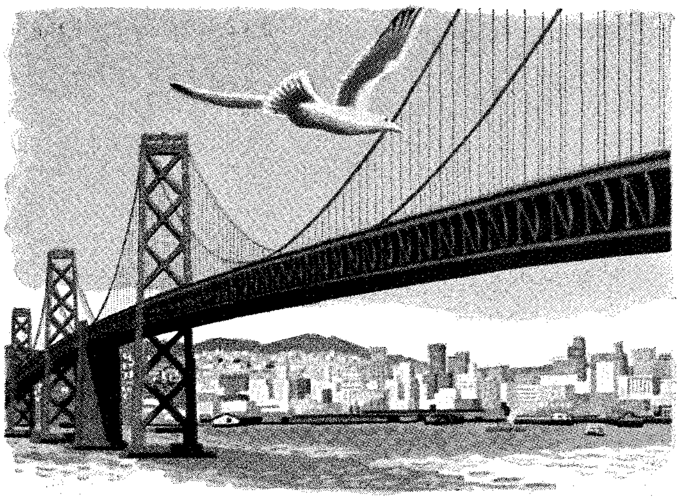

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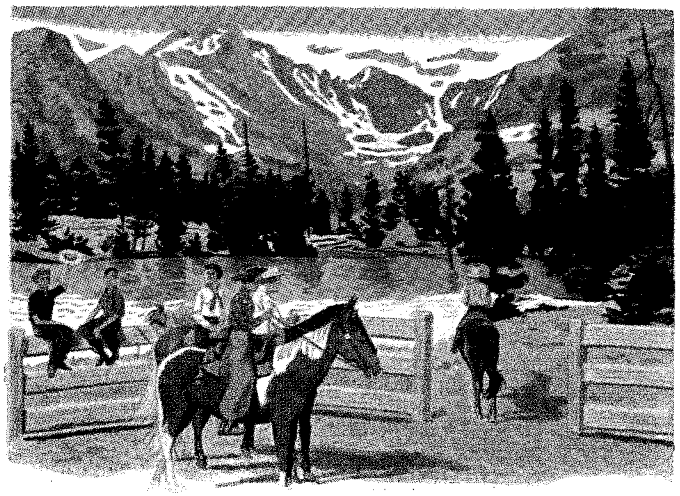

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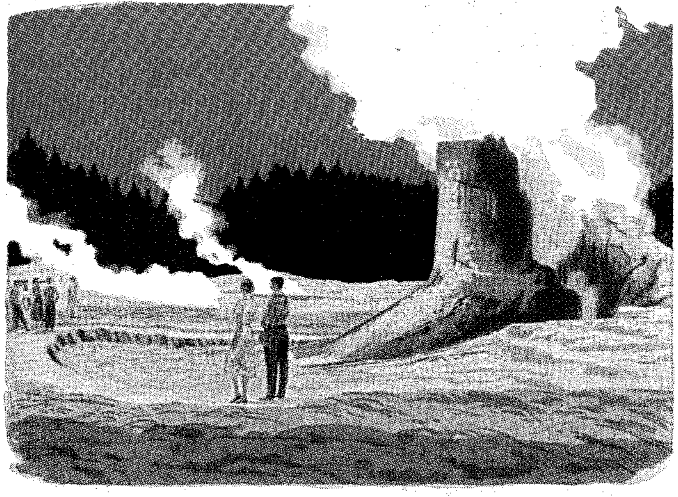

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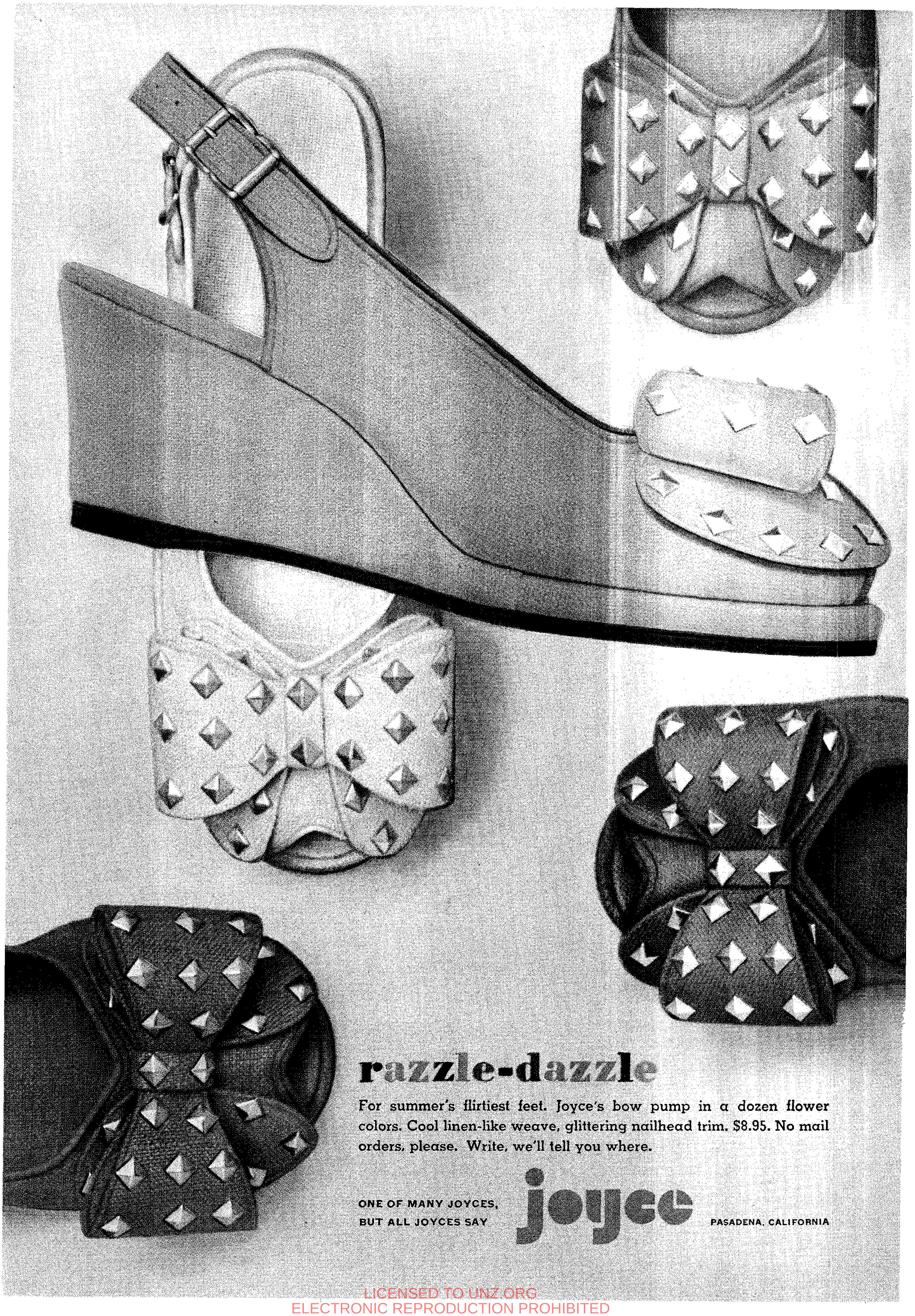

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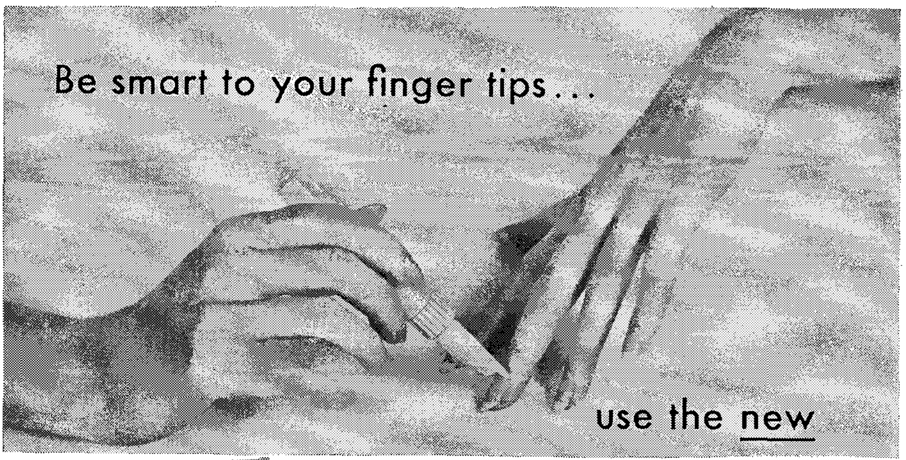
all arachnologists, living and dead, no one has spent as much time as I have trying to answer this question. And I don't know. On the other hand, if I were to discover how it came about, it would probably prove to be extremely simple."

There is considerable variation in the mating act among the myriad sorts of spiders, but one part of the ceremony is universal. The male makes a small web and deposits on it some drops of the seminal fluid, which he sucks into his palpi. He then prepares to approach the female. Petrunkevitch thinks that too much sensational emphasis has been put on the fact that the female spiders eat the male spiders after mating. It does occur, he says, but not so frequently as reported. He has never seen an instance of it. He admits, however, that the male always retires with marked haste after the mating act. In most varieties, Petrunkevitch points out, the female is bigger than the male. The female of one species of the tropical genus called Nephila is sometimes thirteen hundred times as heavy as the male. This is a phenomenal difference. Considering the spider's propensity to cannibalism, the male Nephila is an extremely courageous arachnid. Stealth is an important element in his wooing. The dwarf male has to court the giantess so unobtrusively that the act has been completed and he has made his getaway before she becomes aware that anything has been going on. The sexes are rarely as badly matched as they are among the Nephila, and in most other genera the male need not be quite so furtive. The average male spider arouses the female's interest with one of several dodges. These include ritualistic dancing before her; a prolonged leg-waving act, resembling semaphoring; and rhythmic, supposedly tantalizing plucks on the guy ropes of her web. One male even presents the female with a bug, carefully wrapped in silk.

BECAUSE of spiders' general adaptability and their ability to balloon, they are widely distributed over the earth. Ten species have been found on Spitzbergen, well within the Arctic Circle, and other species have been seen on the northern coast of Greenland, the northernmost land in the world. No spiders have been found by explorers on Antarctica, which is separated from the rest of the world by wide and stormy seas, but spiders frequently board ships, and Petrunkevitch thinks that the several exploring expeditions to the Antarctic may have taken in some species that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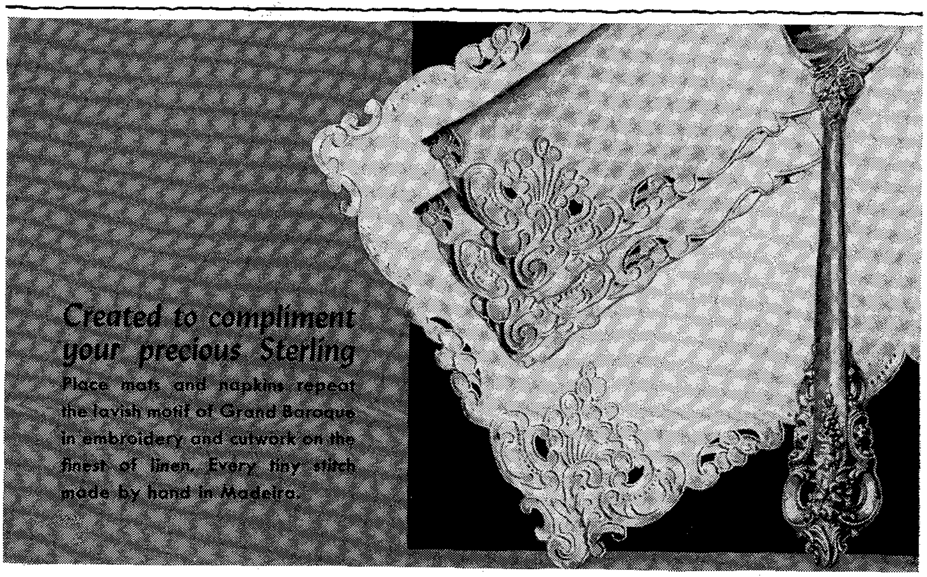

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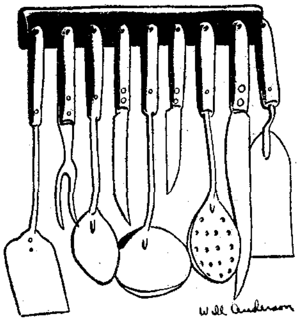
would survive. Nobody has any idea what the world's spider population is, but attempts have been made to estimate the number of spiders in limited areas. One scientist, after several spot checks, decided that there were two trillion two hundred billion in England and Wales—equal in weight, he figured, to one-tenth of the human population. An acre of land may support twenty thousand spiders of one common variety, and a count made on an acre in Rothamsted, Hertfordshire, showed that a hundred and fifty thousand, of various species, were on or under the ground.

Arachnologists look upon spiders as valuable creatures. Petrunkevitch offers this succinct endorsement, from the works of the Reverend Henry Christopher McCook, a famous nineteenth-century American arachnologist: "Spiders are good forest keepers, defending trees and plants against the onslaughts of aphids and insects. They also help humans in the woods by keeping down mosquitoes and gnats. They, in fact, labor incessantly to check the increase of the horde of tiny insect foemen that otherwise would banish humans from many parts of the earth. Nor do they make reprisals of any sort for this service. They never attack fields, harvests, vineyards, or orchards like beetles, grasshoppers, and various other insects in the perfect and larval state. They never forage on the goodies in kitchen and pantry as do roaches and ants. They do not torment and afflict by cutting, piercing, sawing, and pumping, by buzzing, humming, and blowing like the mosquito and housefly, to say nothing of less desirable denizens of the entomological kingdom. An occasional and doubtful spider bite one does hear of at rare intervals; a harmless cobweb here and there in a corner or cranny of one's house, that is all that can be charged against them. Yet they are despised, abhorred, persecuted, and slain with a zest that is hardly shown against any other creature except the snake."



The spider has many enemies besides man. Among the vertebrates, the worst are lizards and birds; horses, monkeys, toads, alligators, cats, and rats also eat spiders. In the tropics, pitcher plants—carnivorous plants that trap and consume small creatures attracted by the colored markings around the lip of their cups—snare them, and octopuses consume spiders that live in the holes defunct marine worms formerly occupied in coral reefs. These spiders cover the openings with a sheet of watertight silk to keep out high tides. The deadliest antagonists of spiders are wasps. One wasp, the tarantula hawk, paralyzes its spider prey by stinging the nerve center in the cephalothorax, then lays an egg on it. The wasp walls up the paralyzed spider and the egg in a mud cell, and when, some three to six weeks later, the egg hatches, the newly born wasp larva feeds on the spider.

The grown spider itself feeds on an immense range of animal life. Insects constitute the bulk of its diet, but it has some surprising tastes. In 1922, the amazed director of the United States Bureau of Fisheries hatchery at Erwin, Tennessee, wrote testily in his annual report, "To the long list of fish enemies, we can now add spiders," and went on to say that a spider had been observed wrestling underwater with a two-and-a-half-inch trout fingerling, which it shortly dispatched with its fangs. A spider can digest only liquid nourishment. When it catches a fly, it sucks all the fluid out of its body. When it catches solid food, it expels from its mouth a fluid—clear and syrupy—that dissolves all but the bones of the prey. Large spiders kill lizards, fish, tree frogs, and birds and predigest them in this manner. (A spider can consume a lizard in two hours and a half.) The largest spider in existence, *Theraphosa leblondi*, whose habitat is western Africa, has a body three and a half inches long and a leg span of ten inches, the diameter of a dinner plate.

Fabre was the first naturalist to study the fighting ability of the spider. He found that by prodding a *Lycosa narbonnensis* he could make it bite and kill a mole. High-school students occasionally put a scorpion and a black widow in a box to see which will get the better of the other. The creatures, either of which may win, fight to the death, but Petrunkevitch points out that they would not fight in their natural surroundings. Spiders quite often trap wasps in their webs. The black widow weaves a strong, if straggly, web. Petrunkevitch is always delighted when he sees a big wasp entangled in one. The black widow handles this adversary cautiously. Standing at a safe distance, it throws a mesh of silk over the wasp until it is helpless, then eats it.

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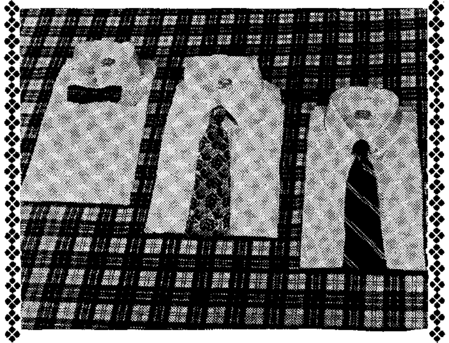

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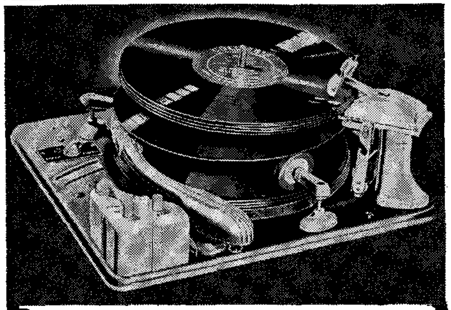

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a trap for their prey—the spider and the larva of one of the caddis flies, which constructs an underwater net. In some respects, spider silk is like our plastics. The spider's spinnerets expel a viscous fluid that hardens instantly on contact with the air. The end of each spinneret has several tiny holes that the fluid flows through. The spinnerets are so small that it is difficult to study them in action, but it is known that every spider has several kinds, each connected with its own silk glands in the abdomen, and it is thought that each produces a different silk, some of it smooth, some of it sticky. The spider uses non-sticky silk as a life line. Spiders generally keep a short dragline behind them, and orb-weaving spiders usually attach this line to the web. Then, if an orb weaver is knocked from its web, two of its spinnerets instantly start making silk, and the spider falls to the ground only if it chooses. Usually it checks its flight in midair, by stopping the silk flow, then climbs back up the line to the web. So-called jumping spiders, which hunt on the ground, also use their silk as a life line. Every six inches or so, they press their spinnerets to the ground, and the silk adheres to it. Then if, in pursuit of their quarry, they leap downward into space—over a cliff, say, or off the top of a rock—they can haul themselves to security by walking back up the line. Besides contriving life lines and webs from their silk, spiders use it to make egg and hibernation cocoons and balloon streamers, and as an adhesive to prevent insects from escaping their webs.

Spider silk, which can be as slender as one two-hundred-and-fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter, is stronger than a steel wire of equal thickness. A material so remarkable could not fail to arouse man's commercial instincts. In 1709, a Frenchman named Bon, in Montpellier, unwound the silk from the egg cocoons of some spiders and made from it two or three pairs of gloves, which he presented to the Royal Academy of Montpellier. Bon tried putting spider silk on a mass-production basis, but the problem of providing each spider with its own living space, to thwart the creatures' cannibalistic tendencies, defeated him. Half a century later, a Spanish priest named de Termeyer, stationed in South America, managed, after thirty years' experimentation, to devise a practicable housing setup for spiders and an apparatus for reeling in their silk. Unfortunately, by the time he had accumulated fifteen pounds of silk, he was recalled to Europe and his experiment ended. The field

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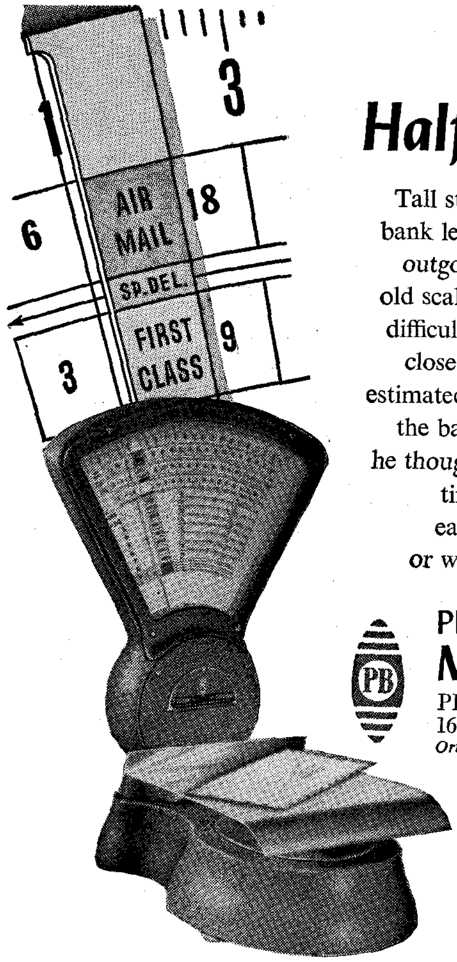

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work of others continued, however, and vests, trousers, draperies, balloons, and balloon ropes of spider silk have been produced, though only on a laboratory scale. One of the most recent attempts to produce spider silk in quantity was made unsuccessfully fifteen years ago in North Carolina. Petrunkevitch knows of no one who is working on the idea now. What with rayon, nylon, and other such synthetic threads, he thinks that no one will again. Only the makers of optical goods use spider silk today. The silk has been used for years to make the cross hairs that indicate the center of the field of vision in the "diaphragm" of the finest telescopes. It is similarly used in bombsights. The small amount needed for this industry can readily be gathered wild.

THE largest spiders in the United States are commonly called tarantulas. Petrunkevitch always has some live ones in his office. The tarantula is the Methuselah of the spider world; most spiders live less than a year, but the tarantula does not even mature until it is about three, when it is ready to breed. The male dies soon after copulation, but the female may live to be twenty or more, and may breed half a dozen times. Petrunkevitch, who has a thoroughly arachnological sense of humor, has always named his largest tarantulas after his female students. The incumbent is La Belle Yvonne, named for a beautiful student who worked with him three years ago. La Belle Yvonne is a massive, chocolate-colored Mexican tarantula, who spends most of her time squatting under a concave rock in a big terrarium. Tarantulas can fast for well over a year. Like the majority of spiders, however, they perish in a few weeks without water. As a rule, the male tarantula is only slightly smaller than the female. In the Southwest, just before the mating season, in late summer, swarms of males sometimes range the countryside in search of mates. During this season, they will often, without provocation, bite men or horses—behavior rare in spiders.

Perhaps no other creature the size of the tarantula holds the same horrible fascination for man. In a movie short a few years back, a man knocked a tarantula off another man's bare chest with a dart from a blowgun while audiences all over the country watched breathlessly. Their tension was unwarranted. The bite of a tarantula is no more dangerous to man than a knife prick, and much less dangerous than a dart from a blowgun. Occasionally, Petrunkevitch holds a tarantula in his uncovered hands, not in bravado but to illustrate some point or other he is making. Except in the mating season, tarantulas, unless attacked and unable to run away, almost never bite, and the average tarantula will sit quietly in a person's palm for as long as anybody would want it to. "But there is one tarantula I will not hold for two hundred dollars," Petrunkevitch says. "A Haitian tarantula—*Phormictopus canarides*. It will bite anything—any time, anywhere. It is decidedly stupid." He has good reason to know. Some years ago, while making a study of the digestive process of the Phormictopus, he had over two hundred of the Haitians in his office. "Regularly, every day, I filled their water dishes with a little rubber syringe, and even after months they still struck at the jet of water as if it were a dangerous object," he says. "They were hopeless, mentally hopeless."

Petrunkevitch had a brush with the customs authorities in New York before he got those tarantulas into the country. The initial lot, consisting of more than a hundred spiders, each weighing upward of half a pound, arrived in New York in June, 1936. They had been gathered in Haiti, on Petrunkevitch's order, and packed separately in paper cartons and then enclosed in ventilated five-gallon gasoline tins. When they were unloaded, the steamship company mailed Petrunkevitch a notification. It was delayed in transit. In the meantime, a customs inspector recoiled when he came on the gasoline tins and learned what was in them. He sent the consignment to the Custom House. The officials there were puzzled. Lengthy research produced no lawful reason for barring the tarantulas, but, to a man, the authorities felt that they should not be admitted, and wrote Petrunkevitch to that effect. It was an old story to him. Of necessity, he has become an expert on customs regulations pertaining to spiders. Once, when he was bringing a group of rare Panamanian spiders into the country, his brusque insistence that

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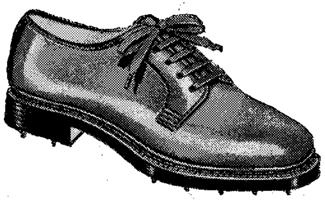

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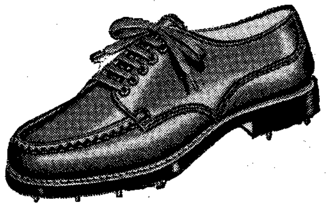

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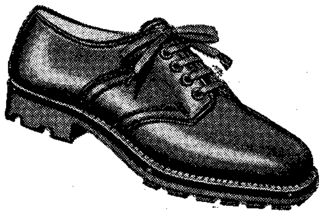

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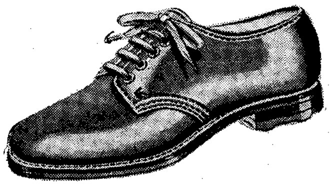

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he was within his rights so annoyed the chief customs official in Los Angeles that the man spent days combing the regulations in an effort to disprove him, and by the time the collection was released only one spider was still alive. Petrunkevitch has since been more tactful. Accordingly, when he got the letter about the Haitian tarantulas, he wrote the customs men in New York that there was no law forbidding the importation of tarantulas. "Naturally, I added that the matter was not a simple one," he says. "I noted that while there was a distinct prohibition on, for example, the introduction of ants, there was none whatever on the introduction of cockroaches, and I explained that spiders fell into the same class as cockroaches. I closed by expressing a hope that the authorities would not keep my tarantulas longer than necessary." Meanwhile, a number of the tarantulas had broken out of their paper containers and killed and partially eaten their neighbors. The morning Petrunkevitch's letter arrived, he got a long-distance call from one of the customs men. "Your note is doubtless right in all its assumptions," he said. "But whether you're right or wrong, come and get your tarantulas. There is a stench here the like of which I have never known." Petrunkevitch took a train to New York, and, after very brief formalities, was allowed to depart with his spiders. About seventy of them had survived. In subsequent batches, there were no casualties; the Custom House cleared every shipment promptly. To feed his Haitian spiders, Petrunkevitch started a cockroach farm in a greenhouse back of the Osborn Laboratory. There, in a metal cabinet, he raised cockroaches on bread and water. Each of the two hundred tarantulas got an insect every three or four days.

The only spider native to the United States that is poisonous to man is the black widow, a long-legged, plump arachnid bearing a distinctive red design, something like an hourglass, on its abdomen. Petrunkevitch usually has at least one black widow in his office, in a small terrarium containing a little earth and a dish of water. The black widow builds its scanty web in one corner. "Black widows are extremely useful animals," Petrunkevitch says. "Except that it would spoil my reputation with the citizens of Connecticut, I wouldn't mind having a hundred black widows loose in my office all the time. They are a primary enemy of June bugs and grasshoppers, both noxious insects when they appear in large numbers—not to mention Japanese beetles. I have collected hundreds of black widows, and not one has ever tried to bite me. I think I can safely say that they will never bite a human being unless they are irritated or backed into a position from which they believe escape impossible." Nevertheless, he advises laymen to kill black widows whenever they encounter them. He has never heard of a death caused by their bite, but he concedes the possibility of such a death. Like the venom of the rattlesnake, the black widow's poison is neurotoxic, affecting the nervous system, and, drop for drop, it is fifteen times as powerful as the rattlesnake's. Pre-Revolutionary Indians used to smear the mangled remains of black-widow spiders on their war arrows to make them poisonous, and it is known that a camel died after being bitten on the upper lip by a black widow. Unlike rattlesnake venom, the black-widow poison is not hemolytic; that is, it does not destroy the red blood cells and the walls of the blood vessels. Petrunkevitch, who is acutely conscious of a spider's better nature, never fails to mention this in discussing black widows. "It saves us a great deal of trouble, and is a blessing," he says earnestly. One of the usual symptoms of a black-widow bite, a marked rigidity of the abdomen, has caused surgeons to believe they are dealing with an advanced state of perforated ulcer of the intestines and to operate. On the other hand, suspected black-widow bites usually turn out to be something else.

The fear of spiders is widespread, and occasionally psychopathic. Both Turenne and Gustavus Adolphus quaked at the sight of one, and H. R. Bowers, one of the bravest polar explorers of this century, would tremble when he saw one and beg to be led out of its presence. "In general, more people are afraid of spiders than are not," Petrunkevitch says. "It is foolish, but it is so." Spiders are a common hallucination of alcoholics. Petrunkevitch is resigned to the fact. He knows that the creatures men fear appear in such hallucinations, and that because of the spider's position in man's subconscious, it is bound to turn up. He himself now and then sees imaginary spiders when he has been overworking. When that happens, he knows it's time to take a vacation.

MANY spiders are odd-looking. The abdomens of some of them resemble submarine contact mines, blackthorn canes, or the long-necked bags of bagpipes. The female of one species in Borneo has an immense, perfectly useless pair of spines protruding from the rear of its abdomen. Spiders are great mimics. Petrunkevitch knows of an arboreal Panamanian spider that looks like a twig when it hangs, head downward, from the limb of a tree, as it habitually does in repose. Two South American spiders look like leaves—a brown one that drops slowly down on its silk, like a withered leaf, and a green one that drops more quickly, like a fresh leaf. Spiders are capable of other tricks. A Malaysian one lives inside a pitcher plant, and when a bug the spider likes comes along, the spider eats it; if a bug is unappetizing, the spider kicks it into the digestive fluid at the bottom of the pitcher plant's cup.

The spider has preceded man in many activities, among them chemical warfare and the use of the fishing net and the bola. A good-sized Brazilian ground spider weaves a small square net, which it holds at the corners with its four front legs. When an insect flies within range, it leaps into the insect's path, stretching the net to five or six times its previous size and, with luck, seines its quarry. A North American spider handles the bola with equal dexterity. It deposits a drop of sticky fluid on one end of a short thread, which it then swings by its forefeet, with great accuracy, at any fly that comes near. As a means of defense or attack, several varieties of spider spray irritants or poisons. Among these spiders is a small one that can spray from its fangs onto a small insect half an inch away a fluid that is a mixture of gum and poison. The victim is glued to the spot by the gum and dies from the poison. "This particular spider is cosmopolitan but rare," Petrunkevitch says. "I catch two or three specimens a year. No more. Some I find in my office, some in the Yale Library. In appearance, it's a lovely little spider, with a greatly humped back and thin legs. Tiny but lovely."

In New Guinea, the natives use large spider webs to net fish weighing up to a pound, and on the Trobriand Islands small birds, butterflies, bats, and moths are snared in the same manner. In the New Hebrides, a heavy spider web is used as a hood to smother adulteresses. (Adulterers go free.) Some natives of the Pacific islands eat large spiders, and a few arachnologists, not including Petrunkevitch, have tried them. A Brazilian bandit chief once had a tarantula fang set in gold and used it as a toothpick. A Frenchman in the Loire district used to sell spiders at the equivalent of twenty dollars a hundred to vint-

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ners to weave webs on their bottles and make them look old. Balled spider web was long considered a fever cure, and as late as the eighteen-eighties boluses of it were sold in Philadelphia for this purpose. The web seems to have the power to staunch the flow of blood. Shakespeare alludes to this in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." "Webs from ordinary house spiders were still used on wounds by Russian nurses when I was a child," Petrunkevitch says. "They acted something like adhesive plaster. Why we didn't get an infection from the stuff, I don't know."

The spider appears frequently in fiction. H. G. Wells wrote of a horde of gigantic tarantulas—a spider that does not balloon—soaring fearsomely through the air, and in detective stories spiders often are (usually, altogether fantastically) the lethal agent. However, Petrunkevitch knows, in his own experience, of one actual attempt to take human life by the use of spiders. "When I was a student in Russia, a woman ground up a species of local tarantula and mixed it into a man's food with murderous intent," he says. "She was discovered and haled into court. The head of my zoology department was called in to identify what the woman had mixed. He found tarantula legs in the exhibit. The man did not die, but the woman was imprisoned. Think of that! Grinding up a poor tarantula for such a purpose!" —Eugene Kinkead

(*This is the first of two articles on Dr. Petrunkevitch.*)

•

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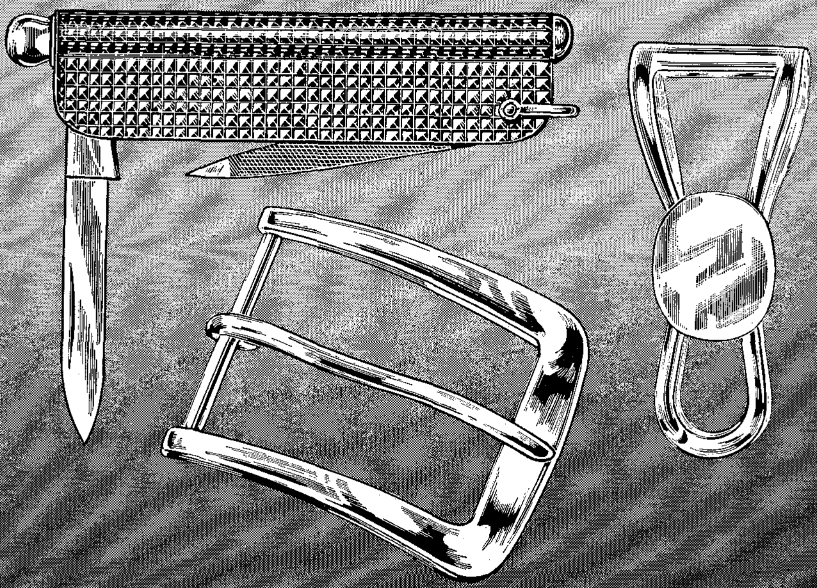

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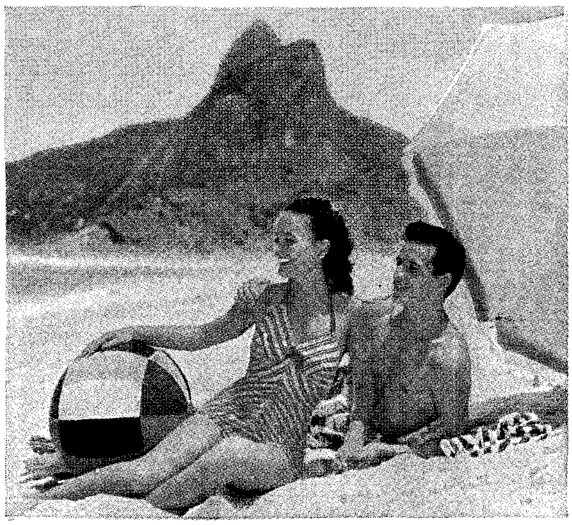

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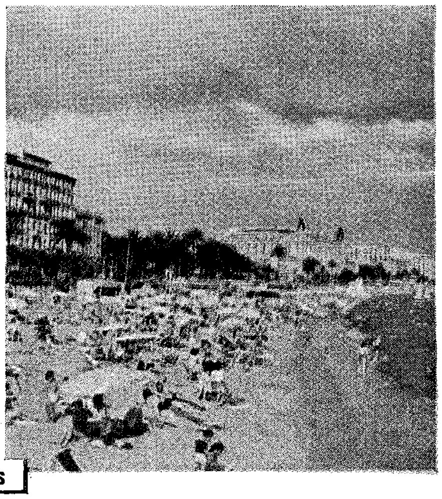

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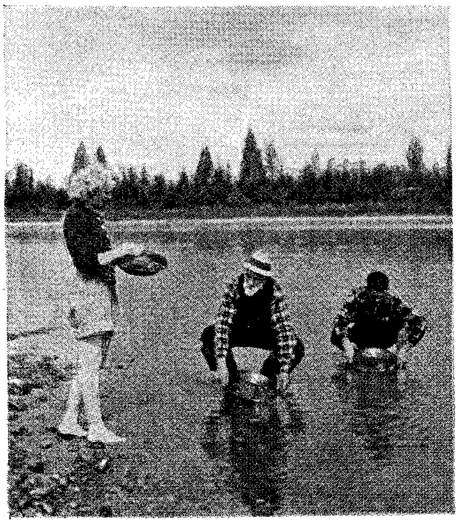

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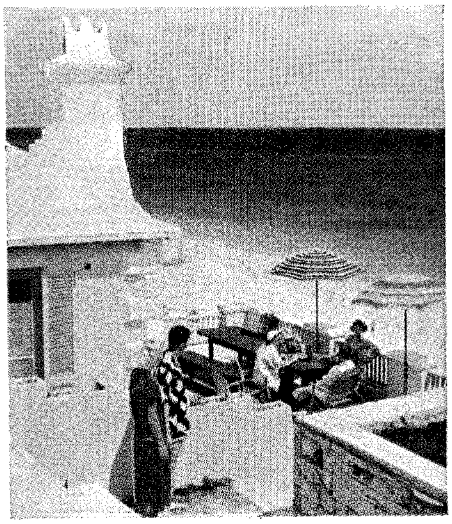

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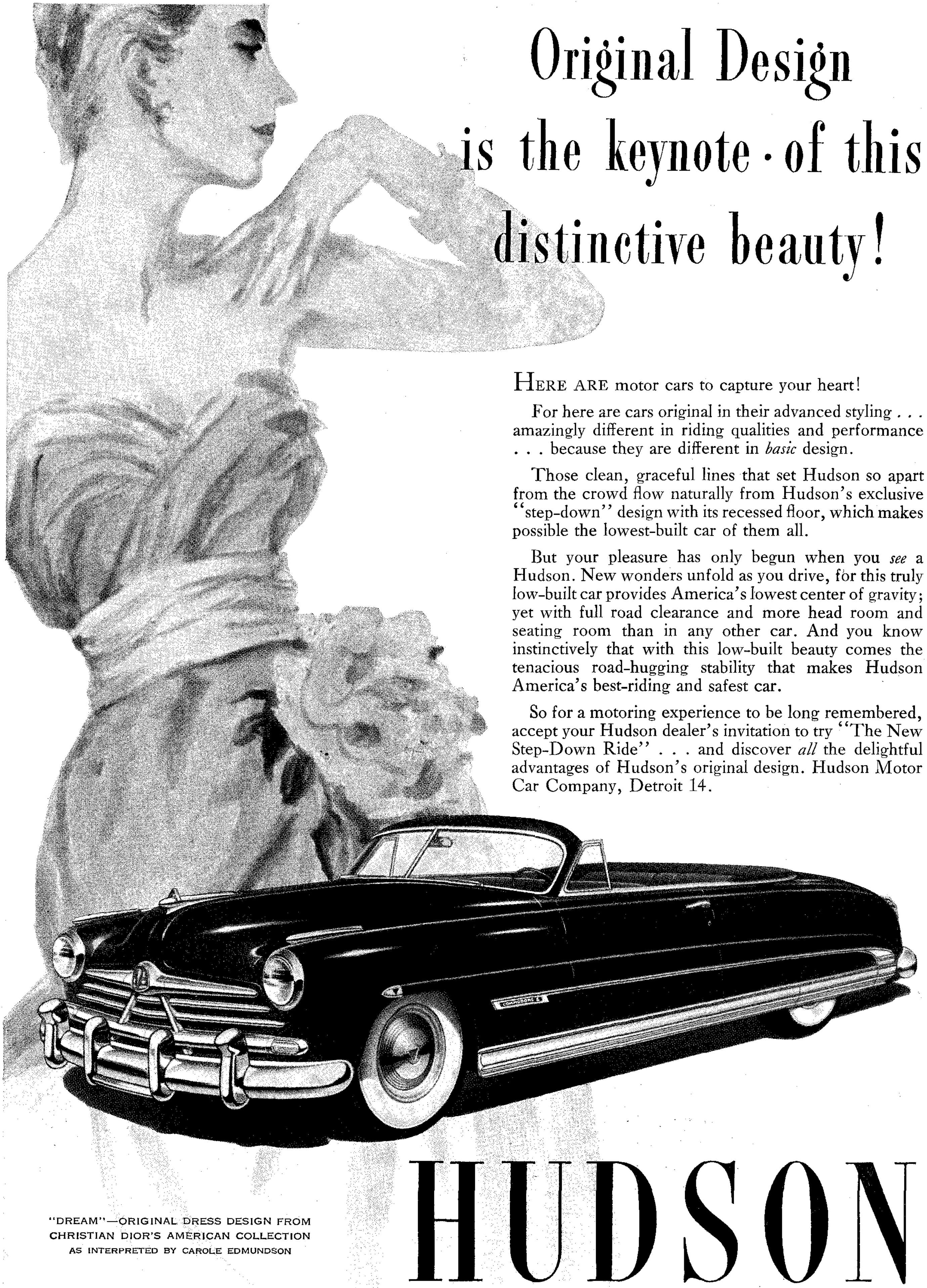

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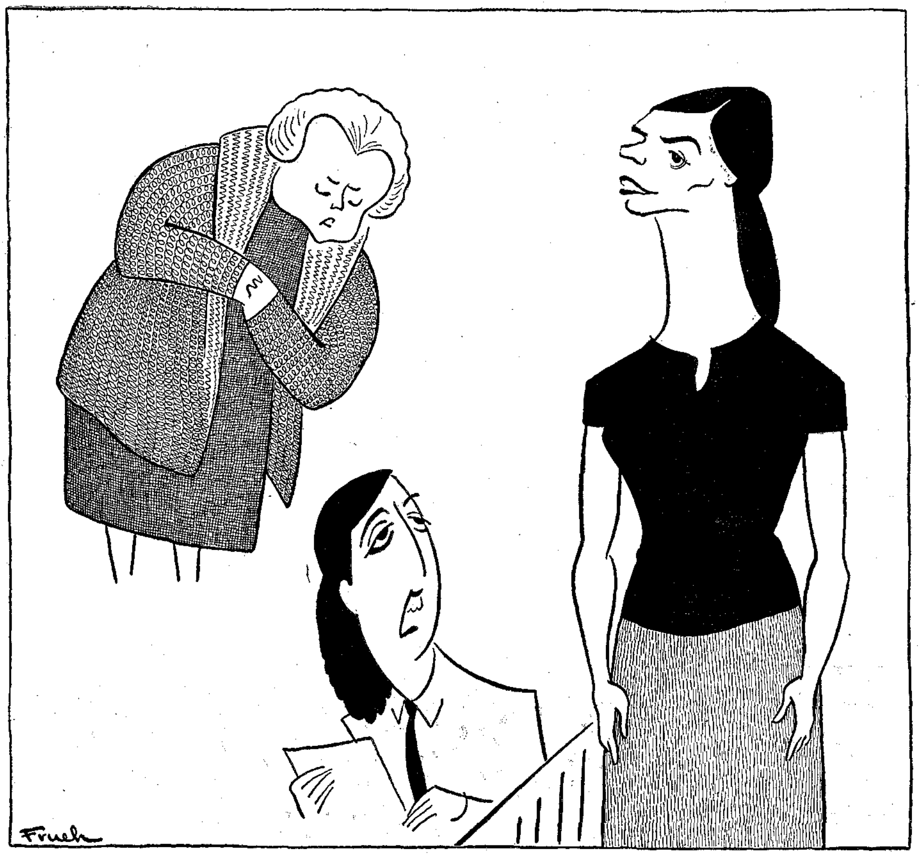
"Cry of the Peacock," Cecil Robson's adaptation of a play by Jean Anouilh known on its native soil as "Ardèle ou la Marguerite," was perhaps the most ludicrous article exported to us by the French since the hobble skirt. It dealt, naturally enough, with l'amour, which it treated with a really spectacular mixture of confusion, foolishness, and bad taste. The lines, at least in Mr. Robson's translation, were usually deplorable and frequently grotesque, and they were not assisted by the fact that they were delivered by a company whose accents included those of Budapest, London, Brooklyn, and Pasadena. Cecil Beaton's setting, the hall of a château in 1912, had, by my count, forty-nine paintings on its walls, and though they were considerably more interesting to look at than the action on the stage, they were hardly enough for an evening's entertainment.

Among the characters in "Cry of the Peacock" (I won't even try to disentangle the story) were:

1. An elderly general whose sexual activities were limited to seducing the servants, since his wife, driven out of her mind by his infidelities, had long since retired to her room. Through most of the play, she was simply a voice screaming his name on what was intended, I guess, to be the harsh and desolate note of the mating peacock, but in the end she appeared briefly to list his affairs, both real, in the case of the domestics, and products of her crazy imagination, in the case of ladies like Mme. Clemenceau and Florence Nightingale.

2. The general's sister—a countess—and her husband, both equipped with admirers, his being a young dressmaker who caused some momentary offstage commotion by trying to poison herself, and hers a spinsterish Parisian dandy who drove a high-powered car, often as fast as thirty miles an hour.



"THE CONSUL"

These three, from left to right, are Marie Powers, Gloria Lane, and Patricia Neway, and their contributions, both as singers and as actresses, are very important to Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera at the Ethel Barrymore.

3. Another sister of the general's, a hunchback, who had fallen in love with a tutor, similarly deformed, and had shut *her*self up in her room, to avoid embarrassing arguments with her family. This unfortunate woman was never either visible or audible, unless you count two pistol shots in the closing moments, indicating that she and her lover had committed suicide together.

4. A young soldier—the general's son—and his older brother's wife. These two only *discussed* adultery and so, I suppose, must be considered comparatively admirable. They were still pretty Gallic for me, though.

5. Two of the most repulsive children ever put on the stage. Their function was to comment on and parody their elders' goings on, and it was an unattractive assignment at best.

Oscar Karlweis, Marta Linden, Lili Darvas, and Raymond Lovell, an actor strangely bereft of the letter "r," were chiefly involved. I thought they were willing and obviously gifted, but the script was just too much for them, and they often gave the effect of being as baffled and indignant as I was. The director, Martin Ritt, was asked to whisk characters on and off the set with the inconceivable rapidity of an old silent film, and it seemed to me that his work showed a certain desperation. Displaying a rather surprising vitality, "Cry of the Peacock" ran for two performances.

Elsa Shelley's "With a Silk Thread," the week's other entry, also deals with sex, this time of the domestic variety. The locale is smart—a beach house, presumably somewhere on the South Shore of Long Island, outside which a curiously intermittent surf roars and crashes. The personnel is high-toned—a successful physician; his wife, an ex-actress, with a cultivated preference for the works of Shakespeare and Shaw; the operator of a summer theatre who goes a good deal out of his way to explain that he was Harvard '41; two very young men, the son of the house and his roommate at Dartmouth; a couple of girls, also dedicated to the art of the theatre; and an old family retainer named Anna. The text is fashionably studded with quotations not only from Shakespeare and Shaw but also from

and what a witty conversation piece it's going to be on the summer clothesline. A French idea, we see it clipping on a chiffon scarf to a pocket, keeping a rose on a lapel, as a jewel on a tailored suit, holding up a baretop dress. A pair make fun earrings. Actual size in shining gold metal 2.50* studded with rhinestones 4.75* add .15 postage.
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Baudelaire. The story has something to do with the lady's helpless infatuation with her son's friend and her decision to reënter the theatre so that he can play Marchbanks to her Candida. Needless to say, this plan works out very badly and, in a final scene of lordly imbecility, she returns penitently to her husband's arms. Altogether, though it may be hard to believe, "With a Silk Thread" is even duller and more offensive than "Cry of the Peacock."

The cast is headed by Claire Luce, who at one point is called on to remark, "Why do I want to act? Why don't you ask me why I want to breathe?" Nobody asks her, and I thought it a pity, because, under the circumstances, it sounded like a good, interesting question. Among the others are Philip Huston, Henry Hart, William Duff, Phil Arthur, and Carole Mathews. Their behavior, generally speaking, might be described as glum. Watson Barratt's set was apparently constructed on the principle of a maze. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

WASHINGTON, (NANA)—Housewives of the United States, in another war emergency, will not suffer any immediate sharp impact in the sudden disappearance of certain household supplies from store shelves, such as they faced after Pearl Harbor in World War II.

The United States munition board will prevent sudden, critical scarcities in the future by a drive to stockpile as fast as possible those strategic and critical materials necessary to the military branch of the government in case of war which also are essential to domestic products in daily use.

The unexpected hardship of not finding everyday seasonings such as black pepper at a time when the cooks of the country did not suspect that it had practically disappeared from the market—as happened in 1941—is an instance that will not be repeated, a spokesman for the munitions Board said today.—*New Orleans Item.*

What are we waiting for?

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Annapolis* (*Md.*) *Evening Capital*]

Miss Katherine Carman Ludwig of Brooklyn, New York, will visit the City of Annapolis shortly on business. She is expected any day. She is being sent here by her employer, the V. D. Blasi Shoe Corporation, located in New York. The purpose of her visit will be to exhibit the new spring styles her company has to offer. Tho Miss Ludwig has never been in Annapolis before, she says, and we quote: I'm sure that my intended trip to Annapolis will give me the opportunity to visit the Naval Academy and the historic sites the City of Annapolis holds, thus combining business with pleasure.

THE RACE TRACK

Lotosurprise

On the whole, the Experimental Free Handicap No. 2 at Jamaica last weekend was a topsy-turvy affair, with lightly weighted long shots getting the money. Lotowhite, the winner, was practically an 18–1 chance; Royal Castle, who was second, paid almost that much to place; and bettors even collected handsomely ($10.80) if they had a show ticket on Sturdy One, who finished third. Hill Prince, as everyone interested is probably aware by this time, was ninth. Eleven horses ran.

Though I still count myself a Hill Prince man, I was disappointed by his performance in the Experimental No. 2. He stumbled as he left the starting gate, got into close quarters at the first turn, and didn't settle into his stride in the run down the backstretch. Then, when he finally got cracking, he was blocked a couple of furlongs from home. That did it; first off, he was crowded against the rails at the stretch turn by Lights Up, and when he bounced back, he slammed into Guillotine, who was wobbling along, just about to give up. After that, Arcaro, who was riding Hill Prince, wisely made no serious effort with the colt. Now, as you would expect, disgruntled horseplayers are saying that Hill Prince is only another sprinter, like his half brother Mangohick, and not up to going a mile and a sixteenth, to say nothing of a mile and a quarter, the Kentucky Derby distance. Well, don't be too sure of that. When all is said and done, if Hill Prince suffers no ill effects from last Saturday's bumping, you need look no farther for the winner.

As for Lotowhite, a rangy chestnut who obviously got his name because he has a lot of white on him (something, incidentally, that horsemen aren't crazy about), I thought he was rather lucky. I fancy, too, that Price Headley, who owns him, was a mite surprised. At the start, Lotowhite was away well, and after Guillotine and Casemate raced each other to pieces in the first five furlongs, he simply took over and won comfortably. Then, of course, everyone remembered quick as a wink that he had finished second to Oil Capitol in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last month, beating Calumet Farm's Theory—though beating Theory no longer seems much of an achievement. Lotowhite carried only a hundred and seven pounds in the Experimental, seventeen less than Hill Prince. In the Wood, all colts will carry scale weight of a hundred and twenty-six pounds. That may make a difference.

There is a great deal of news about the three-year-olds this week, and not much room to tell it in. One must select the more important items, and I guess they include the fact that Middleground, the King Ranch colt, was beaten in his first appearance of the season, at Jamaica last week. I wasn't a very passionate supporter of his last summer, and I found myself unexpectedly delighted with his air and grace the other afternoon. He is on the small side, but he is so beautifully put together that one could spend an hour admiring him. How well he'll stand training is something else, since his ankles look as if they are no better than they should be—and a lot bigger. He's certainly fit, though, for Ferd had to run six furlongs in 1:10⅘ to beat him. I've a notion, however, that Middleground won't do much serious racing before the Kentucky Derby.

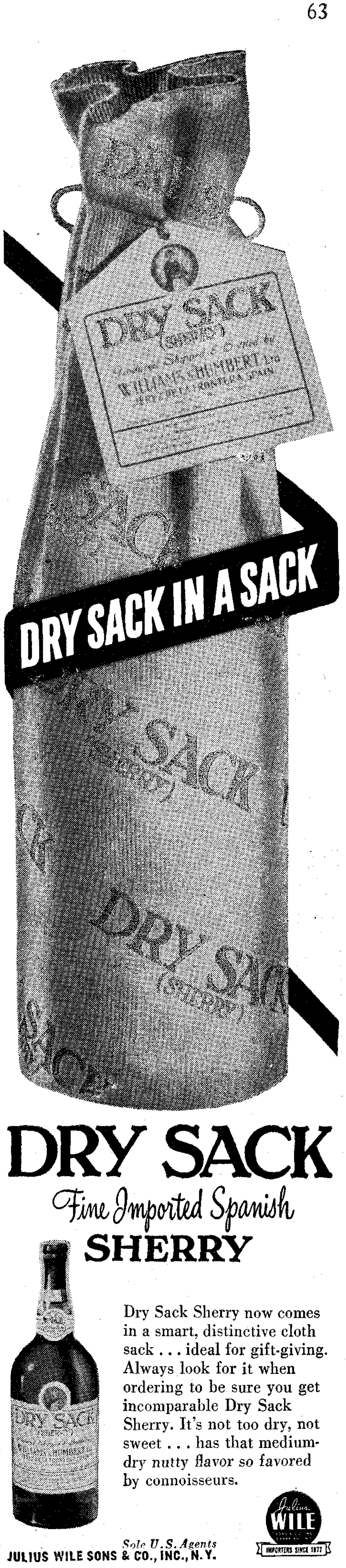
Farther afield, the Brookmeade Stable's Sunglow and Greek Ship picked up first and second money in the Chesapeake Stakes at Havre de Grace on Saturday. A month ago, Greek Ship was first and Sunglow second in the Louisiana Derby. Not bad. And out at Keeneland, Ed Taylor's Navy Chief outran Theory, Roman Bath, and Mr. Trouble at six furlongs. Mr. Trouble is something of a Derby tip hereabouts. Just for the record, Coaltown ran next to last in the Phoenix Handicap, also at Keeneland. Mount Marcy won. Times change.

Diogenes Checkpoints, my roving observer, says it's a rarity for a stable to have three foals of one mare in training at the same time, let alone under colors the same afternoon. It happened last Saturday, though; C. T. Chenery's Mangohick, Hill Prince, and First Flush are all from his mare Hildene. —Audax Minor

•

Most of the women, dressed in Boston's conservative black, left the luncheon directly for an afternoon at Symphony Hall. But not Mrs. Binney, who announced that she had long ago given up being conventional, and drew out from her pocketbook a movie timetable.—*Boston Herald.*

The devil you say!



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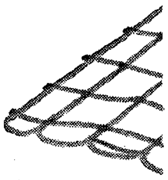
It is here the shopping, the deciding is done. When they agree, "*We'll get one this week*" —a sale is rung up.

Most purchases are a family matter and start like this, in the home. A striking number of them start from advertisements in Better Homes & Gardens.

Because this magazine is read with live and searching interest, read with conviction—and it's read by *more than 3,400,000* leading families.*

They turn to it for news and stimulating fresh ideas on those things closest to their hearts—their homes, their needs, their family problems.

Better Homes & Gardens is edited with a knowing touch. Readers have built up a warm and friendly faith in it. They study each page—for answers to their own wants and ways of living. Each editorial *and advertisement* is part of its 100% service content.



Just think how your own advertising would fare with such a highly screened, receptive group—families who want to live better and have the means to. Better yet, *let us show you* what kind of reception it would find!

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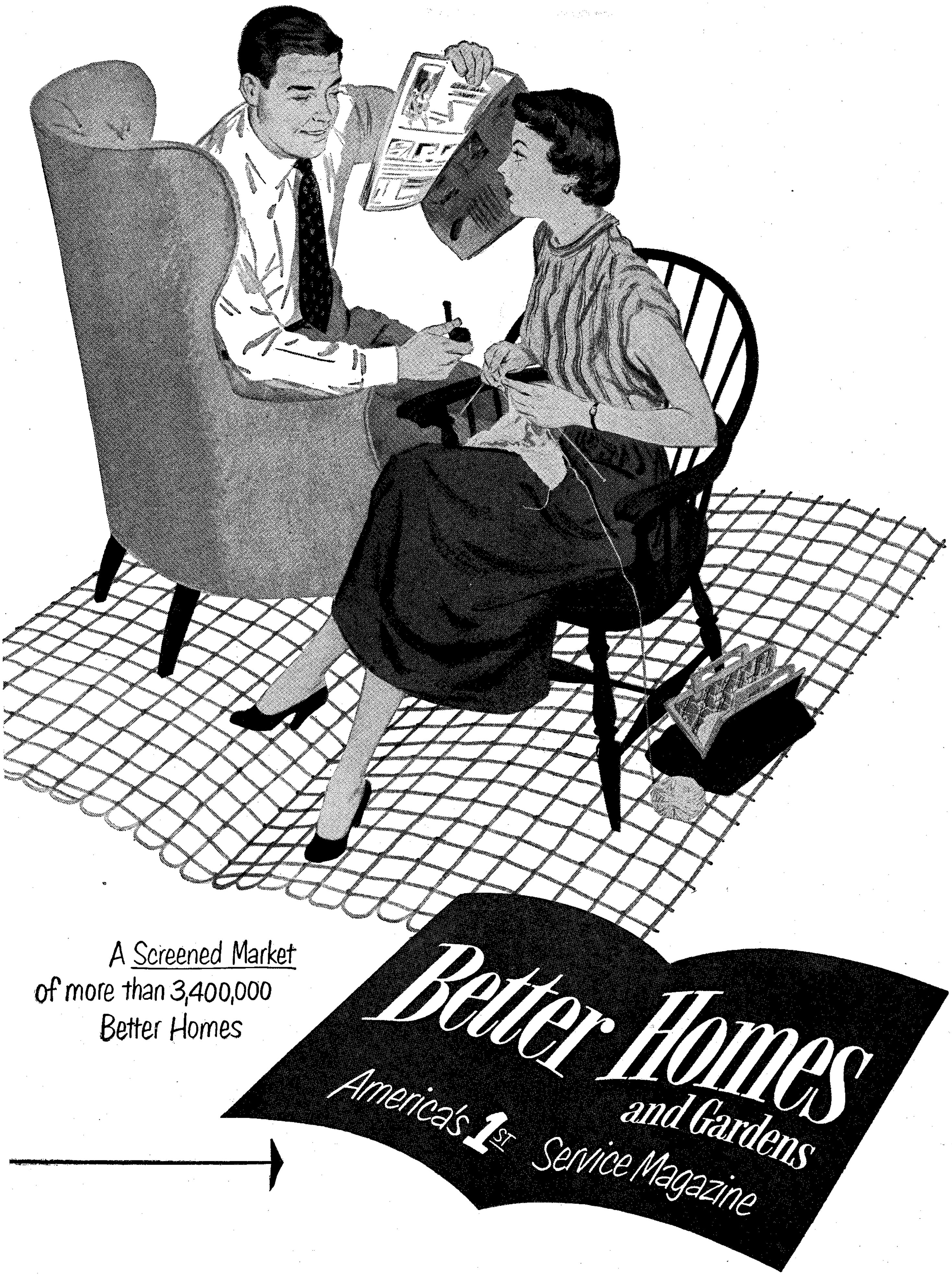
A Screened Market
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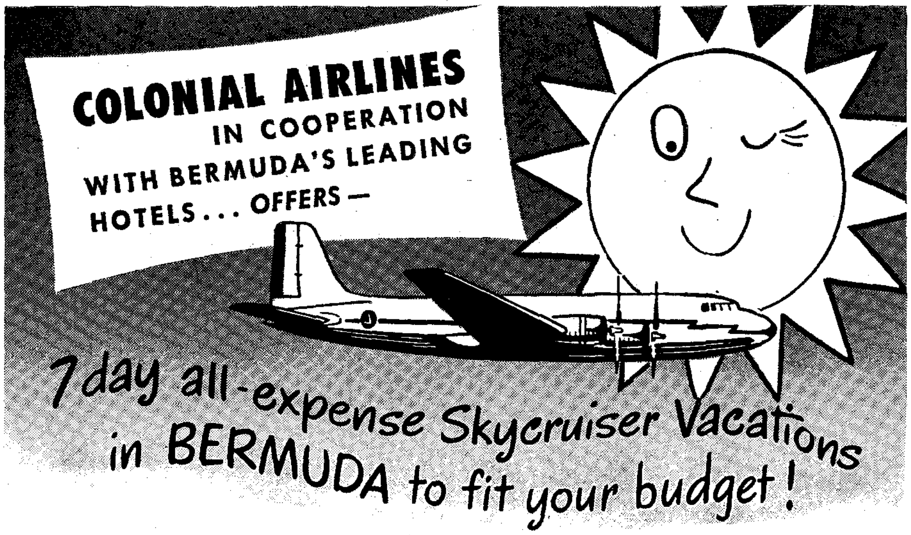
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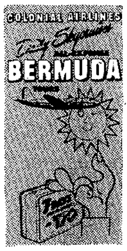

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OF ALL THINGS

THE first cheerful note yet heard about the hydrogen bomb has been sounded by the eminent authority Dr. Robert A. Millikan. The veteran physicist is pretty sure that we shall never be able to make one.

•

Mr. O'Dwyer got a heart-stirring welcome upon his return from his latest vacation. Hundreds of citizens attended the budget hearings and greeted our Mayor with open palms.

•

With the start of the baseball season, we are again reminded that Mr. Truman is ambidextrous. Some people call him a Rightist and some a Leftist.

•

Senators are warming up for another contest over the Fair Employment Practice Commission bill. Members of both parties are, as usual, more eager to pass the buck than the bill.

•

Governor Dewey is just winding up a thirty-day ordeal of studying 1,024 bills and deciding whether to sign or veto them. It seems a poor time to ask a man to run for governor again.

•

A safety engineer declares that before long somebody will be the millionth American automobile fatality. We assume that competition for this honor is open to everybody.

•

The Plains States have been having renewed trouble with dust storms. The large object seen blowing around here and there has been identified as Texas.

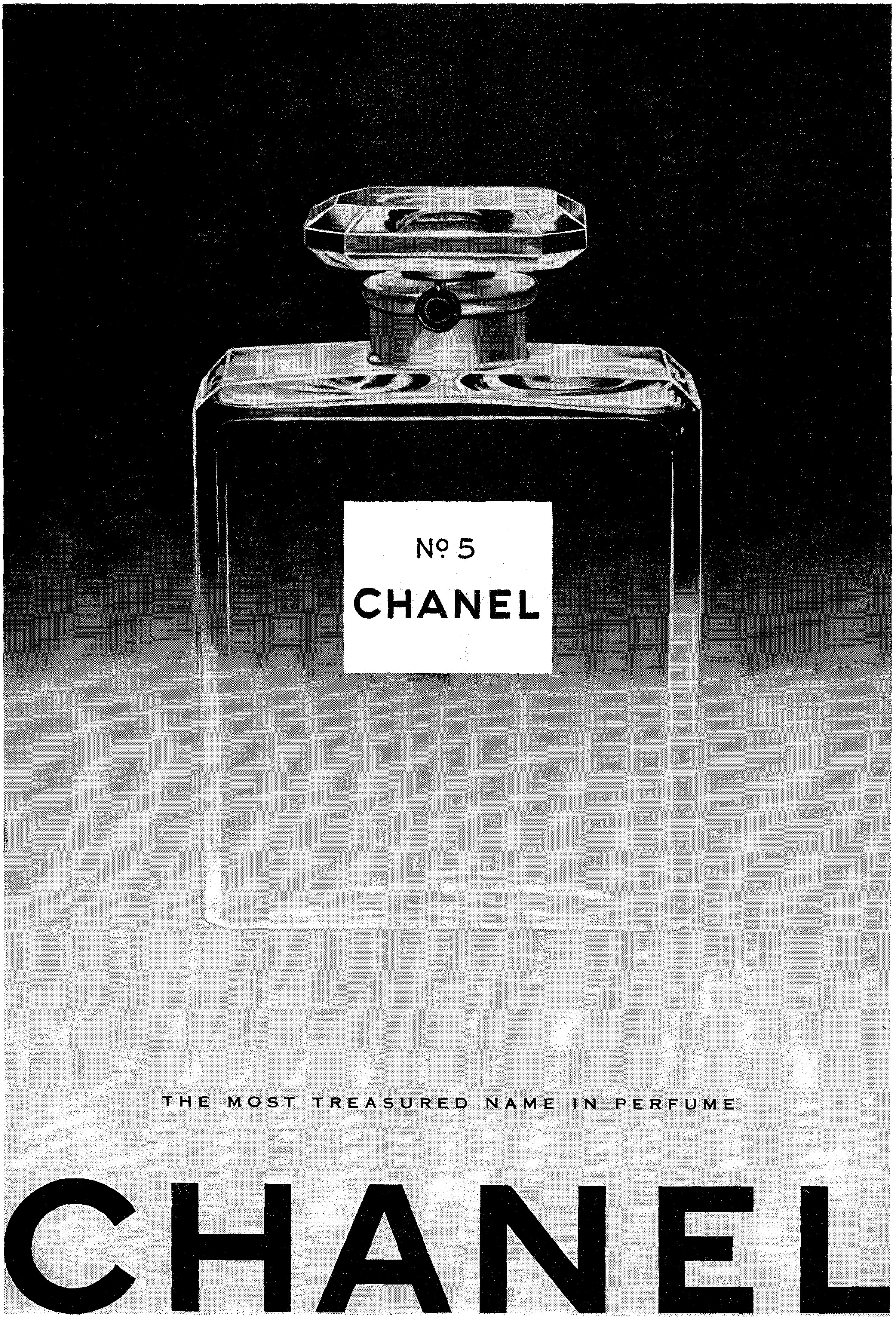
•

The prize-winning film "All the King's Men" has reached London, and the British are wondering why we advertise our political skulduggery this way. It's just Hollywood's rugged honesty.

•

J. Parnell Thomas will soon be eligible for parole, but the government says he must first take care of that matter of the ten-thousand-dollar fine. No doubt it can be arranged on a pay-as-you-leave basis.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER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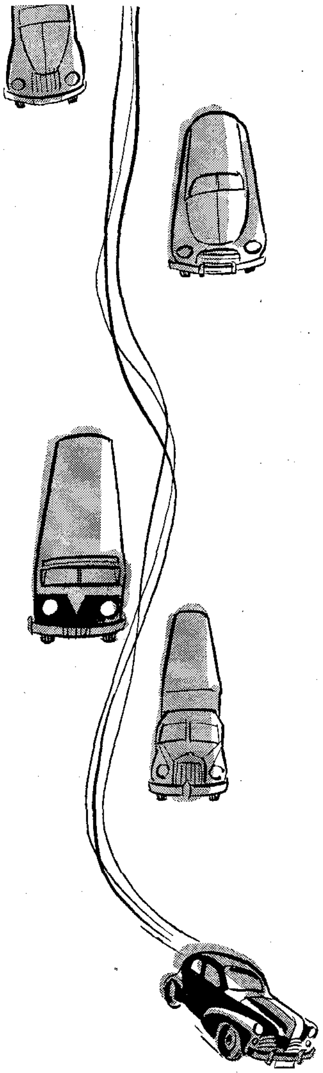
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL



It's naughty . . . but it's very nice . . .
To whip through traffic in a trice . . .
It's nice . . . but it's very naughty
To cock-a-snoot at the oh-so-haughty!

- Stalled in traffic between a ten ton truck and a big plush limousine . . . have you ever wished for wings? (Who hasn't!) The new 1950 medal-winning Renault hasn't even a pin-feather . . . but it weaves through heavy traffic faster than a galloping ghost late for a pleasant evening's haunting! It parks on a dime . . . turns on a silver dollar . . . almost! Ideal for a miniscule garage . . . perfect for suburban stop-and-shopping . . . long-awaited answer to the harried commuter's prayer. The easily get-at-able four-cylinder high compression overhead valve motor, purring like a contented kitten under the *rear* hood, makes adjustments and maintenance a pleasure. Ample spare parts and factory-trained service available through hundreds of authorized Renault dealers. And the price . . . only $1,035 in New York . . . with terms to suit every budget . . . quick delivery guaranteed.

IT'S SMART . . . IT'S THRIFTY . . . IT'S FRENCH

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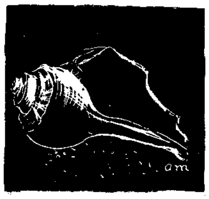
OPENING DAY

It was just past noon on the first day of the baseball season. Herman, the bartender, was washing glasses, and the front door of the bar on Ninth Avenue was hooked open. Even behind the bar, he could smell the warm breath of April moving across the room. The only other person in the bar was a small gray man in a large fedora, who was sitting at a table in a booth. He was studying a copy of the *Morning Telegraph* over his beer, carefully underlining his horses with a pencil. " 'Take me out to the ball game,' " Herman sang softly. "Tum-tee tum tum tum tee." He held the last glass up to the light and then placed it on the shelf behind him. " 'Buy me some peanuts and CRACK-erjack,' " he sang.

"For Christ's sake," the man said quietly, looking up from his paper.

"Sorry," said Herman. "Opening day, that's all." He put down his towel and walked around the end of the bar, under the big television set, and over to the juke box, beside the front door. None of the titles on the machine were new ones, but Herman studied them at length before he dropped in a nickel and pressed the button for "Deep Purple."

As the music began, a small boy wearing chaps and two holstered cap pistols rode rapidly through the front door on a tricycle. "When's it start?" he asked, circling Herman expertly. "Cause I gotta go home to lunch." He wheeled down the straightaway behind the bar stools, narrowly missed a hatrack, and came up the other side of the room.



"It ain't gonna start at all for you, Julius," Herman said sternly. "You stay in here one more minute and they'll be in after my license. Six squad cars and the Mayor and J. Edgar Hoover. Then there'll be no bar, no ball game, no television, nothing. So wheel right on out, see? Go home to lunch or I'll be up and see your old lady again."

"O.K.," Julius said. "Don't get sore. I'll be back, though," he said over his shoulder as he disappeared into the street.

"Not inside, you won't," Herman called after him. "Out onna avenue, O.K. You can see it from there." He shook his head sadly, his hands on his hips. Then his frown vanished as Mrs. Foltz and Mrs. Kernochan walked into the bar. They were both dressed for the occasion. Mrs. Foltz wore an ancient chubby fur jacket, and Mrs. Kernochan had a gardenia corsage pinned at her plump waist and a tiny straw hat with red cherries set on her grayish curls.

"Who you shouting at, Herman?" Mrs. Kernochan said cheerfully. "No day to shout, Herman, you know that."

"I know that, Mrs. K.," Herman said eagerly. "I know that." He hurried back behind the bar as the two ladies perched on their regular stools. "Ain't it a day, though?" he said as he came up to them, carrying three highball setups. He mixed the drinks and then the three of them lifted their glasses.

"The Giants," Mrs. Kernochan said in a dramatic voice.

"The big year," said Mrs. Foltz.

"Lippy and the boys," said Herman solemnly. "Like '33."

"Like '36, like '37," said Mrs. Kernochan. They all drank deeply. The horseplayer had put down his scratch sheet and was staring at them. "My God," Mrs. Kernochan said, pulling out a pack of cigarettes, "I thought it would never end, this winter. All those fat wrestlers and those skinny basketball players with the gland trouble. Along about February, before spring practice, I figured it would never end. Just hockey and basketball and Friday fights and no springtime for the rest of my life."

"You're getting old, Gloria, that's what," Mrs. Foltz said darkly. "You even *went* to a basketball game."

"I was *taken*," Mrs. Kernochan said. "Not the same thing at all."

"Anyway, we got a day for it," Herman said cheerfully as he lit Mrs. Kernochan's cigarette. "It finally came and we got a nice day."

"And a team, Herman!" Mrs. Kernochan said. "And a team! How about those D.P.s this year? How about that Dark and Stanky?"

"Yessir, Mrs. K.," Herman said, finishing his drink. "We got the season *and* a team. No two ways."

The man in the fedora had left his paper and moved up to the bar. Now he sat down two stools away from Mrs. Kernochan and held out his empty beer glass to Herman. "I know just what you mean," he said to the ladies in an interested voice. "Sometimes you go nuts sitting out a winter, like you said. You even don't want to read the papers no more. It's like you said. *And* the Roller Derby."

"Ugh!" said Mrs. Kernochan, shud-

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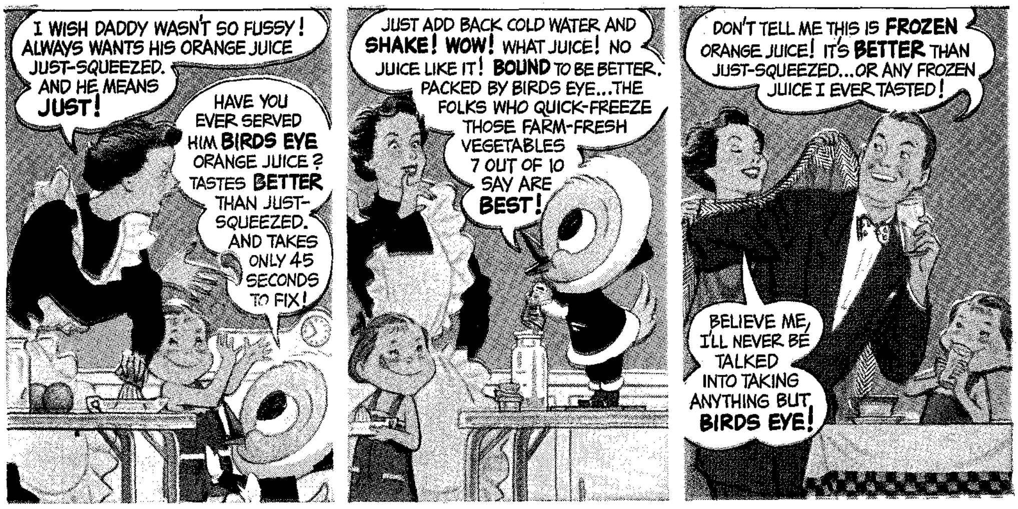
Fussy Folks say Birds Eye Orange Juice tastes *better* than just-squeezed!


I WISH DADDY WASN'T SO FUSSY! ALWAYS WANTS HIS ORANGE JUICE JUST-SQUEEZED. AND HE MEANS JUST!
HAVE YOU EVER SERVED HIM BIRDS EYE ORANGE JUICE? TASTES BETTER THAN JUST-SQUEEZED. AND TAKES ONLY 45 SECONDS TO FIX!
JUST ADD BACK COLD WATER AND SHAKE! WOW! WHAT JUICE! NO JUICE LIKE IT! BOUND TO BE BETTER. PACKED BY BIRDS EYE...THE FOLKS WHO QUICK-FREEZE THOSE FARM-FRESH VEGETABLES 7 OUT OF 10 SAY ARE BEST!
DON'T TELL ME THIS IS FROZEN ORANGE JUICE! IT'S BETTER THAN JUST-SQUEEZED...OR ANY FROZEN JUICE I EVER TASTED!
BELIEVE ME, I'LL NEVER BE TALKED INTO TAKING ANYTHING BUT BIRDS EYE!

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INSIST ON BIRDS EYE! Guaranteed the best you ever tasted or your money back!

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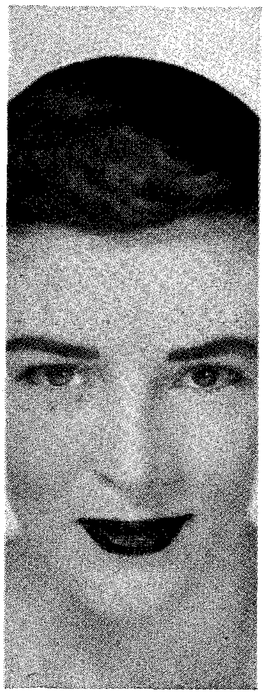
Helena Rubinstein Announces Sensational Silken Lipstick!

BLONDE: Helena Rubinstein's *Tender Pink, Crackerjack, Rose Mauve, Red Velvet* are your best silken lipsticks.



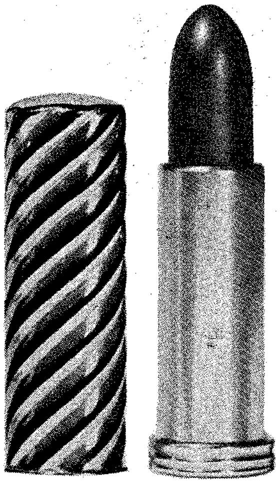
BRUNETTE: Your perfect Helena Rubinstein lipsticks: *Command Performance, Sporting Pink, Crackerjack, Apple Red.*

SILVER-GRAY: Marvelous on you: Helena Rubinstein's *Red Raspberry, Command Performance, Rose Mauve, Apple Red.*

MEDIUM-BROWN: Helena Rubinstein's *Apple Red, Sporting Pink, Plush Red* and *Orange Fire* best become you.

RED-HEAD: Helena Rubinstein says you should wear *Copper Leaf, Apple Red, Orange Fire* and *Red Raspberry.*

New formula with atomized silk enriches color and gives your lips the look of living satin!



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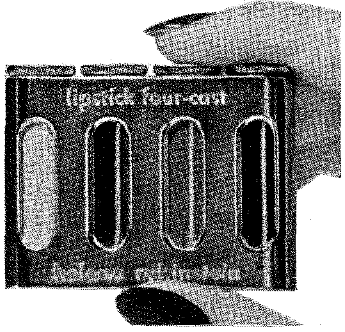
It's never been done before! Helena Rubinstein, cosmetic genius, audaciously blends pure atomized *silk* with other amazing ingredients. Result—SILKEN LIPSTICK—a brighter, smoother, richer-colored lipstick.

- ☐ Clings with silken magnetism, satin-smooth, color-true *through all your waking hours.*
- ☐ Curves your mouth with clean, crisp lines. Never, never smears. Keeps lips soft, moist.

There are twelve ravishing reds. Vivid, intense! They shimmer with silken radiance, give your mouth the luscious sheen of very *young* lips!

Let yourself go! Match your coloring to one of the types above. Discover how many different lipstick colors you can wear. Look sweet as a rose in the morning . . . flamboyant as a poppy at night.

LIPSTICK FOUR-CAST: Carry Helena Rubinstein's clever Lipstick Four-Cast—four silken lipsticks in a golden case. 1.95 Harmonizing nail lacquers, 60¢ All prices plus tax



©1950 **helena rubinstein,** 655 fifth avenue, new york 22 dering. "You're right. The Roller Derby is the worst. Slush and cold outside and the Roller Derby over the bar. You said it there, Mister."

"You can't *talk* Roller Derbies," the man said. "Or basketball, neither, for that matter."

"Did you ever see a basketball player in street clothes?" Mrs. Kernochan asked, in the tones of someone discussing a malignant disease. "I did once. He was riding on the subway. Imagine!"

"Now, me," the man said with a confidential smile, "maybe I got it better. I still got Florida to watch. Maybe, if I want, I can still make a phone call, see, and make a play. But it ain't the same. Not like having it up here."

"Florida?" Mrs. Foltz said ominously. "Make a phone call?"

"Sure. Hialeah. Gulfstream. Even little Sunshine Park. Only, who cares? It ain't Jamaica. Why, first day up here in Jamaica I missed the double"—he held up his forefinger and thumb—"that much. A nose in the second. And I even felt good about it, just because they were running here again."

There was a little silence, and then Herman turned and quickly walked down the bar to the back of the room. "I thought," Mrs. Kernochan said, at last, "that we'd come to Herman's place. My friend Herman's bar, the one on Ninth Avenue?"

"Can't be," Mrs. Foltz said, staring down at her glass. "Some mistake in the address. Maybe we got to Third Avenue by mistake."

"Or maybe Herman went out of business. Maybe he lost the place and it's a new management."

"New clee-entele, anyways," said Mrs. Foltz. "Tchk, tchk!"

The horseplayer was still smiling. "I don't get it," he said.

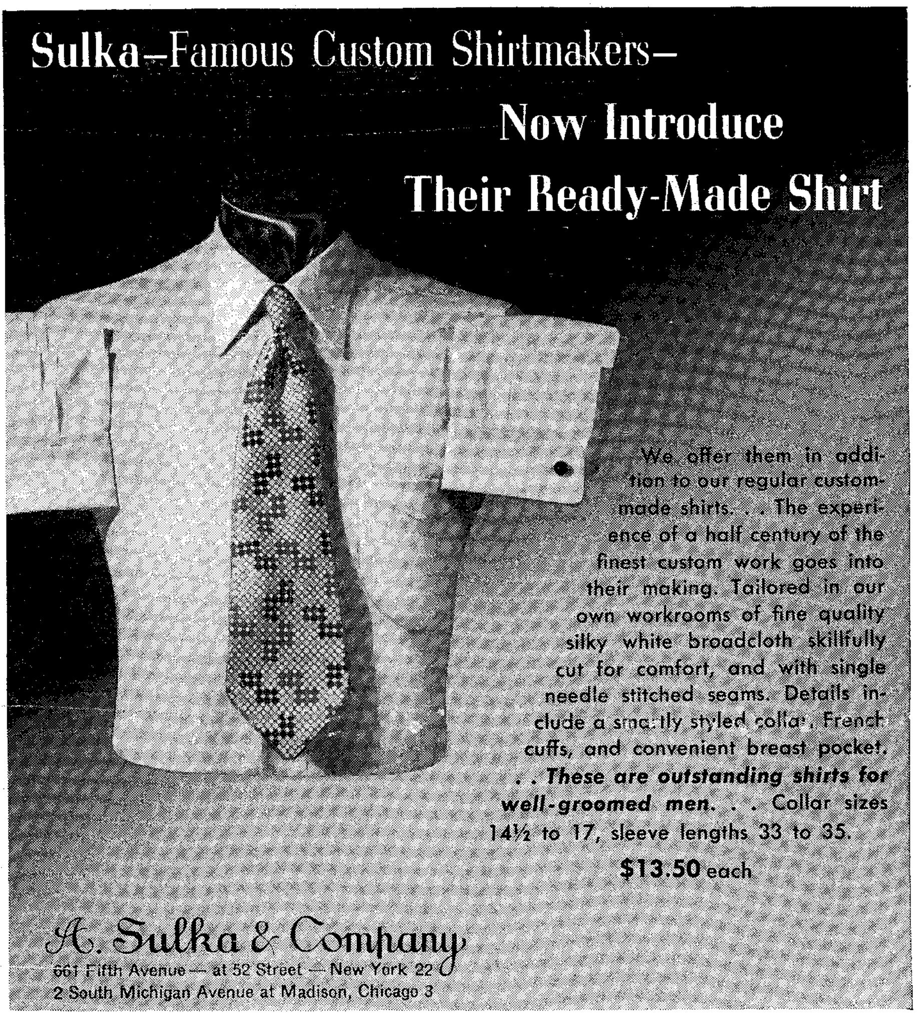
"He don't get it," Mrs. Foltz said sadly. "Maybe if he went back to his own seat and his horse forms, we could send him a letter. By pony express."

But Mrs. Kernochan ignored the man completely now. "Herman!" she called, holding her glass up. "C'mon, let's open the season here. I got a bad taste in my mouth."

Herman came up. He looked worried. "O.K.," he said. "I'm ready. I'm real sharp this year, Mrs. K. I been in spring training."

"Here goes, then, Herman. Gimme the three pitchers with most games won. Lifetime games won and still pitching in the majors."

"You're on, Mrs. K.," said Herman. "Quick, too. Feller. Newhouser. And



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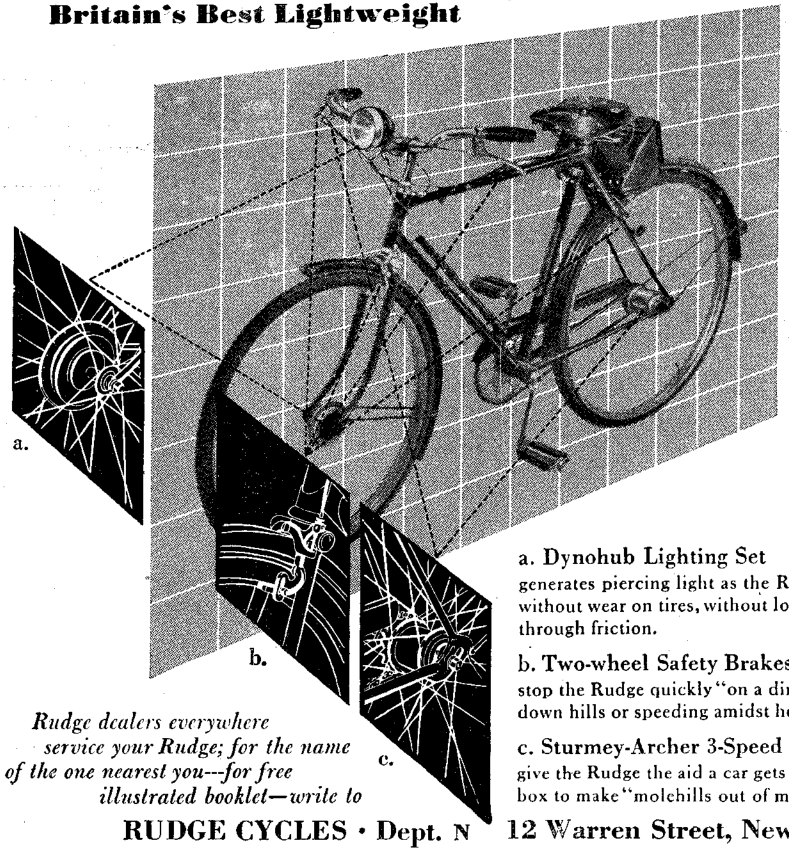

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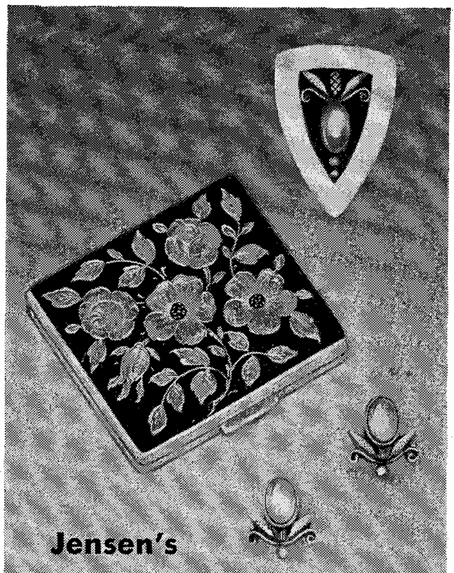

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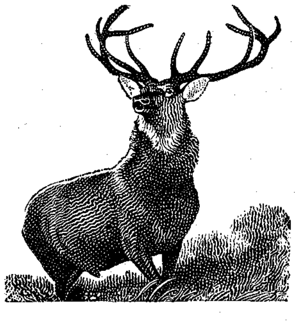

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Number Three— Three I say is— Yep. Kirby Higbe."

Mrs. Kernochan held her glass out triumphantly. "You went down swinging, Herman," she said happily. "Dutch Leonard is Three. I threw a knuckler at you and you fanned. Your drink, Herman."

The horseplayer pushed his hat back from his forehead. "O.K.," he said. "Now I get it. You don't like horses. Whyn't you say so? No offense. We'll talk baseball, then. I'm a Yankee fan myself, but no offense. A man can like horses *and* baseball, can't he?"

Mrs. Kernochan turned on him suddenly. "No offense!" she said hotly. "No offense! Leo Durocher tried to like horses and baseball, and look what he got—a year's vacation canned from his job. Yes, and you *would* be a Yankee guy. You and Larry MacPhail. He liked horses, too. A sideshow operator. Running a ball club with archery contests and free nylons, *that's* a horseplayer in baseball!"

"Take it easy, lady," the horseplayer said. He was smiling again. "*I* didn't suspend Durocher, did I? Just because the Yanks win and your Giants play second-division ball. *I* didn't make the Giants finish way down there, did I? Just take it easy."

Mrs. Kernochan took her drink from Herman and sipped it. "Now I know who fills Yankee Stadium," she said in a quieter voice. "Horseplayers. Chalk eaters. That's rough odds backing them, isn't it?"

"I don't back 'em," the man said. "I just like 'em. I go up Sundays, maybe five Sundays in the summer, just to watch 'em."

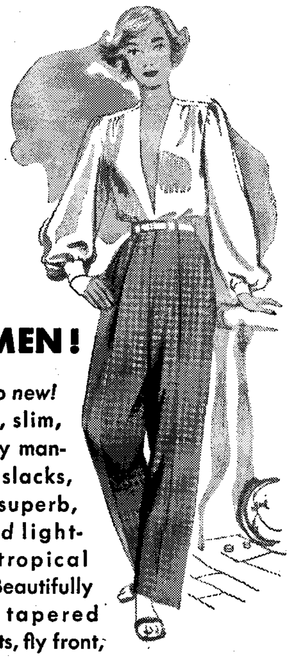
"Sundays, ha!" Mrs. Kernochan said disgustedly. "And you call yourself a ball fan. I suppose it's just a little coincidence you like those Sunday games, being that the tracks are shut Sundays."

"Sure they're shut Sundays," the horseplayer said. "So're all the offices in town. So what's wrong with me taking a day off on Sunday like everybody else and going up to see the Yanks?"

Mrs. Kernochan looked over at Mrs. Foltz and shrugged expressively. "A high type," Mrs. Foltz said. "Sunday, he rests."

The horseplayer, sensing he was outnumbered, began to talk faster. "You leave my Sundays out of this," he said in an aggrieved tone. "What I do on Sundays is my own business. You ain't got no right. I'm an honest sportsman, just like you. Just because I like the Yanks."

"A *sportsman*?" Mrs. Kernochan



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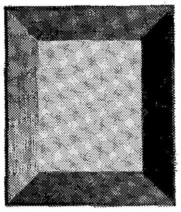

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said to Mrs. Foltz incredulously. "You ever know a horseplayer who was a sportsman, Lily?"

"Maybe he owns a stable," said Mrs. Foltz. "Maybe he's got a pair of binoculars home. I wonder what color silks he races."

"There's nothing wrong with horse racing," the man said angrily. "It's a legal sport. All over the country, it's legal. A fine American game, just like baseball."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Kernochan emphatically. "Nothing like reading a scratch sheet in a nice, dark horse room to bring a good American kid up strong and healthy. Keeps him out of the open air, where he might get sunstroke."

"I didn't *say* that!" the horseplayer shouted.

"O.K., O.K.," Herman said quietly, coming up the bar. "Now, just everybody take it easy. No fights in here, see? Not in the afternoon. Just leave him alone, Mrs. K."

"Well, he ought to be ashamed," Mrs. Kernochan said, staring at her drink. "Calling betting an American sport."

"And the way they whip those poor animals," Mrs. Foltz said righteously. "Whipping them and doping them and sticking batteries against them."

"You heard that, didn't you?" the man said to Herman. He stood up with dignity. "Now I'm a doper. You're a witness. She called me a doper."

"You watch it, too, Mrs. Foltz," Herman said. "No need for that."

"I meant dope," Mrs. Foltz whispered.

"There!" the man shouted, pointing at Mrs. Foltz. "You heard her, you heard her!" He was shaking with rage.

"All right, I heard her," Herman said with finality. "Now, this is gonna stop. It's gonna stop or I don't turn on the television, that's all. Now, you, Mister, you sit down again. Just sit right down. And you, Mrs. F., you apologize to this man."

There was a pause as Mrs. Foltz looked at Herman. Then she dropped her eyes. "I didn't mean nothing," she said.

The man looked at her for a moment longer and then sat down.

"And you, Mrs. Kernochan, you apologize, too," Herman said. "Then we'll all have a drink."

Mrs. Kernochan turned on her stool and stuck out her hand. "Pleased to meet you, I'm sure," she said with surprising friendliness.

"O.K., O.K.," said the horseplayer

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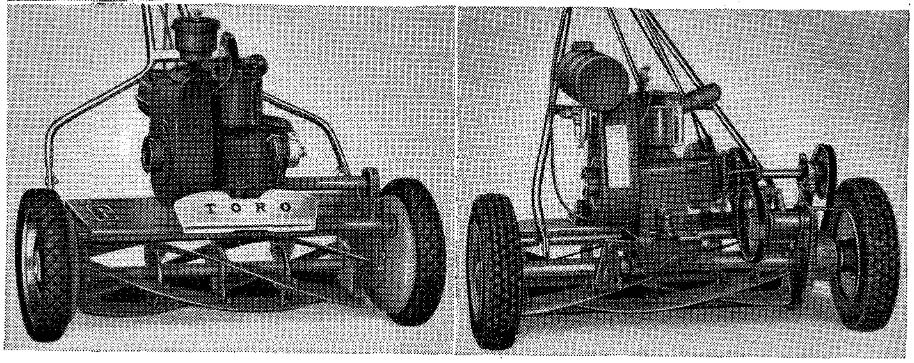

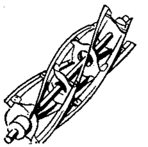

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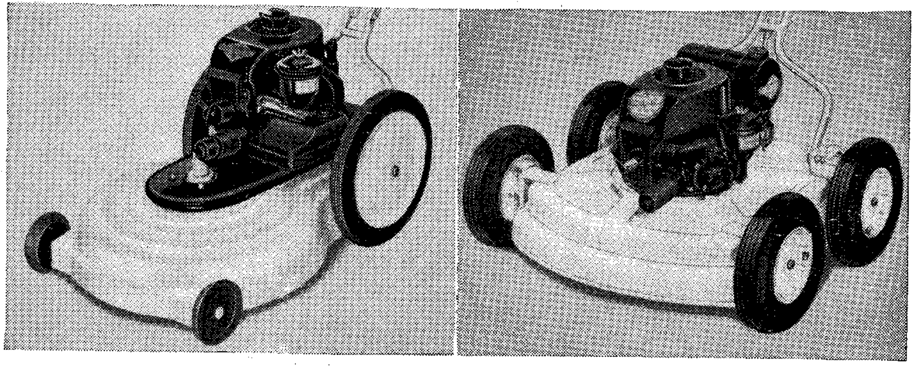

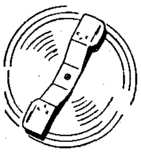

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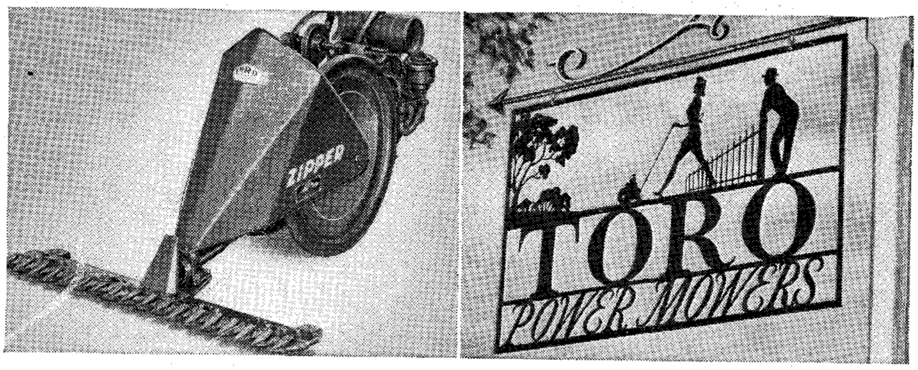

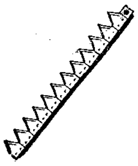

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in an embarrassed voice as he shook hands.

A LITTLE silence came over the room as Herman went down the bar to get the drinks. The three people on the bar stools stared at their hands. Then there was a clatter at the front door and the boy rode his tricycle into the bar again. "Didn't it start yet?" he shouted excitedly, bumping his machine into the horseplayer's stool. "I had my lunch already. Didn't it start?"

"Holy smoke!" Herman said, looking up at the clock over the bar. "No, we're O.K. Ten minutes yet. So just scram out of here, Julius." He leaned over the bar. "You shoot out onto the avenue, Hopalong, and I'll turn it on so you can see it."

The little boy backed up and rode out the door.

"Isn't that cute?" Mrs. Foltz and Mrs. Kernochan said in chorus.

"Yeah," said the man. Sensing an opening, he leaned toward Mrs. Kernochan. "Say," he said, "you really think those Giants of yours got a chance this season?"

"Best in fifteen years," Mrs. Kernochan said emphatically.

"What about that pitching? They got it this year?"

"Why, sure. They had it right along. What they got this year is the infield. I figure it like this on the pitching: Larry Jansen's going to have a big year. Say, twenty-two games. Then Jones fifteen, Koslo fifteen, Kennedy and Kramer twenty between them, and Clint Hartung eight. That's—uh—fifty-two, eighty. Eighty games there and another fifteen from the bull pen. That ought to do it."

"Gee, yeah." The man pushed his hat back again. "A city series," he said musingly, "a real city series again, without them crummy Brooks. That I'd like to see."

"You and me, brother. You and me," Mrs. Kernochan said.

The horseplayer looked carefully over at her. "Remember that game Hubbell took off the Yanks in '36?" he said. "In the Series. Wasn't that a beaut?"

"A lovely thing," Mrs. Kernochan said, enraptured.

Herman came up and put down the highball setups and the beer. "Here we are," he said cheerfully as he poured out the whiskey. "A friendly glass before we turn on the game."

The horseplayer suddenly looked up at the clock and then scrambled down from his stool. "Be right back," he said. "Got to make a phone call." He hurried down the bar, picked up his *Morning Telegraph,* and disappeared into the phone booth at the back of the room.

Herman watched him go and then turned and leaned toward Mrs. Kernochan. "You shouldn't have talked like that, Mrs. K.," he said in a low voice. "You know how those fellows are, those horse-race guys. They're not like other people. More sensitive, like. They gotta be that way, being horseplayers."

"I know," said Mrs. Kernochan gently. She picked up her glass. "Who is he, anyway? He a regular here these days?"

"Never saw him before."

"Well, he's kind of cute," said Mrs. Kernochan, taking a drink. "For a horseplayer, that is."

"Well, for God's own sake!" Mrs. Foltz cried. "Will you listen to that!" She guffawed loudly, slapped the bar with her hand, and then leaned over and pinched Mrs. Kernochan's rump. "Spring is sure here, all right," she said.

Mrs. Kernochan pushed her hand away. "I said 'for a horseplayer,' didn't I?" she said shyly. Her eyes were sparkling.

—ROGER ANGELL

• •

CODE FOR THEATRE REVIEWS

Though drama reviewers
Have definite leanings
Toward symbols and codes,
I've deciphered their meanings:

"Wholesome" means nobody's living in sin.
"Racy" means blunt little words are left in.
"Pleasant" means safe for the parson and kiddies.
"Quaint" means it treats of a bunch of old biddies.
"Significant" points out the world's erring ways.
"Artistic" implies it will close in two days.
"Psychological" promises passion and vice,
And "Hilarious" means you will smile once or twice.

—ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

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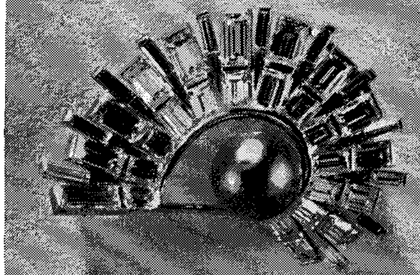

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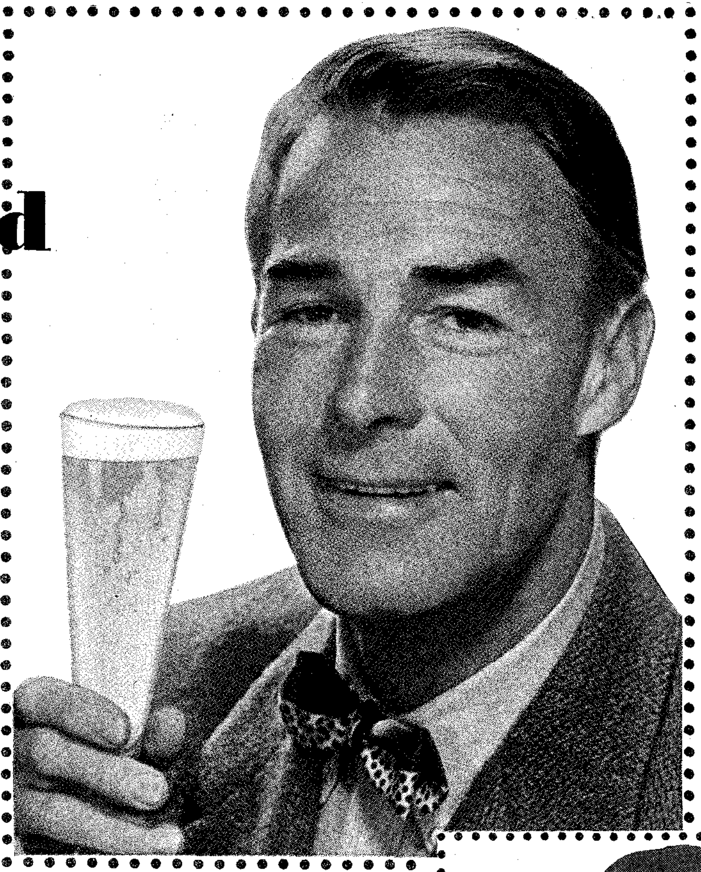

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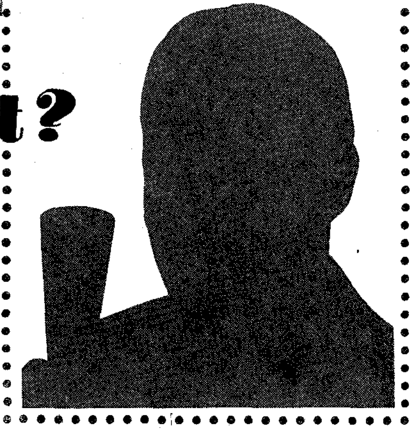

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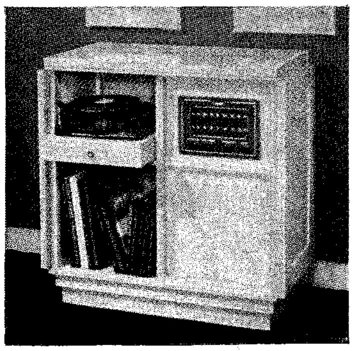


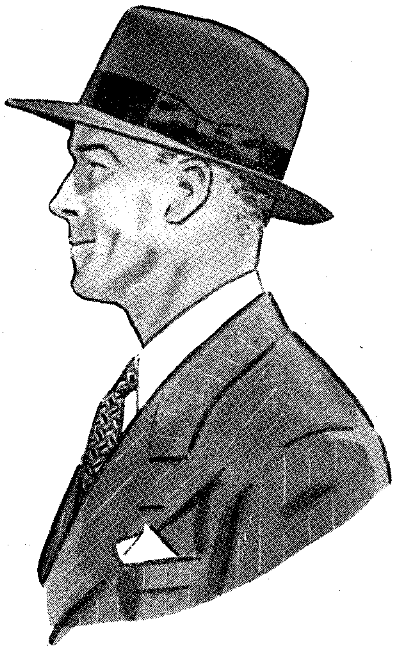
Unrivalled CAPEHART TONE is also available in new phonograph-radios!

ing car on this train, which there isn't on the Arlberg the first night out. The Wagons-Lits people put it on because of all the Americans who go to Germany. On the Arlberg, they don't give a damn, because there are so few Americans. Are you French, Monsieur?"

I said I was an American, but had been born in Czechoslovakia.

He displayed no trace of embarrassment. "Then you know what I mean. Americans must have the best. I used to travel on this train before the war. Some of the sleepers had showers then, and the dining cars took on the specialties of each country the train passed through. Ah!" He swallowed, and his Adam's apple shuttled up and down. "Let's go and see what they have for dinner."

In the corridor, we saw the brunette woman standing by a window, looking out. The Frenchman stared at her in admiration, but she kept gazing into the darkness and paid no attention to us. The dining car was already fairly crowded. A couple of American soldiers were sitting at a table behind a battery of empty beer bottles. We took a table for two, and the Frenchman started to study the menu, which was written in violet ink. Then he read it aloud. " '*Omelette à la Turque*, *escalope à la Milanaise*, *pommes mousseline*, *choux-fleurs Polonaise*, *crème de Gruyère*, *pomme*.' " He closed his eyes in despair. "My God, you'd think they were running a United Nations *bistro*." The stocky American in the blue suit came in and sat down across the aisle from us. The Frenchman adjusted his monocle and gave him a thorough going over. "Refrigerators, Coca-Cola, or farming equipment, I'd say," he hazarded. "About the only civilian Americans you see in this part of the world at this time of year are salesmen, and nowadays there seem to be fewer of them. Fewer French, too, and more and more Austrians and Germans. If you want to catch the changing mood of the European scene, just watch the passengers on this train. Two years ago, it was practically nothing but your G.I.s, and British officers with red cheeks and swagger sticks. Not a word of German was spoken. And today? One or two American salesmen, a couple of soldiers, and carloads of Germans and Austrians. I suppose it's our own fault. We didn't know what to do with the victory. In Vienna, I have a nice villa, not too far from my office, and in the winter I go skiing in Sankt Anton, and life is cheap, but if you asked me what we are doing



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with the Occupation there, I couldn't give you an honest answer. None of us know what we're doing. The only difference between the Americans and us is that they *pretend* they know and we French don't."

The brunette entered the car, still wearing her fur coat, and the Frenchman immediately lost interest in the occupation of Austria. "At last," he said. "Almost like the old days. I wonder whom she's spying for?"

"Maybe she isn't spying for anybody," I said.

He ignored me. "The British? The French? Not the Americans—they're too much like Boy Scouts to employ such girls. The Yugoslav Yugoslavs? The Cominform Yugoslavs? The Tito Bulgarians? I bet she gets off at Vienna or Prague. Vienna is a hotbed of agents now, and in Prague there are spies of all descriptions—Stalinist, Trotskyist, Titoist, and Czech."

DINNER was good, and served at great speed. Even before we had finished our dessert, the maître d'hôtel handed us our checks. "Five hundred francs," my companion said. "That's a dollar-forty, isn't it? When the train is passing through Austria, dinner costs you twenty-six schillings, which is only a dollar, and in Czechoslovakia they charge you forty-seven koruny, which is nine cents on the black market. *Les mystères de la haute finance et des Grands Express Européens.*" He handed the maître d'hôtel a thousand-franc note, and as he was putting his change into his wallet, a gray card fell out. He showed it to me. It was his military permit for the Russian Zone of Austria. "A few months ago, it wasn't stamped 'Via Enns Bridge,' and the Russian soldiers took me off the train at Enns and made me spend twenty-four hours in their wooden border-control shack near the station," he told me. "People are always saying that the Russian privates who come on the train to inspect your papers are apt to hold your passport upside down because they can't read, but I assure you they can read pretty well."

We went back to our compartment and the Frenchman began to undress. "The French border inspectors will be boarding the train at 3 A.M. in Strasbourg," he said, "and the German ones just over the river, in Kehl, so I want to get some sleep. Keep your passport handy so you won't have to get out of bed. They always leave the door open for ages. The last time I went through Kehl, I caught a bad cold." There wasn't room for both of us to move around, so I stepped out into the corridor. The only person in sight was the car attendant, who was sitting at a small desk at one end of the passageway, thumbing through a pile of papers. Over his desk was a mirror and a rack containing a first-aid box and an emergency lamp; at his feet was a small coal stove. I went down to pass the time of day with him, and he appeared glad to have somebody to talk to. He told me he had a son who was now learning the *métier* and would soon join the Wagons-Lits Company, and a married daughter who lived in Syracuse, New York. "My daughter is very happy in Syracuse," he said. "She and her husband have a small house all to themselves. It seems that every family has a small house there. She wants me to go over for a visit. Of course I'll never be able to afford it. I make about thirty thousand francs a month, with tips. There aren't many of those, I can tell you. In the old days, people travelling on the Orient Express used to really tip. Now some of these American officers going to Germany give us five cigarettes. And the people coming back from the Iron Curtain countries unload their Czech koruny, their Polish zlotys, and their Hungarian forints on us. What is that kind of money good for? Ah, Monsieur, sometimes I ask myself whether this is the same train I worked on before the war. Then we had all the famous people and beautiful women and *real* spies—not these wretched currency smugglers we get now. The best we can do these days is a Marshall Plan official now and then." He lapsed into a gloomy silence, and I said good night and went back to my compartment.

The Frenchman was lying in the lower berth, reading "Croisade en Europe," by Dwight D. Eisenhower. I started to get ready for bed. The mirror above the washbasin was cracked, the rim of the water glass was chipped, and cold water came from the hot-water faucet. The mahogany panelling of the room was scratched, the floor was grimy, and the windows rattled noisily, letting in gusts of cold air. But when I got into my berth, the mattress was pleasantly firm, the linen was clean and smelled of fresh air, and the reading light worked.

It seemed as though I had been asleep only ten minutes when the attendant knocked at the door and said, "French border control; please have your passports and money ready." He left the door wide open, and a draft poured through the room. The French officials came, stamped our passports, and left. In

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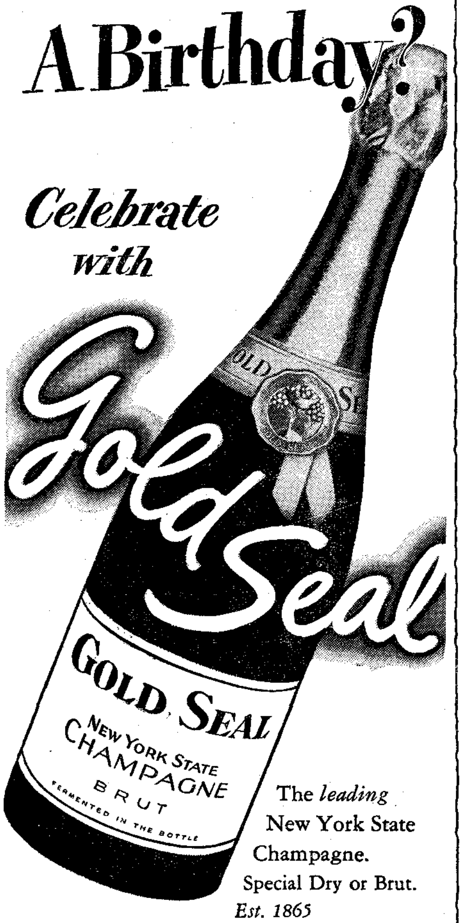

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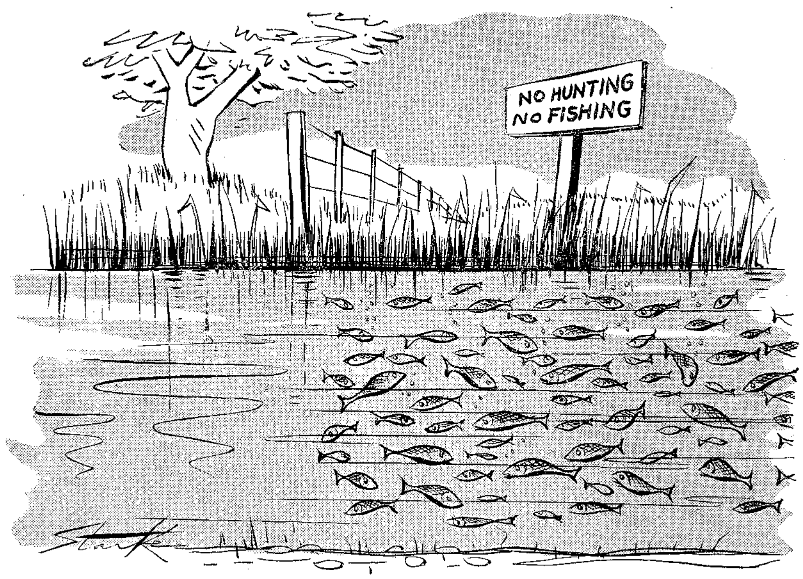
I agreed that progress had indeed presented us with a paradox, and went out onto the platform where the Orient Express, with its string of royal-blue sleeping cars, was standing. I soon found my car, No. 2. On its side was a white shield emblazoned with the words "ORIENT EXPRESS: PARIS, STRASBOURG, STUTTGART, NURNBERG, CHEB, PRAHA, ZEBRZYDOWICE, WARSZAWA." The car attendant, a small, chubby Frenchman with a graying mustache, who was wearing a brown uniform and cap, took my bags at the door and preceded me to my compartment, where he stowed the luggage away. I asked if the train was full. "Every berth is sold as far as Stuttgart," he said, looking at his chart of accommodations, which carried the name of every passenger, the station where he was to board the train, and his destination. "After that there'll be more space. Ah, I see that Monsieur goes all the way to Warsaw. *Oh là là!* There'll be plenty of space at that end of the trip, I assure you." He looked at me with what seemed to be new interest. I couldn't help thinking of a friend in Paris who had told me that a trip on the Orient Express would be an exciting adventure. "Watch your wallet and your passport," he had said. "And don't talk to strangers." (He is a very romantic man.) "Ever since I was a boy, the Orient Express has had the reputation of being crawling with gamblers and smugglers, *femmes fatales* and financiers, adventurers and spies. My father always said that its passenger lists sounded as though they were drawn indiscriminately from Europe's police reports and the *Almanach de Gotha*. No doubt you've heard that everybody who rides on it has a mystery in his past and a dark purpose in his future."

The upper and lower berths of my compartment were already made up, and whoever was to share the space with me had not yet arrived. I went back to the platform, where I was immediately caught up in the cheerful confusion of a French railroad station—parents looking for their children, children looking for anything, women venders of fruit and vichy water, embracing couples, around whom the porters made careful detours in order not to disturb them. The train was longer than I had realized. Many of the cars needed a coat of paint. The gilt inscriptions over the windows—"COMPAGNIE INTERNATIONALE DES WAGONS-LITS ET DES GRANDS EXPRESS EUROPEENS"—were faded. Ever since June 5, 1883, when the Orient Express, then consisting of two stove-heated, oil-lighted coaches, made its first run, from Paris to Vienna, the Wagons-Lits Company, the French-Belgian-Italian-English syndicate that operates most of Europe's sleeping cars and diners, has laid as much stress on the prestige of its passengers as on the smartness and comfort of its rolling stock. As I watched the passengers getting on the train or directing the handling of their baggage, it occurred to me that perhaps my friend in Paris had been a too earnest student of Hitchcock movies. Certainly no one on the platform looked mysterious. Most of my fellow-travellers appeared to be tired but happy American Army officers, probably going back to their posts in Germany after a spree in Paris; Swiss and Dutch burghers, who bore no resemblance whatever to international spies; and rather smug-looking German businessmen. Then I caught sight of a slender brunette with a fur coat loosely draped over her shoulders who was trying to convince an attendant that she *had* to have her trunk with her in her compartment. Her husky voice had an indefinable accent that left the way open for speculation, and I was so speculating when a short, stocky man carrying a small overnight



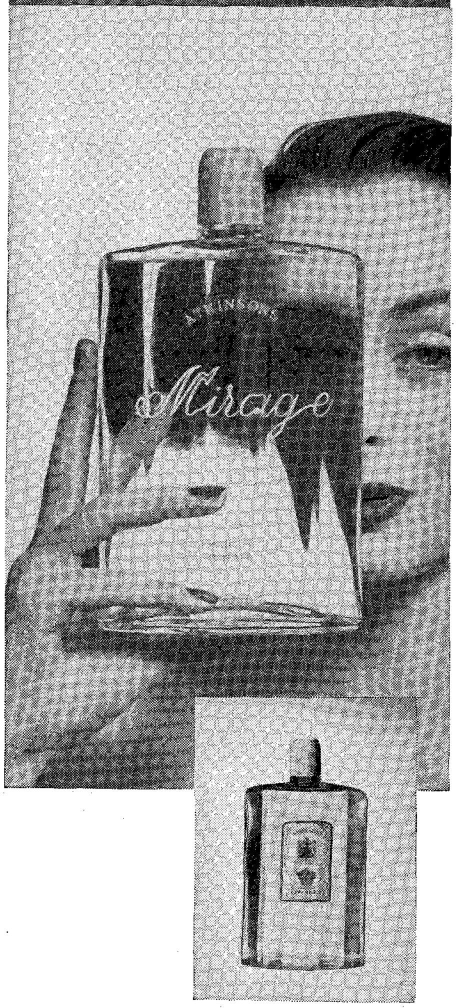
case appeared. He was wearing a camel's-hair overcoat, a light-blue, flappy double-breasted suit, a pearl-gray fedora, and a pair of steel-rimmed glasses, and he had the jaunty, implacable air of a door-to-door salesman. At the door of *Voiture 2*, he stopped and handed his bag to the attendant.

"Monsieur expects more luggage?" the attendant asked, in English.

"That *is* my luggage, dammit," the man said in a flat, Middle Western voice, and added, to no one in particular, "Well, well—so this is the famous Orient Express, the train of mystery." He looked up and down the platform disapprovingly and then mounted the steps. In a minute, the conductor blew his whistle and shouted "*En voiture!*," and everybody on the platform started kissing—men and women, parents and children, overfed women and little dogs. I boarded my car as the train began to move and returned to my compartment. A man in a checkered sports coat was sitting disconsolately on the lower berth. He was bald and middle-aged, and wore a monocle in his right eye and held a heavy cane between his knees. He was French, he told me in that language, and was going back, after a leave, to Vienna, where he had a job in the French Occupation force. "This damned train!" he said, gazing moodily out of the window. "The only available berth on it was in this sleeper, but since this is a through car to Warsaw, I've got to get up at seven to change to a Vienna or Bucharest car at Stuttgart. It's damned annoying. I should have taken the Arlberg-Orient Express, I suppose, but I can't stand the sight of all those Swiss businessmen. They're always so happy, so full of good cheer—disgusting paragons of prosperity, selling their wares to us, to the Boches, to the Americans, to the Russians, to anybody, and keeping all the profits in their big banks. I pride myself on being a man of the world, but sometimes they're just too much for me. Like that damned principality of Liechtenstein that the Arlberg-Orient goes through."

"What's wrong with Liechtenstein?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "It's just that during the war a lot of wealthy anti-Nazis hid out there and were treated well by the natives, and now a lot of wealthy Nazis are hiding out there and are being equally well treated. The world doesn't really change, *mon cher Monsieur*. It merely keeps turning." He shrugged. "Well, at least there's a din-



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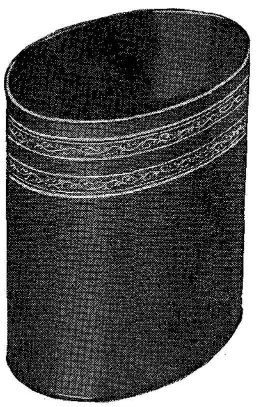

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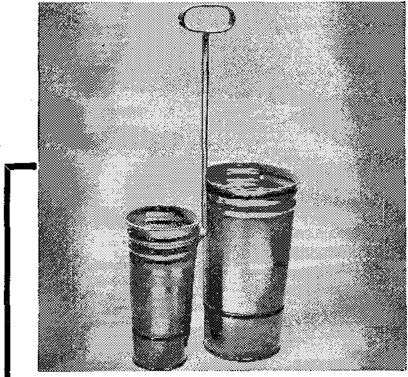

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fifteen minutes or so, the train started up and crawled across the border to Kehl, where it stopped again. This time a procession of French soldiers and German officials marched through, and they, too, looked only briefly at our passports and not at all at our luggage. Everything was over in a couple of minutes, but the train stood in the station interminably.

I managed to get to sleep again, and when I awoke in the morning, the Frenchman was gone. I got up, shaved with cold water, and went out into the corridor. The German countryside looked prosperous and cheerful in the early sun, and the stations all looked as though they had just been swept. I had breakfast in the dining car and walked back to my compartment. The train seemed to be half empty. The brunette girl was standing in the corridor, and we fell into conversation. She was from Nuremberg, it turned out, and was going home after a short visit to England to see her brother, who had a dressmaking shop in London. "I hate to go back," she said. "I would have loved to stay in London and work for my brother. There is less food there than there is in Nuremberg, but the people are so nice and polite. In Nuremberg, nobody is polite any more." She told me that she taught music at a private school and was engaged, or thought she was engaged, to an American soldier. "Not a colonel," she said somewhat acidly. "Not even a major. He's a warrant officer. You know what that is?" I said I did, and she seemed relieved. "He's nice," she said. "My friends tell me that I ought to get at least a major, but I say what if the major isn't *nice*? I guess I inherited a lot of sentimentality from my father, who was a double-bass player at the Dresden Opera House, and from my mother, who is Greek." I said I had noticed her unusual accent. "Yes," she said. "I still speak Greek with my mother." She looked out the window. "I was all excited about travelling on the Orient Express. It sounded so romantic and full of adventure. I'm afraid it isn't like that any more. It's just like any other train."

"Yes," I said. "Just like any other train."

BY the time we reached Nuremberg, where the girl got off, the train was almost empty. There was only one other passenger in my car, the American in the blue suit, and we started to talk. His name was Mr. Gilson (or so he shall be called here). I asked if he, too, was going to Warsaw. He said no, he

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wasn't, and then looked at me fixedly, making a vague gesture with his hands, as if to fend off any further questions. Somehow, the look and the gesture seemed familiar, but I couldn't quite think what they reminded me of. I turned the conversation to America, and we were soon comparing recollections of towns, events, and people with all the nostalgia of two Devil's Island convicts talking about the pleasures of Paris. I gathered that he hadn't been home much in the past few years. He said that he had been in China, India, and South America recently, and that he particularly liked India, where he had spent a good deal of time during the war. Suddenly I knew what his vague gesture of withdrawal had seemed like. It was the gesture I had seen made so many times during the war by people who were asked friendly but embarrassing questions about their destinations, their jobs, or their achievements. In those days, it had been almost the equivalent of putting out a sign reading, "Top Secret." I mentioned this to Mr. Gilson, and he laughed. "An unfortunate hangover of a habit," he said. I mentally scored one against the Frenchman, who had pegged the brunette as a spy and Mr. Gilson as a salesman.

In a few minutes, the dining-car steward passed down the corridor ringing his bell, and we went in to lunch. It was a different diner, this one under Czechoslovak management. Instead of posters in French urging travellers to winter in Monte Carlo and summer in Deauville, there was one crying, in Czech, "Step in Step with the U.S.S.R. for Peace and Democracy!" and another about an exhibition of Russian books in Prague. Only four or five tables were set. The maître d'hôtel brought us a Czech *slivovitz* as an apéritif. As he was pouring it, he murmured, in English, "Do the gentlemen want to change any dollars? The official rate is fifty koruny to a dollar, but perhaps I can arrange something better." We said no thanks, and had another *slivovitz,* for it was cold, and the car had almost no heat. One of the waiters sidled up and whispered something about two hundred koruny for a dollar; we again said no thanks. Lunch was skimpy—a watery soup, a tiny slice of meat, a couple of potatoes, and an apple. Mr. Gilson disgustedly wiped his mouth when he was through and asked for another *slivovitz.* "Look at the size of these napkins," he said. "I've noticed it before: the farther east, the smaller the napkin. In restaurants in Switzerland, they're the size of small bath towels. In Austrian and German restaurants, they're the size of handkerchiefs. Here where the Czechs are providing them, they're no bigger than your hand, and made of paper at that. In Poland, there probably aren't any, and you have to wipe your mouth on your sleeve."

NOT long after lunch, as Mr. Gilson and I were talking in my compartment, the train pulled into Schirnding, the control point on the German side of the German-Czech border, and two trim-looking, black-booted Germans in gray uniforms came aboard, followed by a tall, freckled American M. P., who was trying hard, though unsuccessfully, to look both important and older than his age, which I'm sure was no more than twenty-two. The Germans examined Mr. Gilson's passport briefly and handed it back to him, and then started an extensive study of my military travel permit, which was valid, as a superscription plainly stated, for any number of trips into the American, British, and French zones of Germany. One of the Germans finally took out a pen, drew an "X" across the permit, and wrote *Ungültig* ("Cancelled") on it. I asked him in German if he could read the superscription, and he snapped back at me that he knew what he was doing and that I had better keep a civil tongue in my head. Mr. Gilson and I were so flabbergasted by this unexpected outbreak of German *Frechheit* that we could say nothing. The American M.P. beckoned me out into the corridor. "Some goddam new ruling, sir," he said. "Seems that Headquarters has ordered that all Americans going behind the Iron Curtain got to have their permits cancelled. But you can always get a new one at the Permit Office in Prague for a couple of bucks. I wouldn't start an argument with those Germans, sir. They know pretty well what they're doing."

The two Germans moved on out of the car, but the M.P. stayed behind. "We hardly see any Americans going through here any more," he said, following me back into the compartment. "You mind if I sit down? Them Germans don't need me. They can speak English if they have to, and if they don't speak English, I don't know what the hell they're talking about anyway." He scraped the dusty floor with the side of his boot. "This lousy Orient Express," he said. "I'm from Hempstead, Long Island, and I always thought the Long Island Railroad was bad, but I'll take it over this line any time. At least they heat their trains and sweep the dirt out once in a while. Everybody says this is the blue-plate-special train of Europe, but they can have it. But what the hell, I should gripe! I don't do a goddam thing here, and I've got myself a nice place and a girl. These German girls certainly know their way around. The one I got left a tech sergeant for me. I'd kind of like to take her back to the States with me."

"Take it easy for a while, son, and think it over," said Mr. Gilson. "I was with the A.E.F. in the first war, and I thought the German girls were terrific until I went to Havana and met some Cuban women."

"I wouldn't know about Havana, sir," the soldier said regretfully. "I just know Schirnding, and that's good enough for me. Well, I better be running along before those krauts start wondering if I'm still in the Army."

Half an hour later, the train started for the Czech border. The houses along the right of way showed marks of shellfire, and there were some camouflaged pillboxes on the slopes between them. Then I saw the first red, white, and blue Czechoslovak flags, and a few minutes later the train stopped at the frontier station of Cheb.

"Well," Mr. Gilson said, "this is it. My first trip behind the Iron Curtain."

Even before the train came to a halt, a number of Czech soldiers with bayonets fixed on their rifles had run out of the station to guard the doors of every car. They didn't let anyone get off. After a while, three men entered our car—a massive lieutenant in the customs service, who carried a thick book and two writing pads, and two uniformed men in rubber raincoats, who had pistols dangling from their belts. The French attendant looked on jadedly as he stood beside me in the doorway while they searched Mr. Gilson's baggage. "We had a lot of excitement here two weeks ago, coming the other way, from Prague," he told me. "I knew that something was up as soon as the customs men boarded the train. They must have had a tip, because they unscrewed the light bulbs, pried off the mirrors, rolled up the carpets, and told me to open all the berths. It took me four hours to put things back into shape. They couldn't find anything in my sleeper and went off to the next car, a day coach we had picked up, and there they found twenty-five hundred dollars in hundred-dollar bills hidden in a toilet. After that came *le déluge*. They had the coach switched off to a siding, and another attendant told me later that

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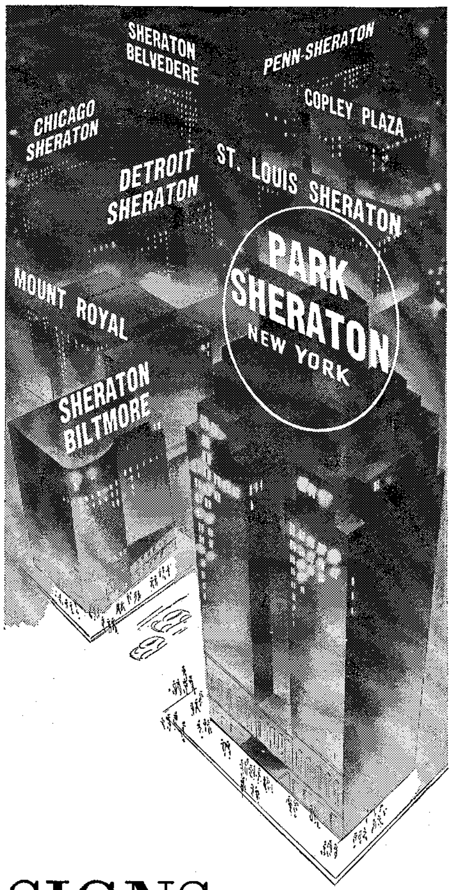
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they searched and questioned those poor passengers for sixteen hours. All of them were Czechs—emigrants hoping to get out. The customs men never found who the money belonged to. Makes me shiver just to think of it. Here somebody must have spent a fortune to buy those dollars on the black market, and then they take every one of them away and the owner can't move a muscle or make a peep for fear he'll be caught and put into a concentration camp. *Ah, quelle misère!*"

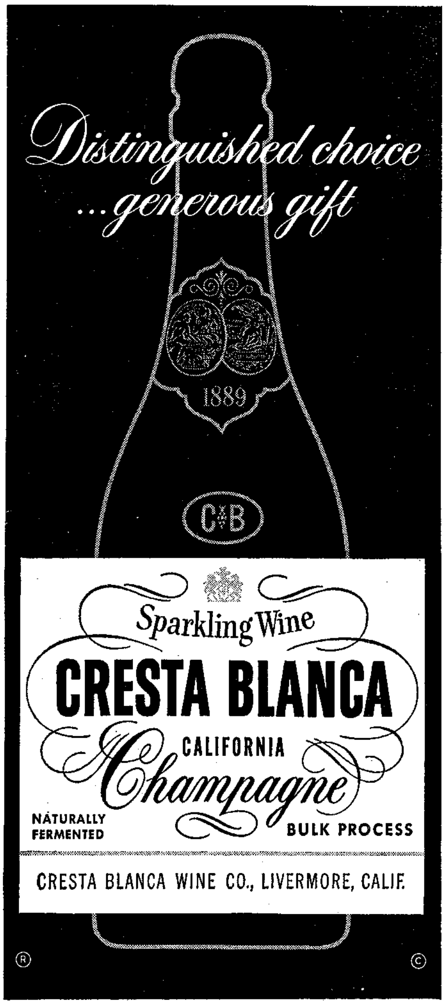
The Czech inspectors finished with Mr. Gilson, having emerged triumphant from a violent argument in broken English with him over whether he should be allowed to keep more than three packages of cigarettes, and it was my turn. When the lieutenant looked through my passport and read, "Place of birth: Czechoslovakia," he gave me a quick, suspicious glance. Then he opened my bags, picked them up, and turned them upside down. Everything fell out—a cascade of socks, books, shoes, and shirts—and spilled off the seat onto the dirty floor. I had been told about this method of searching a passenger's luggage at Cheb, and had been warned not to show resentment if I did not want to be taken off the train and made to spend a day at the customs office. I did my best to look unconcerned as the two hearties in the raincoats eyed me closely. The lieutenant pawed through all my things and seemed pleased when he found a box containing fifty razor blades in five-blade packs. He sat down, opened his book, and began to study.

"You can't take them all with you," he said after a while. "Only ten blades are free. The rest are subject to duty." He mentioned a formidable sum. "You'll have to pay in American money."

"But they're for my personal use," I said.

"How do we know? You might very well be intending to sell them."

We kept arguing until I finally offered each of the three men a package of five blades, whereupon the subject was dropped. Mr. Gilson and I were not permitted to leave the coach after the inspection. The train waited another hour before it got under way again. The stations through which we passed were adorned with pictures of Stalin and President Gottwald and banners that spoke well of peace and democracy. In Pilsen, where we stopped for half an hour, Mr. Gilson and I had a glass of beer in the station, and later we had dinner in the dining car. The meal was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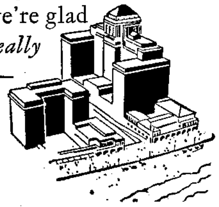

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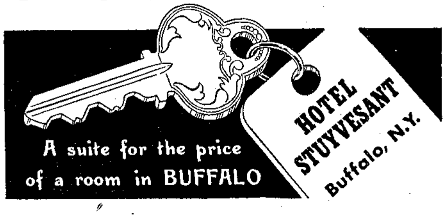
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even more melancholy than lunch. There was another long wait in Prague. At ten o'clock, Mr. Gilson said he was going to take a nap, inasmuch as he had to get off in the middle of the night, and we said goodbye.

I WAS up at six the next morning. The train was standing in the station of the Czech border town of Bohumin. I asked the attendant if I was too early for breakfast, and he said that, unfortunately, I was too late; the diner had been taken off during the night. "The other American gentleman has left," he said. "You're the only passenger on the train now." A nondescript string of cars evidently waiting for an engine was standing on the other side of the platform. Among the coaches and baggage cars was one blue Wagons-Lits sleeping car, which bore a shield identifying it as being on the Warsaw-Rome run. As I was reflecting that at least I was glad not to be on *that* train, the attendant of the Warsaw-Rome car, an unshaven little man wearing slippers, a torn pullover, and no cap, came over and hailed the attendant of my car. "How many people have you got?" he asked in French, with a powerful Polish accent.

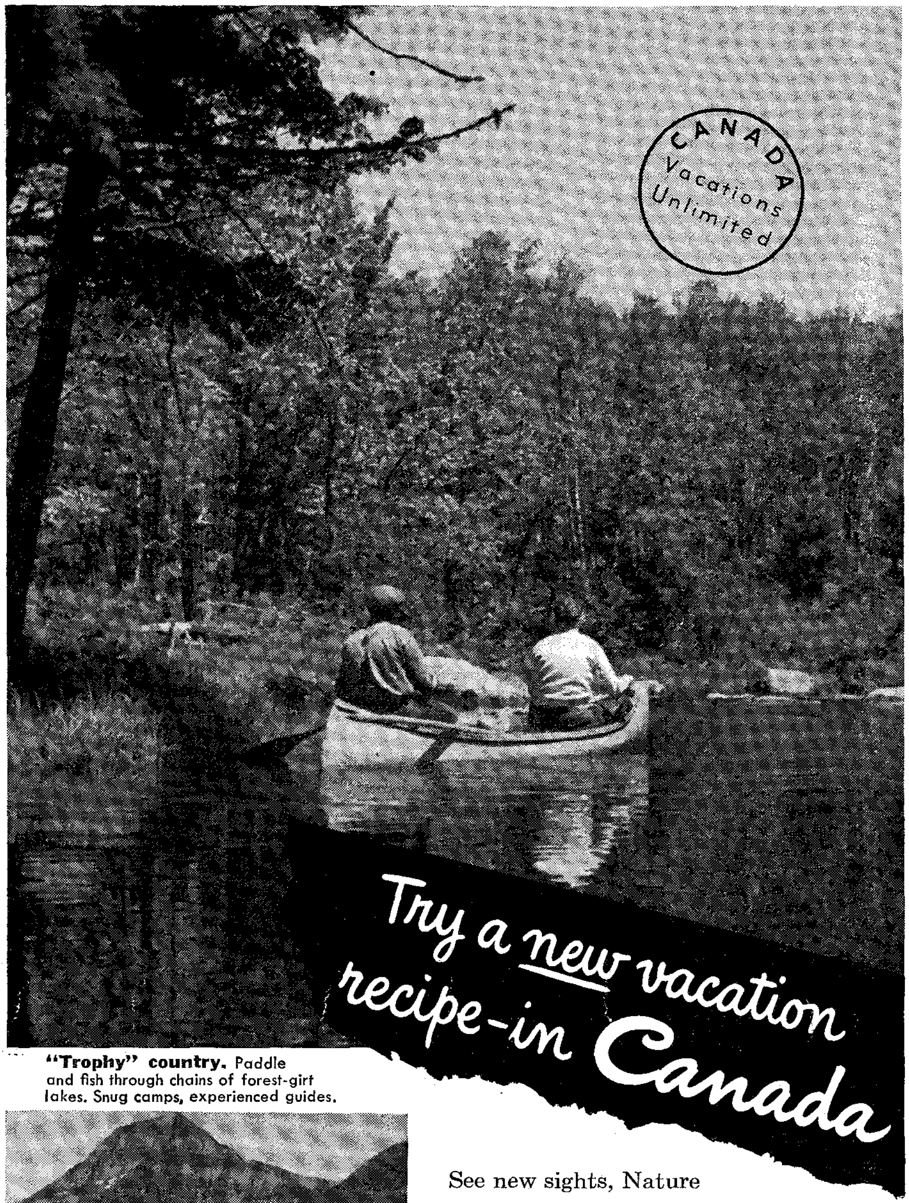
"One."

"You're lucky. I haven't got any. Why they keep that coach running is beyond me. It's always empty now. Up to last year, we had a few correspondents, government officials, businessmen on trade missions, and people who had managed to get emigration permits. Occasionally, there would be a soccer team or something, but now they don't even let the soccer players out. Too many of them don't come back. And then you cross over to the other side of Europe and all the cars are full. I hear that on local trains in France and Italy people have to make reservations days ahead, no?"

"Yes," said my man. "Makes me sick to think of the tips on those runs."

"Tips?" said the little Pole, raising his eyebrows. "What are they? Never heard the word."

After a long wait, my train reluctantly started to move, but fourteen minutes later it stopped again, at the Czech border-control station of Petrovice, and there was another inspection of luggage and papers, and another long wait. Eventually, the train pulled itself together and made the nine-minute run to the Polish border-control station of Zebrzydowice. This time, the Poles did the examining of my stuff. When they were through, the attendant came



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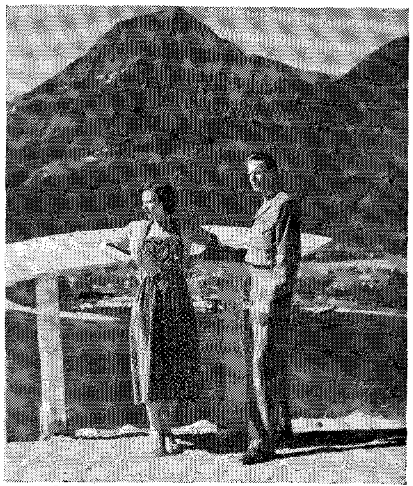

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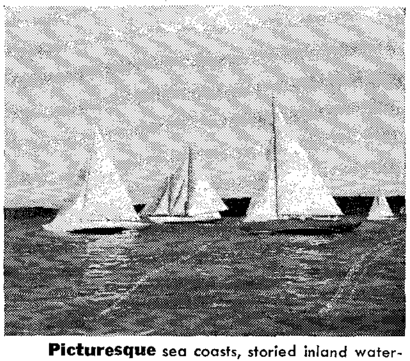

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into my compartment and sat down. "Sometimes I get awfully lonely," he said. "It's depressing to ride all alone. I think of the beautiful travel posters you used to see in all the travel bureaus of Paris—'Take the Orient Express! Oldest, Most Glamorous of the International Luxury Trains!' *Ah, ça!* If you ask me, Monsieur, this is the most depressing train on earth. Last month, I took a trip from Warsaw to Vienna. Eighteen hours, five of them spent waiting in Zebrzydowice, Petrovice, Bohumin, Breclav, and Hohenau. There were inspections by the Poles, the Czechs, the Russians, the Americans, and the Austrians. I'm told you can fly from Paris to Syracuse in eighteen hours or less. Are you hungry? We'll be here for a long time yet, and maybe I can get something in the station."

I said I was hungry, and cold, too. The attendant came back in a few minutes with a couple of white rolls filled with garlic sausage, and a small bottle of vodka. "That's all there is," he said. "No coffee. And no ham. They're sending all the ham out of the country now. You mind if I sit here with you? I'm getting sick and tired of looking at myself in the mirror over my desk." I urged him to stay, and we ate the rolls and drank the vodka. We talked about Paris and Syracuse and old times until he said he would have to get busy on his forms and reports for the Warsaw passenger agent. I spent the rest of the trip huddled in my overcoat and two blankets, miserable and queasy, cursing the Orient Express and regretting that I hadn't gone by plane.

EARLY in the afternoon, the countryside began to show more evidence of wartime destruction—patched-together bridges, houses without roofs, and acres and acres of rubble. Then, at three-forty-three, the train pulled into Warsaw's makeshift railroad station. The attendant helped me with my luggage, showed me where to get a taxi, and gave me his card. "When you go back to America, perhaps you will go to Syracuse?" he asked. I said it was possible. "Maybe you can go and see my daughter," he said. "It would make her happy." He looked up and down the train, now splotched with dust and appearing shabbier than ever. "Don't tell her what's happened to the Orient Express, though. Why destroy an illusion, Monsieur? Let her go on thinking that her papa is an important man on an elegant, wonderful train—a real *train de mystère*."

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THE PARKER BROTHERS AT ANTIPOLO

ALONG with the automatic and semi-automatic toys proudly displayed to me by a young relative on his recent birthday was a Monopoly set. I hadn't realized that Parker Brothers were still putting out that completely hand-operated game of the mid-thirties, but I have since learned that it is a steady seller year after year, something like a literary classic. The last Monopoly set I had seen—and I presumed then that it was vestigial—was a well-worn one, the pieces of which, except for the board, were kept in a somewhat battered but still handsome tin candy box.

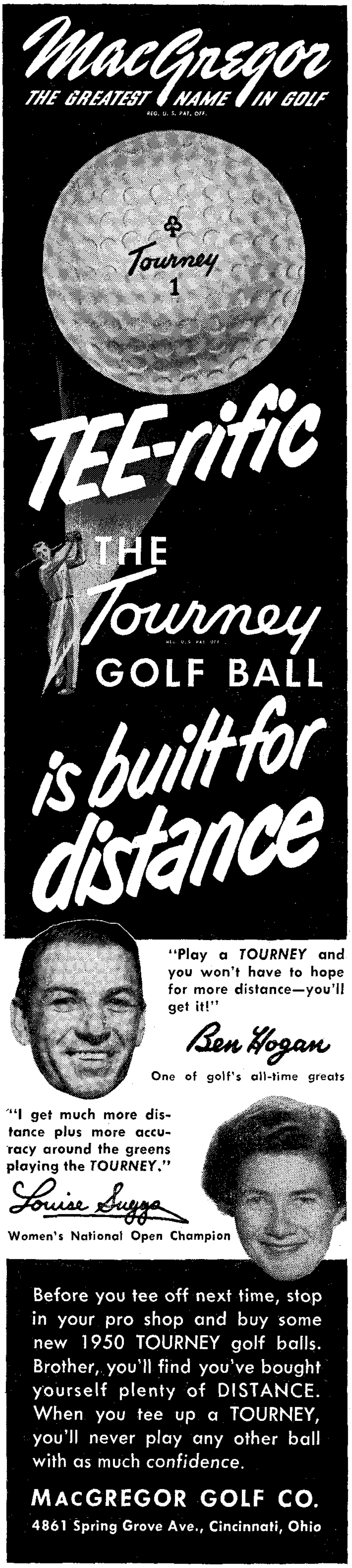
This was on Luzon, where I arrived at the end of August, 1945, with four other transient Intelligence officers. The five of us had been flown to Manila from the Central Pacific, presumably to be rushed to Japan to help restore order after the armistice was signed. September 2nd came and went, however, and we continued to swelter in Manila, disappointed at having missed what was called "the big show," and annoyed at our inability to get a night's sleep, our billet—a tent at the Santa Ana race track—being the focal point for the music emanating from a dozen makeshift night clubs that had sprung up in the neighboring ruins. When we had had a week of this hot and noisy life, one of our number learned that if we worked it right, we might be able to swing a transfer to the staging area at Antipolo, in the hills about twelve miles from Manila. The prospect seemed too good to be real. In addition to being presumably cooler and providing us with an escape from saxophone, ukulele, and kettledrum renditions of the *malagueña*, the staging area was said to be on the estate of General Roxas (who was later to become President of the Philippines) and to have rambling, gracious buildings and a large swimming pool. The prospect *was* real. We were able to arrange a transfer immediately, and we bundled ourselves off to Antipolo with a good deal of mutual congratulation.

As we had been told, the staging area was on General Roxas' estate, but the war had passed straight across it, rendering the buildings so rambling as to be useless. The swimming pool looked no more inviting than a sink full of old dishwater, and there seemed to be no way of getting fresh water into it. We slept in tents that I suspect were left over from General Arthur MacArthur's march against Manila in 1898, and the food was bad. I often used to walk a couple of miles to the village of Antipolo in the afternoon, despite the heat, which was formidable, to buy a few bananas and a coconut. I still wonder how General Roxas ever came to pick Antipolo as a place to live in.

One of the other officers found the Monopoly set in a bare tent adjoining the one the five of us shared, about a week after our arrival in Antipolo. At least, I *think* it was about a week. While we were there, we hardly kept track of time. During the day, we stayed in our tent or in any other shade we could find, emerging only for meals. We were too hot to do anything except wait for night. When it came, we drank fierce rum and argued. We had no newspapers or radios, and we couldn't argue about anything current, so we found a lot of old subjects to argue about: the W.P.A., cheeses, modern architecture—anything. Whatever we did, day or night, we were under the relentless scrutiny of several dozen little girls who hung around the staging area and ran a kind of free-lance laundry business for the men. They were particularly entertained by our brushing our teeth.

It took a week or so in that slothful place for us to realize that the adjoining tent was unoccupied and possibly worth exploring. By that time, we were sick of each other's faces, and welcomed the Monopoly set as an opportunity to liven our existence. All of us had happy memories of Monopoly, and, with the first energy any of us had shown since arriving in the camp, we set up a game room in the second tent that night. A deal table had been left there, and we arranged our foot lockers around it. Light was provided by a naked bulb suspended overhead, and when we sat down to play, the flying bugs that dodged about it cast flickering shadows over Ventnor Avenue, the Boardwalk, and the other thoroughfares and byways of the Monopoly board.

The rules of Monopoly begin, "THE IDEA OF THE GAME is to BUY and RENT or SELL property so profitably that one becomes the wealthiest player and eventually MONOPOLIST. . . . The game is one of shrewd and amusing trading and excitement." Without trying to explain all the intricacies of the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game, I will add that every participant is given a token and a certain amount of paper "money." Spaces marked off around the board represent various properties. The players roll dice in turn and move their tokens forward the indicated number of spaces. A player is allowed, if he likes, to buy any property on which his token comes to rest—unless, of course, the house or lot or utility already has an owner, in which case the newcomer must pay whatever rent the rules require. He may also try to negotiate its purchase from the owner. This process of exchanging money and bargaining for property goes on until one player has been sufficiently shrewd in his amusing trading to bankrupt all the others.

After that first evening, we played every night from the time the sun went down until we were drowsy enough to shuffle next door and fall onto our cots. The board, the tokens, and the money were always left in position, and we would take up the game the next evening where we had left off. Each of us always used the same token, and after a while I could see the character of the token in the man and vice versa. I had a rowboat, three of the others an old shoe, a battleship, and a high hat, and, since that was all the tokens there were, the fifth man used a pebble. We played intensely, because there was nothing else about which we could get excited. Our lives had been suspended, and night after night we devoted our energy to the life on the board. No real money was involved, only the crumpled Monopoly money, but at that time it meant as much to us as any.

We must have seemed a weird sight to the little girls, who stood around peering in at us every night until they grew bored with the unchanging scene. We always wore our pistols, for they would have been stolen otherwise, and sat bent over the table under the naked bulb, clutching our rolls of bills, sweating, drinking rum, and slapping at the bugs.

Battleship (there is no need to disrupt the postwar lives of the players; I shall refer to them by their tokens) drank heavily when he was losing and chain-smoked when he was ahead. Pebble whined for credit when his visible cash was low, but he always kept an emergency reserve of five or six hundred dollars hidden somewhere on his person. I found after a few days that the thought of some houses of my own on New York Avenue was somehow comforting to me, and I often made foolish trades to acquire that property. The most successful players were Old

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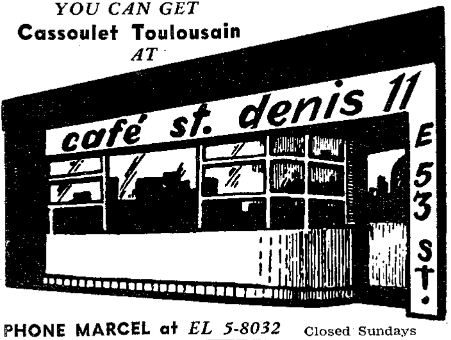
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Shoe and High Hat, who managed to divide eighty per cent of the victories about evenly between them. High Hat had been an advertising man. He had a ruddy, smiling face and made his transactions as if he didn't much care whether they did him any good or not so long as the game moved along. Old Shoe, a lawyer in civilian life, could make almost any deal sound advantageous to his opponent, but, except when he was bargaining with High Hat, he was pretty sure to be the one who wound up with the profit. Old Shoe and High Hat recognized early that they were natural enemies. Neither could work his particular magic on the other, and toward the end of a game they would sit behind their piles of money stripped of all the artifice they had employed in the early stages and maneuver for the kill.

We managed to maintain a polite money mart until, one evening, High Hat landed on a piece of Old Shoe's property and forgot to pay his rent. Old Shoe was busy stacking money and failed to notice. After the next player had moved, Pebble called the oversight to Old Shoe's attention, and Old Shoe asked High Hat for the rental fee. High Hat smiled and said he had no intention of paying. Every legal fibre in Old Shoe's body bristled. "What do you mean, you have no intention of paying?" he asked.

"I mean exactly that," High Hat said, continuing to smile. "According to the rules, which I happened to glance through this afternoon, a player is not obliged to pay a rental fee unless the owner of the property asks for the money before the next player throws the dice." He pulled the sheet of rules out of the candy box and extended it toward Old Shoe.

Old Shoe waved it aside. "Don't show *me* any rules," he said. "This isn't a question of rules, it's a question of ethics."

"I play by the rules," High Hat said, keeping his smile steady.

Old Shoe ignored the remark. "Let's reason it out sensibly," he said. "You landed on the property, you *utilized* the property, and you're obligated to pay a fee for that service. Whether I happen to catch you before the next player's turn is a petty technical point that obscures the basic sense of fair play involved in the situation."

"Fair play consists of sticking to the rules," High Hat said, and slapped at a bug. "I stick to the rules."

"You're sticking to Parker Brothers' rules," Old Shoe said. "If Parker

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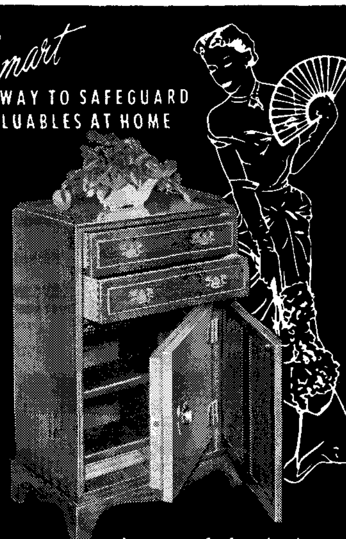

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"It's my place to stick to the rules," High Hat said. "And it's your place, if you don't like the rules, to write to Parker Brothers for an amendment."

"I see there's no point in arguing with you," Old Shoe said. "You're determined to be a sharp practitioner."

High Hat's smile faded. "Don't call me that. If anybody here is a sharp practitioner—"

Battleship interrupted. "All right, let's cut it," he said. "We'll play by the rules of the game."

Play was resumed—more earnestly than before, if that was possible—but nobody really believed that a final settlement had been reached.

In the course of the next week's play, the same situation arose four or five times, and there was always some argument, its intensity depending on the heat, the number of bugs in the tent, and the amount of rum that had been consumed. Phrases like "laissez faire," "the law of the jungle," "a rule is a rule," "the end doesn't justify the means," and "stop arguing *ad hominem*" were hurled across the table. During the day, Old Shoe and High Hat were barely civil to each other, and at night they were more and more resolute.

THE blowup finally came on a night when the bugs were not merely dense but had a particularly distracting drone. It was toward the end of a game, and, as usual, High Hat and Old Shoe, between them, had most of the money. Pebble was pressing Old Shoe for a loan, although I had seen him tuck a five-hundred-dollar bill in his pistol belt five minutes before. Old Shoe said that he couldn't lend the money at that time, and High Hat chuckled softly. "What's so funny?" Old Shoe asked, on the alert at once.

"You missed twelve dollars' rent on the Electric Company," High Hat said. "I'm afraid you're not paying close enough attention."

Twelve dollars was a paltry amount at that stage of the game. Most of the spaces were occupied by hotels, and the rentals were a thousand dollars or more, but Old Shoe wanted his money. "Pay me that twelve dollars," he said in an even voice.

"Not this time," High Hat said jauntily. "Next time I land on the Electric Company, and you own it, and

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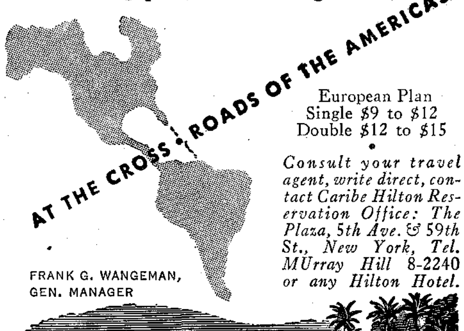

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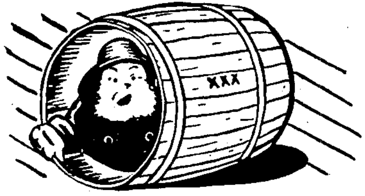
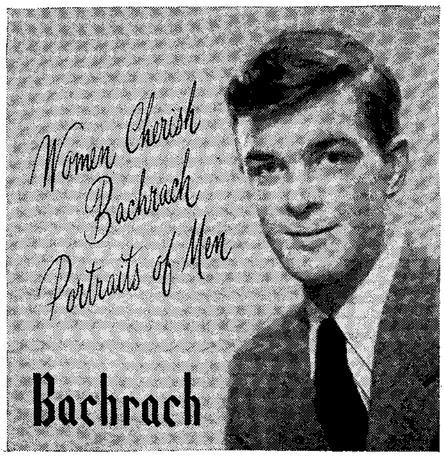


SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER,
"Watch ho! Pass the word to the binnacle list that we're bulling a cask on the lower deck of the bark Wanderer".

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.


Women Cherish Bachrach Portraits of Men

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you call it to my attention, I'll gladly pay you."

Old Shoe was in a rage. "I want that money!" he shouted.

High Hat was still placid. "I don't like the ethics of absentee ownership," he said. "If you want an honest profit out of the Electric Company, by God, you be on hand to collect it. There'll be no coupon clipping in this game."

Old Shoe stood up. "You dirty practitioner!" he yelled.

High Hat jumped to his feet. "I told you not to call me that!" he said.

"Goddam it!" Old Shoe yelled. "You can have the Electric Company!" He picked up the Monopoly board and threw it at High Hat. Houses, hotels, and currency flew all over the tent. The board struck the light bulb and bounced off Pebble's shoulder. Everybody leaped back from the table, knocking over foot lockers. High Hat upended the table toward Old Shoe, and the rest of the money went flying. The light was swinging, sending long shadows first one way and then the other, so it was hard to see just how people were moving. I guess Old Shoe and High Hat would have been at each other next, but a couple of the little girls poked their heads in and one of them asked shrilly, "Got some laundry tonight?"

We all stood still while the light swung to a stop; then Battleship said, "No laundry tonight, girls." He looked around. "We've got a nice game for you, though. How would you like this game?" He swept his hand around in a half circle.

"Sure, O.K.," the girl said.

"Pick it up and it's yours," said Battleship. He turned and walked out of the tent, and the rest of us followed slowly. We got undressed and crawled into bed without speaking. I heard the girls chattering in the next tent for a long while as they picked up the parts of the Monopoly set.

THE next day, not a word was said about what had happened. In the afternoon, we received orders to leave for Japan the following morning, and everyone's spirits were restored. That night, we packed, talked good-humoredly for a while, and went to bed early.

In the morning, we headed for Manila. I drove a jeep in which were also Old Shoe and Pebble and our gear. The others were in a second jeep, behind. A few minutes out of camp, Old Shoe pounded me on the back and told me to stop. "There are those kids with our Monopoly set," he said. "I just want to say goodbye." He hopped out and ran

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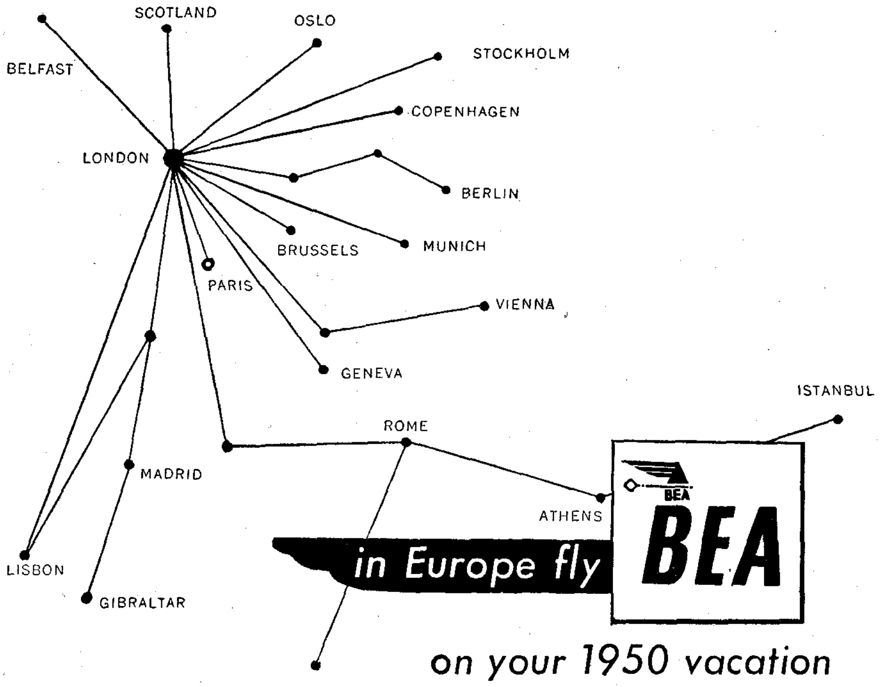

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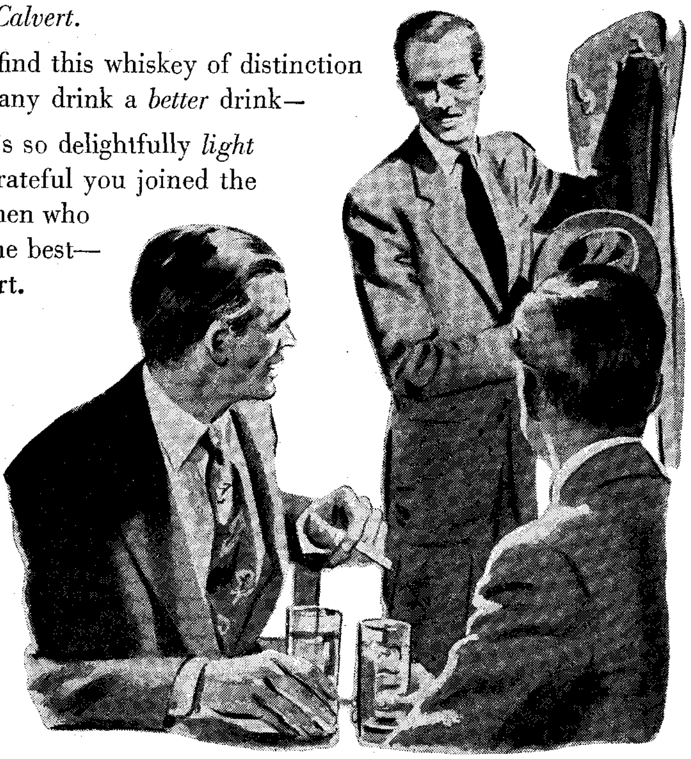

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across a field to where the two little girls were crouched with the board. They were sitting beside an irrigation ditch, with several dozen pieces of G.I. clothing spread out around them, drying in the sun. When Old Shoe had been talking to the girls for five or six minutes, I finally sounded the horn.

He came racing back and clambered into the jeep. "Those kids were playing house!" he said as I started up. "They had all the pieces arranged like a village, and they were going shopping with the money. Can you imagine that?"

"How were they getting along with each other?" I asked.

"No fights, if that's what you mean," he said. He regarded me coolly, and after a moment of thought he added, "I guess they must be used to this damn climate." —GORDON COTLER

•

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY,
APRIL 16, 1950.

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I READ with the greatest delight Ogden Nash's "What Is Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo in Sanskrit?" in last week's issue. I have always felt strongly on the subject of Ogden Nash imitators, and people who write doggerel and throw in an apology to him along with it, but on this occasion I feel that his having burst into French makes a difference, so, without apologies but with enormous respect, I offer the following:

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O viens entendre!
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Viens écouter,
Viens écouter;
C'est la meilleure musique gaie.
Ils jouent au clairon comme on l'a entendu
  jamais,
Et si naturellement qu'on voudrait
  s'engager!
C'est qu' c'est la meilleure bande qui est!
  Agneau mielé!
Viens donc en train,
Viens donc en train,
Laisse-moi te prendre par la main
Jusqu'au copain,
Jusqu'au copain
Qui conduit ces beaux refrains;
Et si vous voulez entendre la "Rivière
  Swanee" en temps de chiffon,
O viens entendre!
O viens entendre
La jazz-bande d'Alexandre!

Cordially yours,
F. A. PACKARD

MUSICAL EVENTS

Toscanini, Flagstad, and Mitropoulos

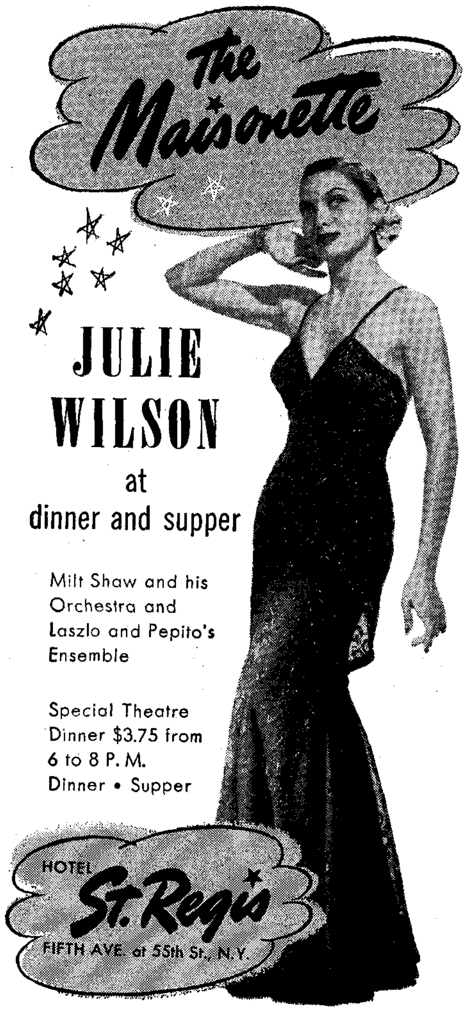
THE concert presented at Carnegie Hall last Friday by Arturo Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, marking the beginning of their national tour, was one of rare quality. So clear in every detail and so perfectly proportioned was the playing that it went far beyond mere brilliance or authority. The meticulousness of the performance of each of the four works on the program showed the hours of careful rehearsal and was a constant reminder of the conductor's purposefulness, yet one never got the feeling of the absolute dominance of the orchestra and the music by the conductor that one gets at so many concerts, good or bad. Beethoven's Third Symphony, Strauss's "Don Juan," Debussy's "La Mer," and the Overture to Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" were all disclosed with easy exactitude. This was the way each piece was intended to be heard, and the logic of the playing made it all seem extremely simple. There was no point in trying to choose among the interpretations; the listener heard each composition revealed with its own delights and weaknesses. There was no room—not one small corner that I could find—for criticism of the performance, and that was the astonishing thing about the concert. Since the music itself was on a generally high level of excellence, the program surely must have pleased everyone.

There was, as always, no nonsense about Toscanini—no wasted effort, and no apparent interest on his part in anything but the music under consideration. He acknowledged the applause politely but abstractedly, as if it were a completely unnecessary but inescapable manifestation. He had no inclination, either, for foolish charm or graciousness. Before starting the Beethoven symphony, he impatiently herded the wings of his string section in from the edge of the stage, so that they would be more within his range. This was accomplished by a couple of short swipes at the air with his baton, provoking the errant string men to immediate action. There were a hundred and ten musicians, and I doubt whether in the course of the entire evening there was a wrong note from any of them.

CARNEGIE HALL was also the scene, earlier last week, of a concert by Kirsten Flagstad. The Norwegian dramatic soprano was in splendid voice, and the only thing wrong with this affair was the Blemish. The Blemish is a hard thing to define, but it is there whenever Mme. Flagstad appears in public in this city. The vigilant pickets, their placards reminding concertgoers of the singer's affiliations during the war, help keep it there. It is a feeling that remains, like an indigestible lump, in the stomachs of some of the spectators throughout the concert and that moves others to harsh, uncompromising hand-clapping, lifting them to their feet after each number in a dark rush of applause. The voice is such a warm and thrilling one, and should exist apart from and above the affairs of men, and yet, evidently, it cannot.

The bright-green gown Mme. Flagstad wore was extremely unbecoming, but it gave her full freedom in her singing. Loose and shapeless, it provided lots of room for expansion as she held her breath for long phrases or breathed deeply for one of her glorious high tones. This was an all-Wagner program (in the concert world, "all" is tossed in for a clincher whenever a program is made up of one composer's works) and exploited the great voice to the utmost. There was an orchestra of ninety-five musicians, conducted by Edwin McArthur, and the singer was given an adequate rest between selections as the orchestra played such things as the "Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal," and "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from "Die Götterdämmerung." Mme. Flagstad's singing was a bit shaky in her first piece, "Senta's Ballad," from "The Flying Dutchman," but secured itself in the Wesendonck lieder and mounted to supreme heights in the second half of the program, in which she offered a soaringly beautiful rendition of the "Liebestod," from "Tristan und Isolde," and an incomparable performance of Brünnhilde's music in the immolation scene from "Die Götterdämmerung."

LAST week's Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Carnegie Hall, under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, featured the first performances here of Schoenberg's recent cantata "A Survivor from Warsaw" and Alan Shulman's Concerto for Violoncello and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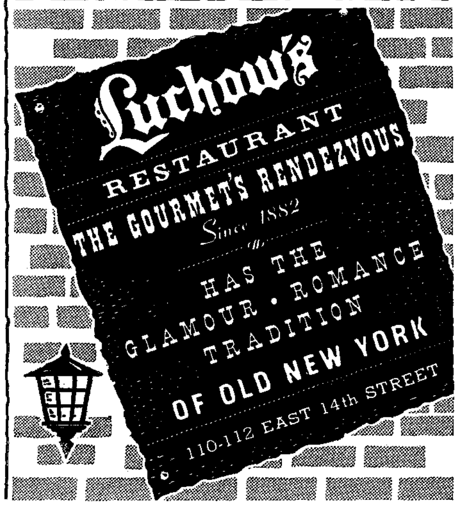

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Orchestra. Neither work, unfortunately, turned out to be especially memorable, though both are efficiently composed.

The trouble with the cantata is that there just isn't enough music to make it stick. I didn't time it, but the work couldn't have run for more than five minutes, and the most prominent part of it was narration. Mitropoulos played it twice, but the second impression was, if anything, less satisfying than the first, which at least had the advantage of novelty. The narrator, a young man who mistakenly confused stridency with fervor, related the story of a death march from the Warsaw ghetto, written by the composer, while the music punctuated and embellished the prose with varied sound effects, many of an obvious nature and none of a very high musical order. The whole thing led up to a strange outburst of activity among a row of youths from the Princeton University Chapel Choir, who had been sitting quietly behind the orchestra, in black smocks. As the march was about to begin, the boys, singly or in groups, shot up from their chairs, throwing off their smocks as they did so and revealing white shirts open to the navel. When they were all standing, they burst into song, a choral setting of an old Hebrew prayer, "Shema Yisroel." In another minute, it was over. The subject was a tragic one and the work was not equal to it, having, I felt, no more stature than a radio shocker.

Shulman has described his composition as "a cello concerto accompanied by the orchestra rather than a cello concerto against the orchestra," and perhaps it was the deliberate lack of conflict that made it pall, in spite of occasional melodic appeal and some artful writing for the cello. Leonard Rose handled the solo part admirably.

The rest of the program was made up of Schubert's Second Symphony, Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" Overture, Chabrier's "Joyeuse Marche," and, from Chabrier's "Le Roi Malgré Lui," the ever popular and charming "Fête Polonaise." Mitropoulos conducted superbly. It was a stimulating concert, whatever the shortcomings of the two new works. —DOUGLAS WATT

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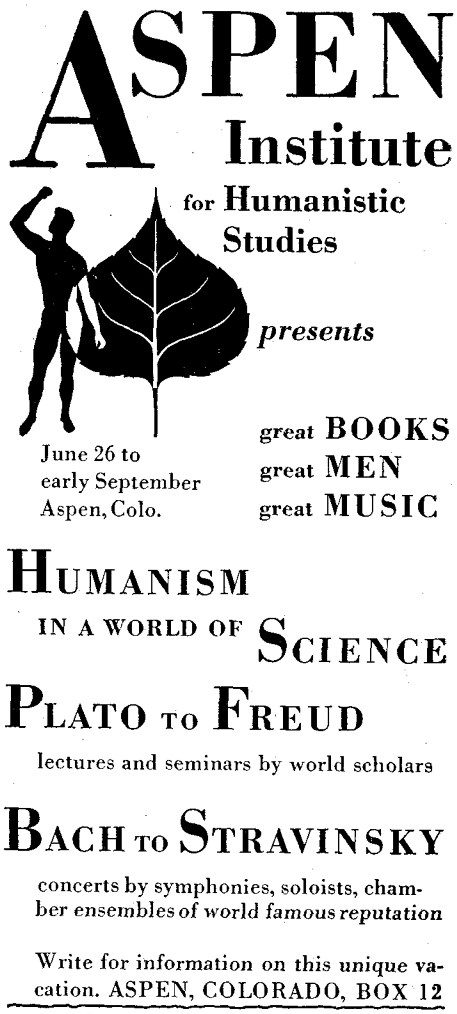
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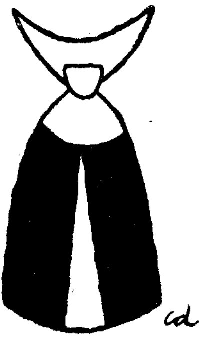
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

April 14

At the moment, the tendency here is to look upon the political nastiness that has fouled the atmosphere for most of the last two months as some airborne poison that came in on an unfavorable wind and now seems to be blowing away. Since the bipartisan foreign policy, the end of which was feared and freely predicted a week ago, appears to have survived, it is assumed that the unpleasantness is just about done with and will have no serious aftereffects. In fact, some feel that the policy has actually been strengthened by the medication—particularly the strong dose of John Foster Dulles—administered when it was thought to be ailing. In certain other minds, however, there is a feeling that it was never so much our foreign policy that was in danger as the moral and political climate in which any policy, foreign or domestic, partisan or bipartisan, can be intelligently and efficiently pursued. After all, these people point out, if a policy is killed, it must be replaced by another, and the one possible alternative to our present policy is a policy of isolation. This has been especially true ever since we were faced with Communism as a *fait accompli* in China and found ourselves with only Formosa left as a base for forensic maneuvers. That there are some members of both parties who are ready to adopt a new isolationism is beyond dispute, as is the fact that there are a good many men in Congress who think that a big national debt is a greater menace than Russia. There has been no evidence, though, that their numbers have recently increased or that their cause would be in any fundamental way advanced even if Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's onslaught on the State Department achieved its apparent aim of getting rid of Secretary Dean Acheson, who would, it has been assumed, be promptly succeeded by Chief Justice Vinson or W. Averell Harriman, either of whom would follow the same policy Acheson has. Except for Senator McCarthy, who has not been an isolationist or even a very aggressive budget-balancer and whose reasons for setting out on his queer crusade are still a source of bafflement here, the people who have lent themselves to the current attack are merely riding an old hobby. For Senators Kenneth Wherry and Styles Bridges to demand the head of the Secretary of State is not surprising, since they voted against his confirmation in the first place and have called him a Bolshevik at regular intervals ever since.



That neither the policy itself nor bipartisan support for it has been in mortal danger was fairly well demonstrated in the House of Representatives the day after Senator McCarthy's last and most unsavory performance on the Senate floor—a four-hour speech on March 30th. The House that day passed the administration's foreign-aid bill in a form that differed very little from the one recommended by the President, the Secretary of State, and other interested authorities. A quarter of a billion dollars was cut from the sum authorized for Marshall Plan activities, but it is possible for this amount to be restored later on, and, in any case, the reduction, which amounts to less than ten per cent of the total requested, was a good deal more moderate than many observers had expected it to be. The proposed amendment most feared by the Economic Coöperation Administration, the one that would have required the expenditure of a billion Marshall Plan dollars on American farm products in oversupply, which, if passed, would have given substance to the Russian contention that the Marshall Plan is nothing but a capitalist dumping device, was easily voted down, as were most of the other riders that the administration considered objectionable. The final vote on the bill was two hundred and eighty-seven to eighty-six, with seventy-eight Republican votes included in the larger figure and sixteen Democratic votes in the smaller one. Of course, the bill that passed did not actually appropriate funds but merely authorized their appropriation, and the foreign-aid program will be in Congress for at least another month, during which it may receive some real and lasting injuries. But the point made by many people here is that at the moment when it was most widely expected that Republicans in large numbers would jump ship, there were more of them for than against an important foreign-policy bill.

Those people who feel that the danger was always less to the national unity behind our foreign policy than to the atmosphere in which that policy is

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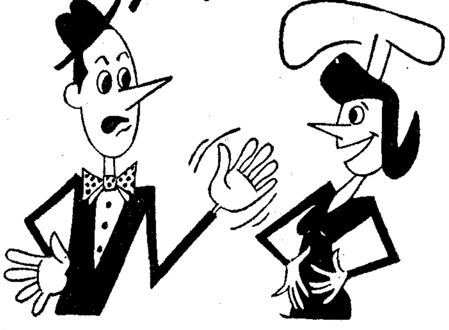

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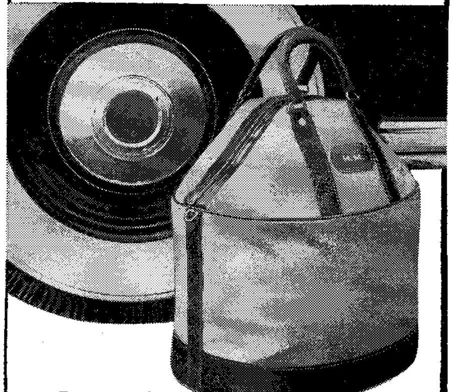

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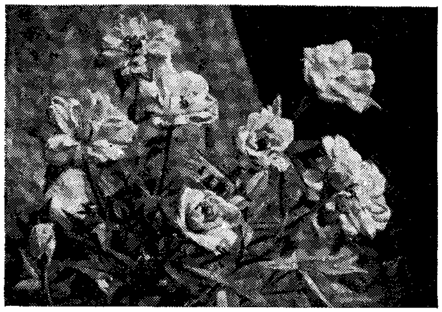

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pursued are by no means convinced that the trouble has begun to dissipate. In fact, there are experienced observers who hold the melancholy view that Senator McCarthy, in his harassment of Dean Acheson, has probably succeeded in a way that neither the Senator nor the Secretary now recognizes. As an example of what they think may happen, they point to the final outcome of last year's engagement between Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, of Iowa, and David E. Lilienthal, then chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. In trying to prove his case against Lilienthal, Hickenlooper was never as fancy-free as McCarthy has been in his accusations, but his record for substantiating his charges was exactly the same as McCarthy's record has been so far. Both scored zero. Lilienthal was vindicated by the Senate investigation, but the price he paid for vindication was heavy in terms of time and energy, and after he had paid it, he discovered that Hickenlooper had at least succeeded in putting him permanently on the defensive. He stayed on long enough to establish his right to stay on, and then resigned. In the end, it was Hickenlooper who won.

It is already possible to see some of the ways in which last year's history may repeat itself this year. McCarthy has so far proved nothing, but he has put his charges on the record and planted them in the public consciousness. He himself may be mercifully retired from public life when his present contract expires, but his long treatises on treason in the State Department will remain as a precious mine of source material upon which other people, either forgetting that most of it is false or not caring, will draw for campaign speeches or for the further harrying of State Department officials testifying before Congressional committees. For some time to come, spokesmen of the State Department will be patiently explaining to congressmen that Owen Lattimore was *not* the architect of our Far Eastern policy. As a result of the attacks upon himself, Acheson has already had to traipse across the country interpreting our China policy to Elks, Moose, and Rotarians. He has had to reorganize various sections of his Department in ways intended primarily to appease his Congressional critics and only secondarily, if at all, to increase efficiency. In the face of approaching crises in Europe, he has been forced to spend an unconscionable amount of time upholding his personal integrity and that of his subordinates. If it should prove necessary

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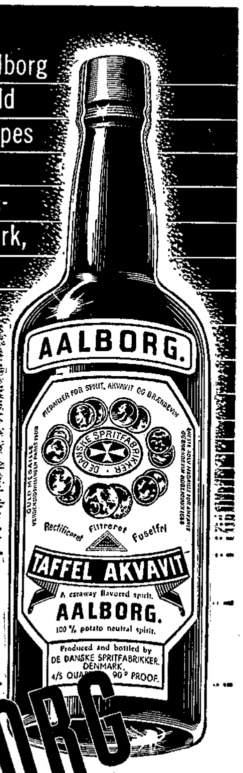

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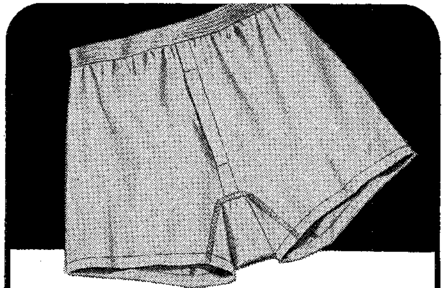

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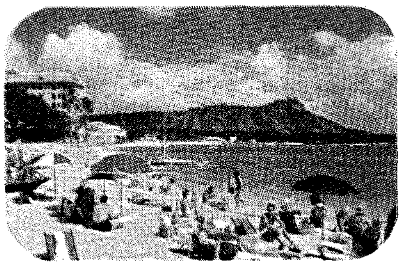

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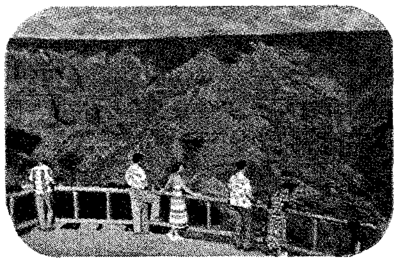

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for him to go on doing this sort of thing much longer, it is bound to occur to him and to the President that what this country needs is a Secretary of State who can spend his time carrying out the government's policy instead of apologizing for it.

Whether or not things finally work out that way, some very ugly precedents have been set in the past six or eight weeks. According to those whose memories of life here go back to the early decades of the century, the moral and intellectual squalor of this period has not been matched in their time. To view what has been happening as simply a politically irresponsible attack on the State Department is to put entirely too narrow a construction on it. Senator McCarthy's speeches have been only the leading attraction in a vast display of backwoods ignorance, barnyard sniggering, and Yahoo anti-intellectualism that has, apparently, been demanding expression for quite some while. Furthermore, these things have been accompanied by a sophisticated callousness and mischief-making that is probably most strikingly symbolized by Senator Robert A. Taft's advice to Senator McCarthy, given several weeks ago, to go on making his accusations, in the hope that "if one case doesn't work out, another one may." The temper of the period can be gauged not only by the fact that this remark has received almost no censure in the press and none at all in Congress but also by the fact that Senator Taft, who has always enjoyed a formidable and by no means undeserved reputation for fairness and probity, found it possible to make it in the first place.

ALTHOUGH it seems likely that the main show in the Senate Caucus Room, which has been the scene of the open hearings of the Tydings subcommittee, will shortly end its run, the lurid little sideshows that have sprung up all over town may stick around for a long time. The Senate subcommittee on District of Columbia appropriations has set up a subcommittee to investigate sexual deviations not only among employees of the State Department and other sensitive agencies but throughout the government, and one of its informants has, anonymously, been feeding the local press with data on a Russian scheme to lure "women employees of the State Department under their control by enticing them into a life of Lesbianism." The Russians are doing this by arranging "erotic demonstrations," at which "many are garbed

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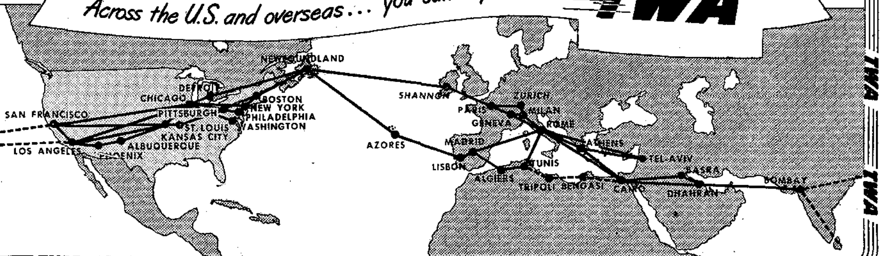

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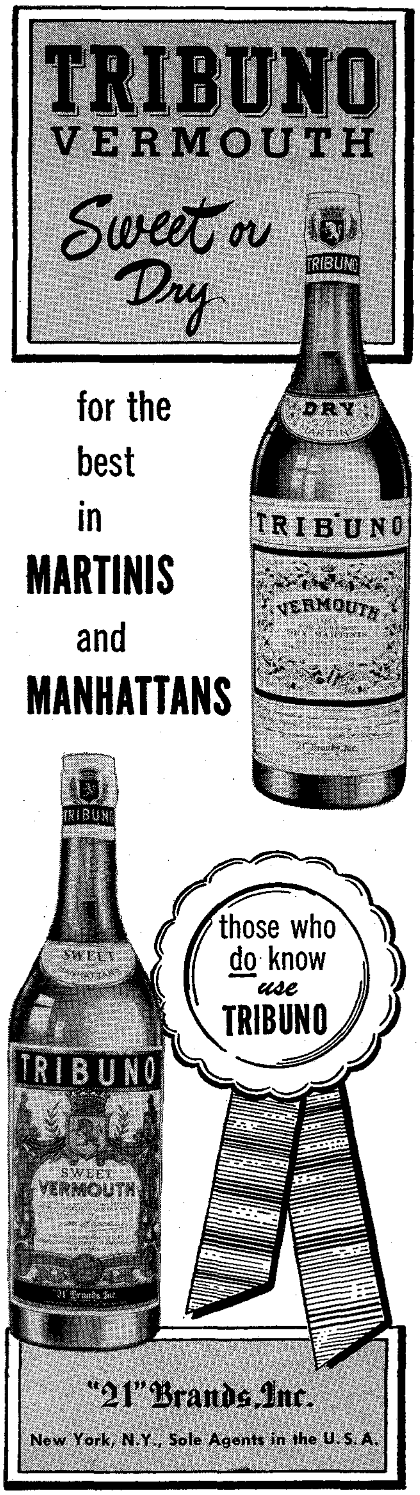

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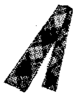

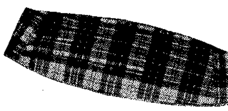

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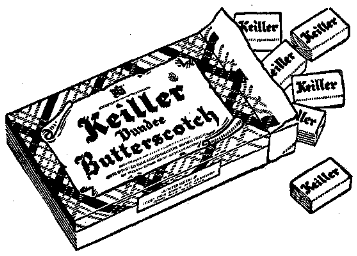
in rich Oriental costumes to help get into the spirit of things." Members of the subcommittee have been urging the District police to turn over their files on homosexuals, and although the police have resisted this as firmly as the President has resisted the pressure put on him to turn over loyalty files, it is possible that the subcommittee will succeed by revising District law to make the release of names mandatory. It is reported that the police, for their part, are organizing a special detail of the Vice Squad to "investigate links between Communism and homosexuality." In the midst of all this, Senator Edwin C. Johnson, of Colorado, who a few months ago established his authority in matters of security by blabbing information about the hydrogen bomb on a television program, has come up with the story that Chinese Communists are supplying free dope to Hollywood and thereby reducing the movie people to narcotic stupors in which they will dumbly agree to make movies favorable to the world Communist cause. Senator Johnson learned this in the course of his researches on Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini, which he undertook in order to prove the need for federal licensing of all motion-picture actors, producers, and directors.

Now that the homosexual issue has been brought out into the open, it is apt to stay there. It was, of course, the State Department itself that brought it out. Rather than let it be supposed that all the employees who had been dropped as poor security risks had Communist connections, the Department released the information that ninety-one had been dismissed not on political grounds but because they were known to be homosexuals and it was feared that they might be vulnerable to blackmail. This government and others for many years have made a practice of dismissing homosexuals from sensitive agencies, but care has been taken not to publicize the practice, because to do so would embarrass those involved without in any way strengthening security and also because publicity would create an atmosphere that would make blackmail more likely and potentially more successful. How much damage the homosexuality issue can do in our own political life no one here has attempted to estimate, but one thing that seems fairly certain is that some of the very people who are now finding it so delectable may subsequently have cause for regret. It has been pointed out, for example, that if what Dr. Kinsey says about the incidence of homosexuality



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among American males is even approximately correct, and that if Congress is the representative American body it ought to be, there must be on such committees as Atomic Energy, Foreign Relations, and Military Affairs, the members of which have access to classified material in the fields over which their committees have jurisdiction, a few men who might as reasonably be subject to investigation as the suspended State Department employees. It is also being pointed out that if susceptibility to blackmail is to be the test, there are heterosexuals who are easily as bad security risks as homosexuals. Dr. Kinsey reports, too, that, as a number of people suspected long before he brought in his statistical evidence, among those who have, in Dr. Kinsey's delicate language, extramarital outlets are a number of men of the economic and educational levels from which congressmen are mostly drawn. Again, if Congress is representative, it must contain some men who occasionally succumb to a wayward mood. It is difficult to see why homosexuals should be any more vulnerable to blackmail than non-homosexuals whose careers depend in large part on the maintenance of their reputation for moral rectitude but who sometimes, in an excess of normality, fall from grace.

ALTHOUGH the homosexual issue is new to American politics, it has had a long history in certain other countries, most notably in Germany. One genuine innovation of recent weeks, however, is a device that seems to have been hit upon by Senator McCarthy while he was preparing his weird campaign and that might be described as "the multiple untruth." Neither its novelty nor its future possibilities appear to have been fully appreciated as yet. Hitler once boasted that he was the leading exponent of "the big lie"—the falsehood so large and round that it could be mistaken for truth because of its very audacity and magnitude, its grandeur of conception. The "multiple untruth" need not be a particularly large untruth but can be instead a long series of loosely related untruths, or a single untruth with many facets. In either case, the whole is composed of so many parts that anyone wishing to set the record straight will discover that it is utterly impossible to keep all the elements of the falsehood in mind at the same time. Anyone making the attempt may seize upon a few selected statements and show them to be false, but doing this may leave the impression that only the statements selected are false and

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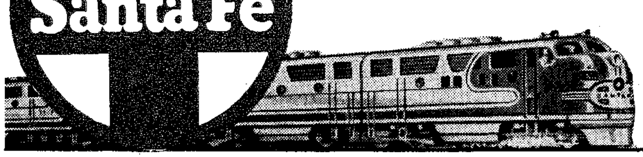

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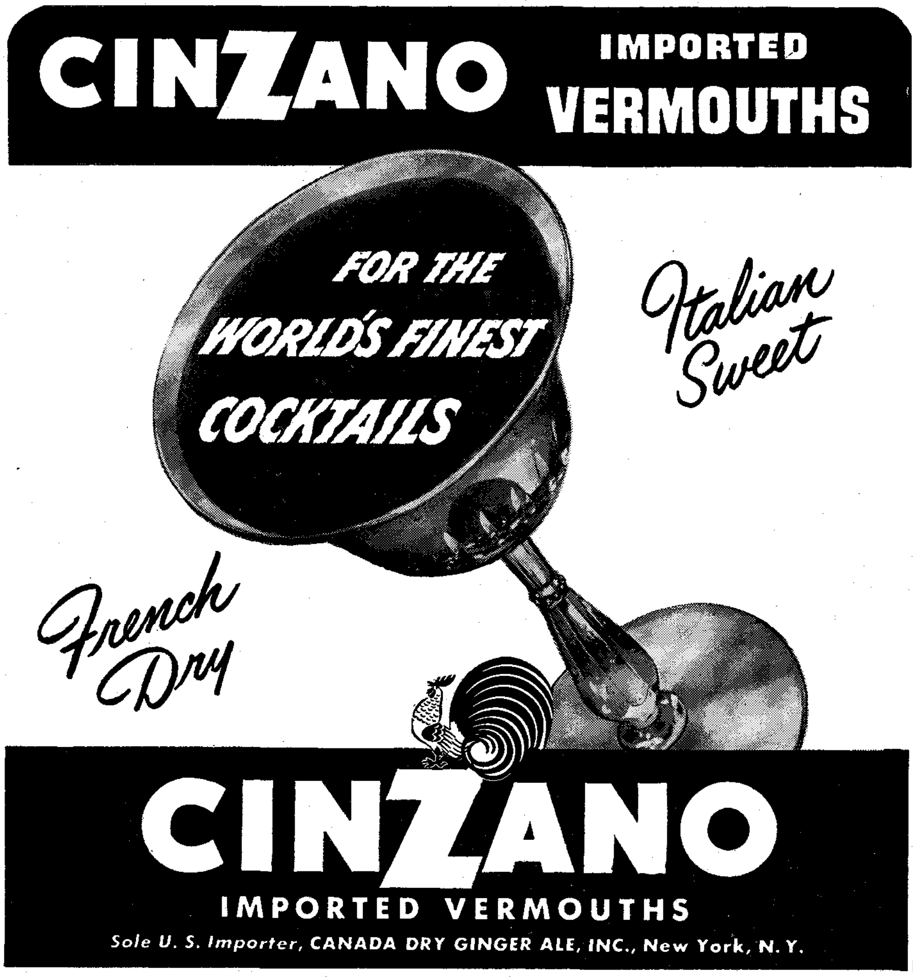
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the rest true. An even greater advantage of the "multiple untruth" is that statements shown to be false can still be repeated over and over again with impunity, because no one will remember which statements have been disproved and which ones haven't. In his testimony before the Tydings subcommittee a few weeks ago, for instance, Haldore E. Hanson, a young State Department official accused by McCarthy of being a Communist, proved to the satisfaction of everyone present that McCarthy, in *his* testimony, had flagrantly misquoted from a book Hanson wrote eleven years ago. Two days later, when McCarthy took the Senate floor, he read into the record exactly the same misquotations Hanson had corrected before the committee. And although most of the committee members were present and although valiant efforts were made by many senators to get McCarthy to prove the statements he made in the course of his speech, no one, apparently, remembered that Hanson had already proved McCarthy wrong. In the same speech, McCarthy professed to be quoting from a letter written several years ago by Owen Lattimore to Joseph Barnes, a colleague of Lattimore's in the Office of War Information. Several senators rose from their seats to ask if McCarthy wasn't being unfair in quoting parts of the letter out of context. McCarthy said he didn't think that quoting out of context was unfair in this particular case. But the truth of the matter, and a truth that hasn't yet caught up with McCarthy and probably never will, is that he wasn't quoting out of context, because he simply wasn't quoting. The most charitable description of what he was doing is "paraphrasing," and that's carrying charity pretty far.

In the solid mass of facts—or what George Orwell might have called "unfacts"—that compose the multiple untruth, it is easy to conceal the unpremise on which the whole structure may rest. Just how easy it is can be seen in the very circumstance that the investigation of Owen Lattimore by the Tydings subcommittee is still going on. The subcommittee, a part of the Foreign Relations Committee, was set up a couple of months ago for the purpose of investigating disloyalty and espionage in the State Department. For the past three weeks, it has spent almost all its time on Professor Lattimore. But Professor Lattimore is a private citizen. Whether or not he is a Communist or a spy has nothing to do with this investigation. He has never been an employee of the State Department. He once drew pay from it for a brief period, but he was working at the time for another agency of the government and was being paid out of State Department funds simply because the State Department had some extra money and the other agency had not. He held no State Department position then, had held none before, and has held none since. Conceivably he has been spying *on* the Department, but he could never have spied *in* it. The State Department made this clear several times early in the investigation. Senator McCarthy, when pressed, has admitted the truth of it. He has lately been calling Lattimore a "policy risk," a term that could surely be applied to every citizen of the Republic who cannot lay claim to the unfailing power of precognition. The investigation is persisting exactly as if the good name of the State Department hung on the outcome of it, when the plain fact is that even if Louis Budenz should prove Lattimore to be a birthright Communist with a Ph.D. in spying from the Marx-Engels Institute, it would prove nothing whatever about the Department that is under investigation.

Yet in a real sense the Department's good name does hang on the outcome of the investigation. The Lattimore case, as developed from day to day by McCarthy and the press, has generated so much partisan heat that hardly anyone seems to recall that it all rests on an unpremise. It is probably difficult for Lattimore himself to remember that he is still a private citizen under investigation by a committee that is exceeding its authority by the very act of investigating him. When McCarthy made his four-hour multiple untruth of March 30th, which is not to be confused with his six-hour multiple untruth of February 20th, its funniest line seemed to be: "I believe you can ask almost any school child who the architect of our Far Eastern policy is, and he will say, 'Owen Lattimore.' " The line seems a bit less funny now, however, because it is beginning to acquire a certain element of truth. The chances are that a sampling of public opinion made today would turn up more than a few citizens who believe that Owen Lattimore is at the very least a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State.

Another basic fact that has been forgotten here is that Dean Acheson has been Secretary of State only since January 21, 1949. McCarthy has said that "the clique of Lattimore, Jessup, and Service have been responsible, almost completely—under Acheson, of course—for what went on in the Far

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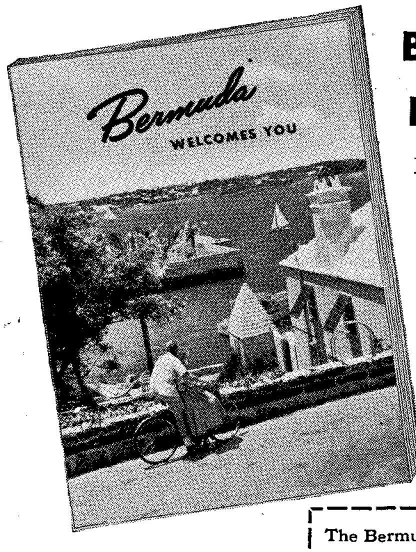

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East.” But if Lattimore has been the architect of our Far Eastern policy, it was Acheson's predecessor, General Marshall, who hired the architect, because it was upon the recommendations of General Marshall that the main lines of our China policy have been based. Moreover, it was in every case either Marshall or Marshall's predecessor, Byrnes, who originally employed, or after investigation retained, all the people described by McCarthy as Communists, security risks, or policy risks. If, before the Tydings investigation is completed, McCarthy should prove all the charges he has made, the present Secretary of State would be guilty only of being gullible in taking for granted the patriotism and intelligence of Byrnes and Marshall. Of those who have been so far named or numbered by McCarthy as Communists, all survived a State Department loyalty investigation that was begun under Byrnes and completed under Marshall. In short, everyone kept on the payroll by Acheson when he took office had been certified as loyal by one or the other of his last two predecessors.

In the course of his four-hour speech, McCarthy explained, as he had not done before, how he had arrived at his original estimate of two hundred and five security risks in the State Department. He got the figures, he said, from a letter that Byrnes wrote to Representative Sabath, of Illinois, on July 26, 1946. That letter reported on the course of the State Department's loyalty investigation up to the time of writing. It said that the Assistant Secretary for Administration, the final Departmental authority in the investigation, had studied the cases of two hundred and eighty-four employees on whom he had been given reports and had determined that, in the interests of security, seventy-nine should be dismissed. Byrnes assured Sabath that the dismissals had taken place. By subtracting the number dismissed as security risks in 1946 from the total number of cases reviewed at that time, McCarthy arrived at the number of security risks in the State Department in 1950. It was pointed out by someone that some of those people might no longer be in the State Department. It was not pointed out that McCarthy's list of poor security risks in 1950 would correspond identically with the list of people who had been found to be *good* security risks in 1946. But McCarthy tossed around so many figures and unfigures in that speech that no one could tell what he was doing. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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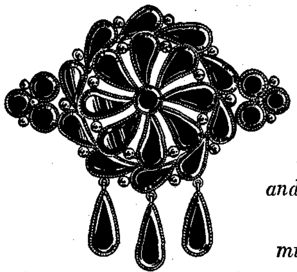

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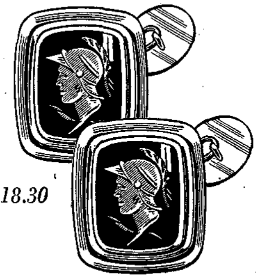

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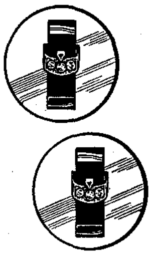

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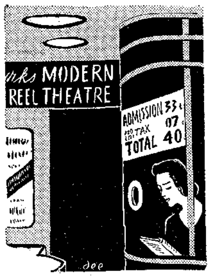

BING CROSBY, whose penchant for horses has inspired so much tiresome chatter among radio comedians, not excluding himself, successfully demonstrates in "Riding High" that a man with an interest in thoroughbreds can be a pretty entertaining sort. The picture, directed by Frank Capra, is a remake of a film called "Broadway Bill," which showed up hereabouts in 1934. As the hero of the present version, which doesn't differ in many respects from the original, Mr. Crosby is cast as a peripatetic trainer who is so devoted to a promising plug that he throws over a millionaire's daughter, who wants him to become a businessman, in order to be with the beast. Fortunately, the millionaire has another daughter, and she is willing to share Mr. Crosby with the horse, so the piece doesn't want for romantic interludes. It doesn't want for the usual race-track characters, either, from the highfalutin chiseller and the honest stableboy to the big-league gambler and the crooked jockey. Most of the sequences are fairly familiar ones, but Mr. Capra keeps things moving so slickly that it's hard to object very strenuously when he scatters more corn around the feedbox than is entirely necessary.

A good many of the actors who appeared in "Broadway Bill" have been assigned to the same roles in "Riding High." Among them I noticed Raymond Walburn, Douglas Dumbrille, Clarence Muse, and Frankie Darro. The last, apparently a boy past all redemption, is still a jockey whom you just can't trust, and in the big race that climaxes "Riding High" he almost saws the head off Mr. Crosby's horse trying to prevent that magnificent steed from coming home a winner. Besides including interesting stuff about racing, "Riding High" offers several pleasant songs, rendered genially by Mr. Crosby. As the daughters with whom the hero gets involved, Coleen Gray and Frances Gifford are a fresh and handsome pair.

"ESCAPE INTO DREAMS," an Italian film, is an episodic business that concerns itself with the homesick inmates of a prisoner-of-war camp in California. Italians all, they are given to daydreaming about Rome, Florence, Naples, and Venice, and their fantasies range from romance to comedy. I'm afraid that the mock California cooked up by the producers is even more improbable than the real one, and every time the camp appears, the picture dissolves into absurdity. Of the various flashbacks that go to make up the film, I preferred the one in which Aldo Fabrizi, as a henpecked husband in Rome, flees from his wife and sets out with his five children for a stroll in the Forum park. Presently, he is chasing after a young woman, trying to impress her with his knowledge of the ruins, while the little ones make hash of the regulations against picking flowers and the like. Other bits take up amour in Venice and gambling in Naples, with Vittorio de Sica, who directed "The Bicycle Thief," serving in the latter as an improvident duke and proving himself a competent actor. The Italian scenes are highlighted by excellent shots of the localities, and should you be in the mood for a sort of travelogue, you perhaps won't be annoyed too much by the ragged edges of "Escape into Dreams."

IN "The Reformer and the Redhead," which features June Allyson and Dick Powell, we have an account of the love affair of a candidate for mayor and a zoo keeper's daughter. Lions interrupt the proceedings intermittently. If you're crazy about lions, this film may amuse you. If you're not, nothing else about it will. . . . "The Rules of the Game" is a Jean Renoir picture that was made in France before the war. It is an extremely dull description of a weekend in the country, full of aimless philandering and general slapstick. Lord knows what M. Renoir had in mind when he confected this one, but it certainly reveals none of the skill that went into "Grand Illusion."

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

New Yorker cartoons make fun of bird-
center of the clumps. The new roofs
lovers. All right, smart Aleck. But we can enjoy their music without . . .—*Pasadena Star-News.*

What are *you* making fun of—sloth-lovers?

•

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BOOKS

Lionel Trilling and the Party of the Imagination

Lionel Trilling bears, doubtless with fortitude, the most aggressively euphonious name of any writer since Edna St. Vincent Millay. He also, it seems to me, owns and operates one of the most adequately equipped critical intelligences in the country. Many readers, trailing his essays through the magazines during the last ten years, must have suspected that this might be so. Now that sixteen of his best pieces are united in "The Liberal Imagination" (Viking), we can be surer of it. This is a pleasant thing to be sure of. We have a plethora of learned critics, a crowd of perceptive critics, and a few entertaining critics. Perhaps not since the days before Mr. Mencken mellowed have we had, however, one who could talk to the generality of educated rather than merely literary Americans. Mr. Trilling may just conceivably turn out to be our man, once he has learned to raise his voice a few decibels (he puts too much energy into undercharging his prose) and to give looser rein to the wit, fancy, and playfulness he conscientiously rations.

Though a professor of English literature at General Eisenhower's university, he does not write as if his cloister were the world. Nor is he imprisoned within that narrowest of cells, the contemporary. He is neither specialist nor popularizer, having too great an affection for ideas to be the first and too great a respect for people to be the second. Rather, he seems linked to that gleaming chain of English and American critics that starts in glory with Ben Jonson and connects, through Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Emerson, and Matthew Arnold, with T. S. Eliot in our own day. I do not mean that he is on their level; I mean only that he is of their family. He has the family trait—moral seriousness without moral self-appreciation. (I must qualify this ringing phrase by noting that Mr. Eliot's modish version of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" does occasionally demonstrate an awareness of Mr. Eliot's own—and not here questioned—moral superiority.) Mr. Trilling is also like these critics, and like all the European big guns from Lessing to Valéry, in that he has no subject matter but only a good mind. He is on easy terms with both Tacitus and Dr. Kinsey; he writes of literature as one interested in politics, of politics as one interested in psychology; he has no stake in any doctrine and is a cardholder only in the party of the imagination. He applies to a dozen specialties the tools of a few powerful, non-dogmatic ideas—which is as much as to say that the root of the matter, philosophy, is in him.

In many of the essays in "The Liberal Imagination"—those, for example, on Freud, on Henry James's "The Princess Casamassima," on F. Scott Fitzgerald, on Tacitus, and on Wordsworth's Immortality Ode—Mr. Trilling speaks of a useful tension in the mind, of that delicate balance of forces from which issues creative intensity. He quotes with approval Fitzgerald's statement "The test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind, at the same time, and still retain the ability to function." His ear is ever on the *qui vive* for the benign sound of the dialectical clash. "In any culture," he remarks, "there are likely to be certain artists who contain a large part of the dialectic within themselves, their meaning and power lying in their contradictions; they contain within themselves . . . the very essence of the culture, and the sign of this is that they do not submit to serve the ends of any one ideological group or tendency."

I would suggest that Mr. Trilling is himself akin to these artists, his mind holding in suspension two opposed commitments. The first is a general commitment to what we vaguely call liberalism. This Mr. Trilling thinks of as "a large tendency rather than a concise body of doctrine" and (a somewhat questionable thesis) as the sole viable intellectual tradition of our day and nation. It points toward egalitarianism, anti-totalitarianism (including anti-Communism), economic security, and a loose neo-Benthamite doctrine of universal happiness, never precisely defined. Mr. Trilling's second commitment is to a more rigorous, more passionate, more complex, and more aristocratic tradition than liberalism so far has found itself in need of—the tradition of the

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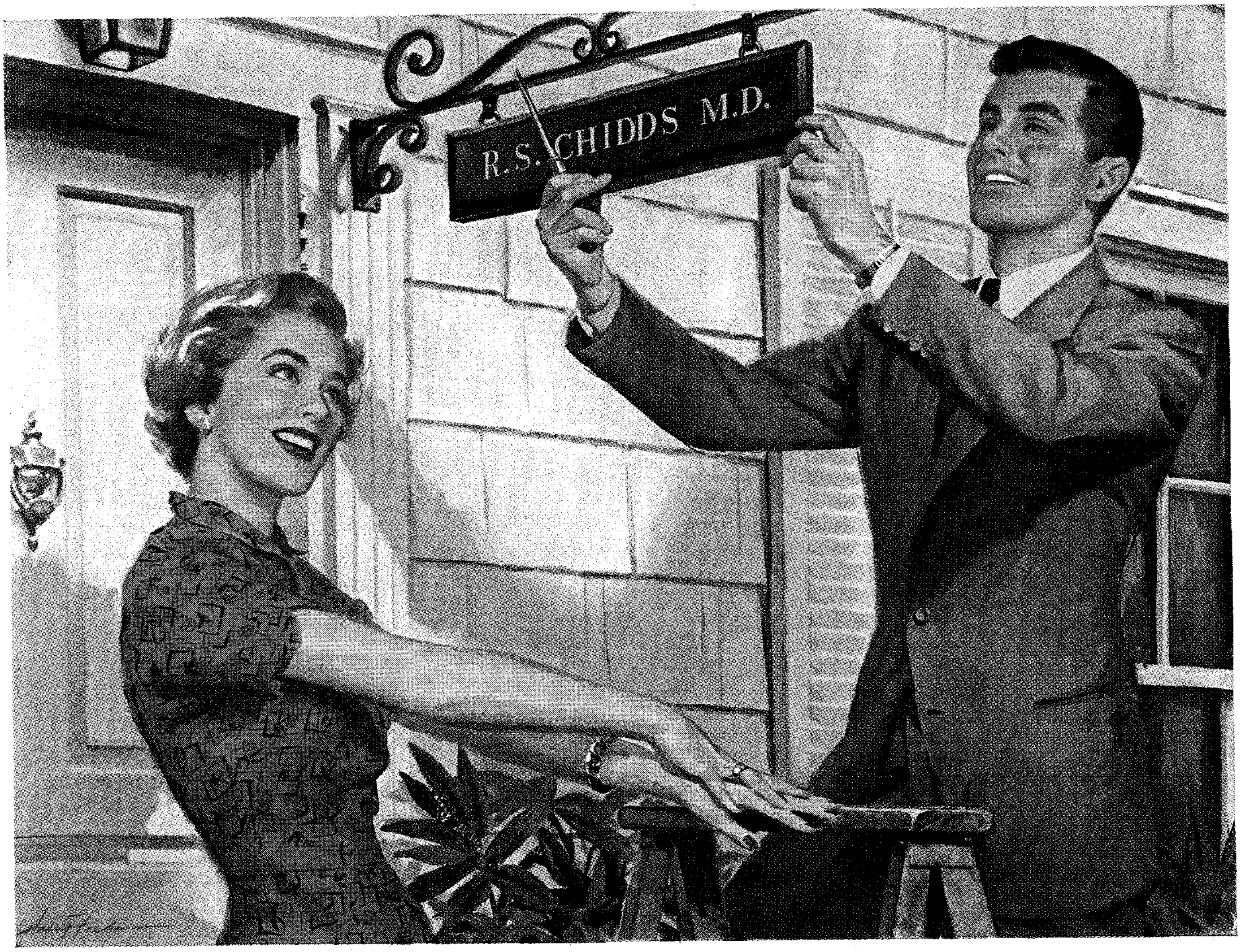
Garrett Price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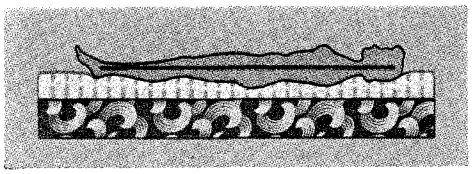

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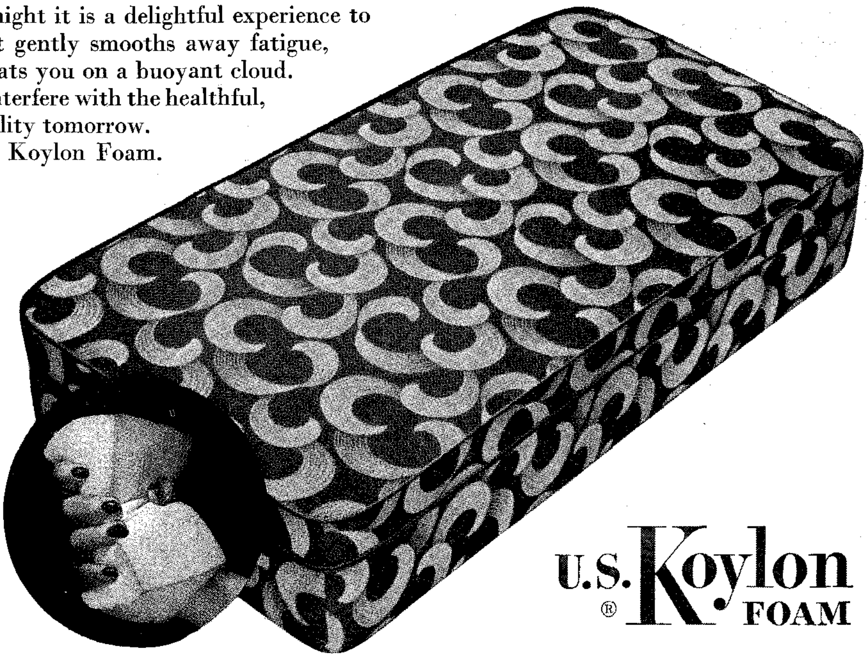

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tragic ironist, from the Greeks to Shakespeare. The play between these two loyalties equates exactly with the play of Mr. Trilling's mind.

What unifies these seemingly disparate essays is that they are all concerned with the relation of liberal ideas to life, and to literature, which is merely a mode of life. One of liberalism's weaknesses is its complacence; hence Mr. Trilling wishes to put "under some degree of pressure the liberal ideas and assumptions of the present time." But he could not exert this pressure were not his arm strengthened by its contact with a body of thought and feeling rather remote from these ideas and assumptions.

In brief, what Mr. Trilling wishes to do is what John Stuart Mill wished to do—"to recall liberals to a sense of variousness and possibility." In its laudable desire to submit to efficient organization the refractory drives of our imperfect human nature, liberalism tends toward a denial of the emotions and the imagination. It would like to legislate people into happiness, forgetting that a man is not only a legislatable citizen but a rational mind, a superb and arbitrary dreamer, and an animal couched fearfully in the jungle of the unconscious. Liberalism's very optimism, however healthy, may act as a brake on the creative faculties, because it either evades or attacks the tragic-ironic view of life out of which creation springs. "What marks the artist," writes Mr. Trilling, in a telling sentence, "is his power to shape the material of pain we all have."

The liberal's tendency to calcify the free-running arteries of the imagination derives, in Mr. Trilling's view, from his imperfect, or perhaps merely innocent, notion of reality. Reality to the liberal is a hard, fixed, external, usually rather unpleasant thing—"and that mind is alone felt to be trustworthy [Mr. Trilling here must be thinking of Theodore Dreiser] which most resembles this reality by most nearly reproducing the sensations it affords."

The fact is, as Mr. Trilling points out, not by any means triumphantly, that the writers of our time with whom we can have a continually deepening relationship—Joyce, Yeats, Eliot, Kafka, Mann, Proust—happen to be those writers whose basic assumptions the liberal is most uneasy with. Furthermore, the liberal tradition in our country has produced in our day few works of art commensurate with its large intentions and ideals. Indeed, the dogmatic liberal may regard evidences of imagination and creativeness as, in a way, "the natural enemies of democracy." Mr. Trilling makes this point in the course of his brilliant dissection of V. L. Parrington. Parrington, for example, takes Hawthorne to task for "forever dealing with shadows." But Mr. Trilling takes Parrington to task for forgetting that "shadows are also part of reality and one would not want a world without shadows, it would not even be a 'real' world."

Thus, Mr. Trilling defends Henry James and F. Scott Fitzgerald and Freud and Faulkner, and assails, always with a courtesy and gentleness rare in current criticism, Dreiser and Wolfe and Karen Horney and Sherwood Anderson. He defends the first group because they have, he thinks, a lively sense of "that interplay between free will and imagination upon which all literature depends." He finds the second group wanting because "it has neither imagination nor mind." In the same spirit, though he praises the Kinsey Report for its liberating effect, he perceives its defect of imagination, "its insistence on drawing sexuality apart from the general human context."

Mr. Trilling's examination of the liberalism he believes in and that most of us believe in is the sole truly helpful kind. It is helpful because it presses liberalism where it is weakest—on its philosophical and emotional front. It suggests that liberalism's defective notion of reality not only is responsible for the barrenness of the literature it produces but may indeed be self-defeating in the political sense. For an unimaginative conception of reality—so curiously linked are metaphysics and the emotions—can wither the power to love, without which society becomes a heap of stones, and of men like stones. "Some paradox of our natures leads us, when once we have made our fellowmen the objects of our enlightened interest, to go on to make them the objects of our pity, then of our wisdom, ultimately of our coercion."

The central value of this book is that, without fanfare or vulgar sloganeering, it indicates the supreme necessity of using the buttresses of intellect and imagination to shore up the trembling pillars of our frangible era. Reactionary politics, whether expressed in Stalinism or Fascism, has already gleefully undermined these buttresses. There is a sorrowful possibility that liberalism, however unconsciously, may engage in the same work of destruction. Perhaps, in fact, in our time there are only two parties—the party of the Party, what-

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ever its political orientation, and the party of the Imagination. What Mr. Trilling wishes to do is to detach as many men as can be detached from the first party and enlist them in the second. "Unless we insist"—so runs his salutary warning—"that politics is imagination and mind, we will learn that imagination and mind are politics, and of a kind that we will not like."

This warning would have little practical effect were it not that Mr. Trilling has the power to write so that, at his best and clearest, his ideas reach the secret places of our hearts and minds. However well qualified in other respects many of our critics may be, few can do us any *good*, for few speak with any moral urgency (jeremiads are not necessarily moral), few are devoid of the impure passion to justify themselves or their school, few are perfect in generosity. ("Our culture," says Mr. Trilling, "peculiarly honors the act of blaming, which it takes as the sign of virtue and intellect.")

I hesitate to use such a banality, but I am forced to it—Mr. Trilling is a constructive critic. He is constructive in his quiet, but not furtive, reëmployment, in their correct senses, of the Big Words that Hemingway's generation thought it had choked to death: Love, Imagination, Mind, Morality, the Will. He is constructive because he has so high a view, the highest view that can be attained, of the job of literature—"the human activity that takes the fullest and most precise account of variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty." He is constructive because he shares Freud's opinion that artistic thought is not something eccentric or neurotic or "escapist," not a by-product or a luxury, but a natural mode of experiencing life. He is constructive because he helps to exorcise that "political fear of the intellect which Tocqueville observed in us more than a century ago." Finally, he treats you and me not as if we were children to whom ideas had to be patiently explained, or privileged members of some secret order of littérateurs, but as grown men who know that though they cannot increase their stature, they can perhaps save themselves from the waste land by taking thought.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RED BONE WOMAN, by Carlyle Tillery (John Day). Without any apparent effort, Mr. Tillery has written a very good novel about a man

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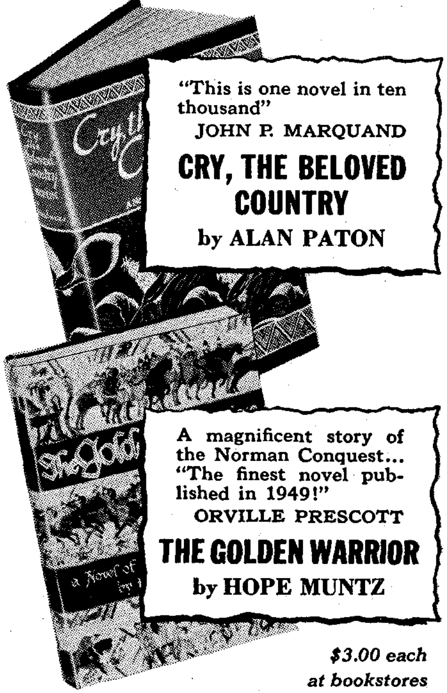

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who is driven by loneliness to marry an outcast, thereby exposing himself not only to the scorn of his neighbors but also to the subtler and less endurable torment of his own shame and doubt. Mr. Randall, a Louisiana farmer, marries a dark-skinned woman whose origin no one seems to know. Whether his problem is solved by the discovery that his wife is really an Indian (which makes her acceptable) is questionable, but his conflict and his humanity are convincing enough. His wife, Tempie, is also a sympathetic and admirable character, although her vagaries of speech, as brought to paper by Mr. Tillery, are quite hard to follow a good deal of the time.

THE LOST TRAVELLER, by Antonia White (Viking). The story of Clara Batchelor, a young London girl with strange and unhappy parents. The first episode, of the family's behavior just after the death of Clara's grandfather, is fine, but each succeeding one simply contrives to get the story off to a new false start, until things finally limp to a highly unsatisfactory conclusion on the last page. The character of Clara is accurately drawn; although she develops hardly at all, she is at least consistent. The other people in the story shift personalities constantly, and in consequence it becomes almost impossible to tell what is going on, but sad and unpredictable though they all are, somehow they never manage to be very interesting.

APOLOGY FOR A HERO, by A. L. Barker (Scribner). Charles Candy, an ordinary sort of man, marries a woman named Wynne, loses her when she falls off a cliff in a storm, and is driven to desperation by her death, by the guilt he feels for it, and by the perverse charm of her sister. The sister, Perry, is rash and irresponsible enough to cause any amount of damage, but Miss Barker, herself perverse, relegates this promising character to the role of a strolling prop and allows her narrative to move along at an almost inconsequential pace until the time comes to call a halt. Then she merely introduces another wild storm like the one that swept Wynne to her death, and all is over. With such good characters, it is too bad that Miss Barker didn't build up her story from within, instead of calling up a strong wind every time some action is indicated.

THIS AND NO MORE, by Benedict and Nancy Freedman (Harper). The

Tibet—*remote, mysterious, as inaccessible as the moon*

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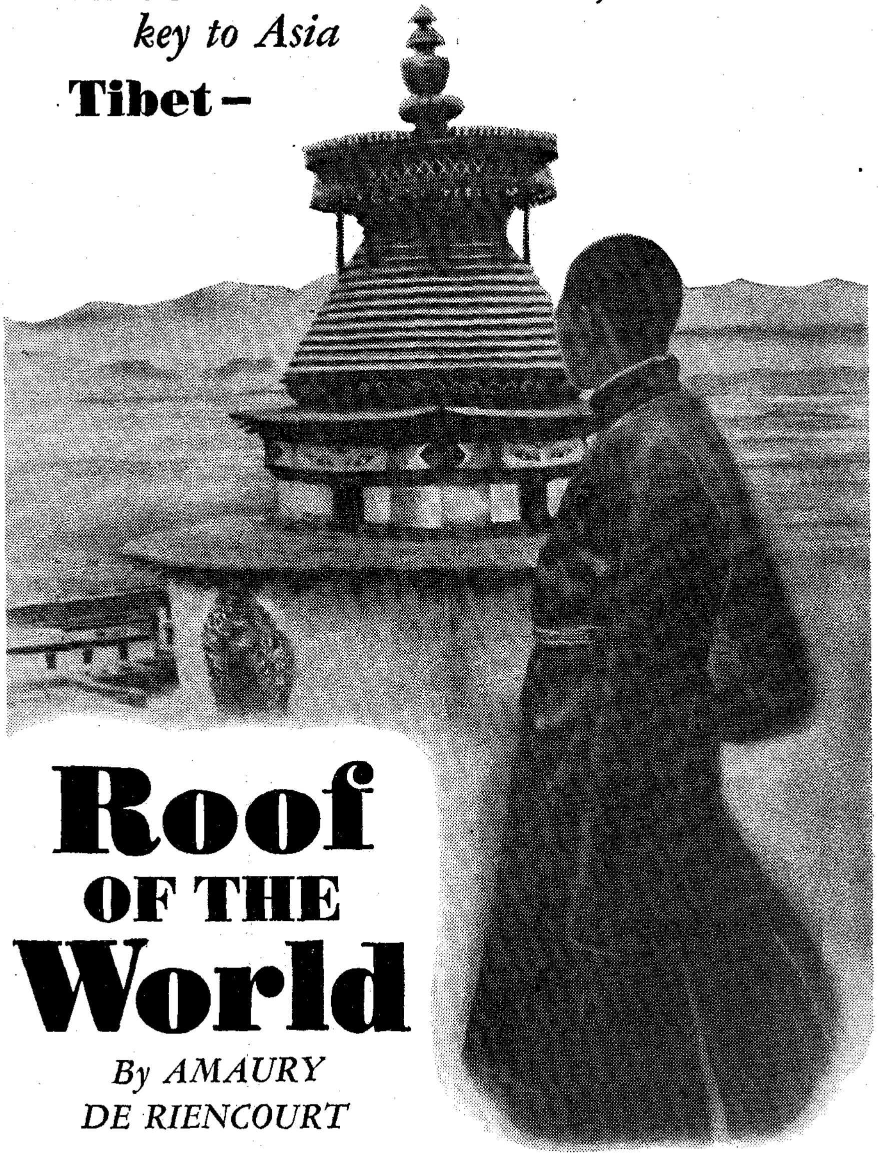
Tibet—



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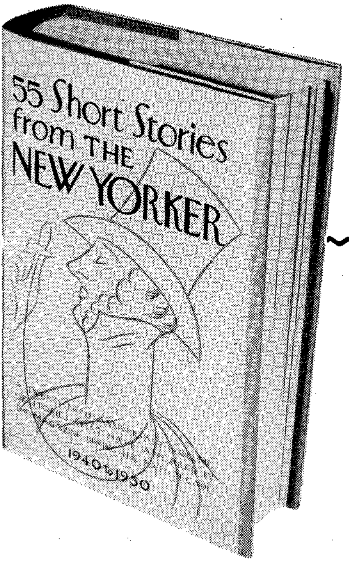

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account of one Lucien Sadler, whose life contains more woe and more talk than any hero or reader should have to endure. As the book opens, Lucien, aged twelve, is just about to die. At the end of it all, fifteen years later, he is still alive, standing in contemplation before the ashes of his second wife. Between times, Mr. and Mrs. Freedman have worked the events of his life into a long, maudlin, and ferociously pretentious book.

THE OUTSIDER, by Ernesto Sábato (Knopf). Juan Pablo Castel, an Argentine painter whose state of mind may be called unbalanced, tells about his meeting with a woman named María, describes their love affair, and explains why he had to kill her. At the time of writing, he is in jail for murdering her. In frenzied tones that do not disguise the triteness of his observations, the painter goes on about his love, his suspicions, and his violent jealousy. Throughout their affair, María remains a passive figure, little more than a doll, without desire or other motive. Numbness and frenzy not being very likely antagonists, one begins to feel that Castel is tormenting himself before a dummy that his particular madness drove him to covet and finally destroy, a spectacle that provokes one to a sort of impatient pity, nothing more.

SLEEP TILL NOON, by Max Shulman (Doubleday). A number of thoroughly mildewed quips, of the type that faculty advisers try, not always successfully, to restrain their young charges from sneaking into college comic magazines, have been dusted off by Mr. Shulman for his latest literary project and strung together on a slim narrative chain. The result of his efforts is described on the dust jacket as "a roaring burlesque of middle-class morality," an endorsement based on such tenuous bits of evidence as the circumstance that the plot deals with a busboy who marries a rich girl (thus qualifying for the middle class, it would seem) and the presence of people with names like Oxnard and Herwig, who sit around making conversation intended to sound even sillier than it does. Only a shade more tiresome, however, than "Barefoot Boy with Cheek" and "Zebra Derby," the author's previous books.

STAR MONEY, by Kathleen Winsor (Appleton-Century-Crofts). Shireen Delaney, the heroine of this novel, read three hundred and ninety-two reference books before turning out a historical novel called "The Falcon." So naturally she had little time left for glancing at the numerous works of fiction that in recent years have been warning the neophyte author of the disastrous aftereffects of best-sellerdom. As a result, when Shireen comes to New York for the publication of her book, she stumbles not only into all the booby traps so meticulously described by her predecessors but into a couple of others, designed especially for the snaring of beautiful bookworms who find themselves, almost overnight, with several hundred thousand dollars in the bank and a husband overseas. Shireen's not very unusual or moving plight might possibly have been dished up in a more palatable form if Miss Winsor, of "Forever Amber" memory, had been more prodigal of the vinegar and more sparing of the glycerine. As things stand, most readers will find themselves hard put to it to squeeze out even a bogus tear for Shireen.

GENERAL

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ART, by André Malraux (Pantheon). This big two-volume work is less formidable than it sounds. M. Malraux asks himself what the artist is up to, and how, and why, and his answers to these perennially beguiling questions provide the reader not with a scholarly treatise but with a sort of epic poem—marvellously eloquent, bristling with heroes and villains, and covering practically every manifestation of art, from the nervy and sophisticated little cave-painters of Lascaux to Picasso. Malraux has many illuminating things to say about the essential kinship of apparently disparate works of art and about the camera's uncanny faculty of imposing family resemblances on works that differ in scale, texture, and function, but one's pleasure in the book derives less from any new perception of the nature of the creative act than from having participated in a rousing hymn in its praise. Malraux writes that "it is . . . art's very nature to seek to 'possess' space, time, and the possible, and to achieve this end by wresting them from the world man *undergoes*, and including them in the world he *dominates*. All art is a struggle against destiny, against man's awareness of all those forces outside himself that are indifferent to him, or hostile. . . . The difference between real life and its portrayal in a work of art consists in this subjugation of destiny." Such passages and the superb and abundant photographic reproductions that accompany them—what Malraux calls his "museum without walls"—stir one with a sense of being in the presence of a great treasure; they do not really tell one very much about what brought it into being. Stuart Gilbert has translated the text with gusto, and the printing of the two volumes, done in Switzerland, is a model of devoted skill and taste.

EAST OF THE IRON CURTAIN, by Vernon Bartlett (Medill McBride). This would appear to be one of the most levelheaded and responsible books yet published on the East European countries under the Soviet hegemony. The author, a well-known British foreign correspondent, reports on recent visits to Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, Albania, and Yugoslavia (which is behind a curtain of its own devising), as well as to Finland and Austria. Like some other political observers who were acquainted with these countries before the war, he was most disheartened by what he saw in Czechoslovakia, the only nation that had known democracy in the Western sense, and most impressed by the progress made in the last five years in Poland, where a fierce nationalism is being exploited to build a Communist society. (When that society is a fact, Mr. Bartlett guesses, it may not be so healthy to display the Polish eagle, which is still the state insigne.) In addition to the well-known evils of Communism, the author found a certain amount of good in every country he visited; he found new hope and vigor among the people, an intelligent, idealistic youth, and basic social reforms, which in all of them (always excluding Czechoslovakia) were long overdue.

GRANDMA DID IT THIS WAY, by Louisa W. Peat (Holt). Mrs. Peat's grandmother, with whom she lived as a child in Northern Ireland, was a brisk old lady with "no *mañana* in her makeup," but she wasn't, praise be, especially eccentric. Therefore, freed from the necessity of reporting on some relative who, perhaps, tippled in secret or wore her galoshes to the dinner table, Mrs. Peat has been able to dwell at some length on more interesting matters—Irish country customs of fifty years ago, family expeditions to the seashore, her

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

STUFF YOU WON'T REMEMBER Very Long: Every time your watch ticks, the federal government pays out $210 more than it takes in . . . The soft drink folks will be out soon with a light-weight aluminum alloy take-home basket that holds a half case of beverage bottles . . . When Bing Crosby tours Europe he'll have with him two custom-built tape recording devices and he hopes to get both Bernard Shaw and Princess Margaret on tape for use in subsequent broadcasts . . . May not be too long till we're buying syrup, catsup or sauces by the yard. A new foil strip has been perfected which is a series of continuous small individual sacks. You tear them off one at a time . . . Buddy Rogers, of all people, has been seriously considered for a build-up along the lines of a successor for the late Tom Breneman. Can you visualize the dapper Buddy in that role? . . . "You" and "I" are the two most popular words in telephone conversations in this country and "I" is used more frequently than "you."

★

HYMNS IN JUKE BOXES have had tremendous success in Salem, Illinois. Drive-ins, taverns and cocktail lounges were approached on the idea and one selection in the 20 records in the town's juke boxes was a hymn. Frequency of the customers picking a hymn has amazed the juke box operators . . . The "Welcome Traveler" show, NBC production starring the big and buoyant Tommy Bartlett in Hotel Sherman's College Inn five days a week, requires the full time of a 29-member staff . . . Quick—which is longer from north to south, Africa or Asia? And which is wider east to west, Africa or North America?*

★

DO YOU SIZZLE every time a driver coming down the highway leaves his bright lights on? You have a perfect right to. Engineers estimate that the driver of a car, traveling 40 miles an hour and meeting a car with headlights undimmed, is totally blinded for 12 seconds. And your car travels 725 feet during the 12 seconds you're blinded . . . It took an Indianapolis housewife to come up with the idea of a waterproof paper umbrella. You use it once and throw it away. Vending machines will distribute the item . . . Here's the inscription on a plaque attached to a water tower in a small town: "Erected during the administration of our beloved Mayor, Martin Wynward—Born 1858, Died 1911. Capacity 15,000 gallons."

★

NO WONDER YOUR dentist's assistant keeps squirting cold water on the tooth the dentist is drilling. When the burr goes through the enamel the temperature shoots up to 100 degrees . . . Maybe we should eat lobster more often. Nutritionists say that lobster meat per ounce contains more valuable mineral salts and iodine than any other food . . . Spike Jones spends $300 apiece for those outlandish plaid suits he wears when he leads his City Slickers. He has 14 of them and makes that many changes during a performance.

★

I GUESS IT'S THE REPORTER IN ME but I always like to score a news beat. I've got one today and I'm going to let you have it right between the eyes:

THE MINNEAPOLIS SUNDAY TRIBUNE
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MORE THAN 600,000

That certainly shows the wide acceptance which the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) enjoy among families in the prosperous Upper Midwest area of Minnesota, North and South Dakota and western Wisconsin.

***Answers: Asia longer by about 300 miles; Africa wider by 100 miles.**

Uncle Terence's recipe for ginger ale (with its rider, "A quart of strong spirits would be an improvement"), and such relatively unfamiliar items as shives, scutchins, skelly, braskin, and buckey-wrack. All this is set down with exactly the right amount of lilt and is a pleasure to browse through.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, by Madeleine B. Stern (University of Oklahoma Press). A painstaking reconstruction of Miss Alcott's life, written in a fashion that suggests that it may be possible for the biographer of a literary figure to immerse herself *too* thoroughly in her subject's works before sitting down at her typewriter. Miss Stern not only lapses, from time to time, into some of the more unfortunate stylistic mannerisms of, say, "Rose in Bloom" but also displays much the same type of literary ambivalence which caused Louisa Alcott to crusade in her later works against the lurid potboilers she had produced at the start and for which, one gathers, she had a sneaking affection. Thus, Miss Stern, in turn, isn't always able to reconcile her admiration for her subject's sterling personal qualities with her own faint but perceptible distaste for the sugar coating Miss Alcott applied so liberally to her educational pills. Her description of the author's childhood, however, and of her relationship with her amiable but undoubtedly exasperating father is very well done.

I'LL MEET YOU IN THE LOBBY, by Olga Moore (Lippincott). An ebullient memoir designed primarily to disabuse the public of the notion that a lobbyist, and a woman lobbyist in particular, is apt to be equipped with horns and a tail. Miss Moore is obviously the person to tackle this out-of-the-way assignment, since she began espousing causes when she was a sophomore at the University of Wyoming (she attributes a new library there in part to her lobbying efforts), and has since taken up cudgels for the Marshall Plan, for the Voice of America, and for the repeal of the margarine tax. In writing of these activities and of her overseas work with the O.W.I. during the war, Miss Moore was apparently strongly influenced by an early stretch she served on the Denver *Post*, in what she describes as its "Hogarthian days." Consequently, a good many nice phrases ("I can spot [an Appropriations] Committee member on the street. He usually has an air of consecrated negativism") are swamped in the sort of pervasive clownishness that seems to have been de rigueur in Denver newspaper circles some twenty years ago.

THE ENGLISH SCENE TODAY, by S. P. B. Mais (Macmillan). The author of a series of guidebooks that have long been standard equipment for the knapsack-and-bicycle set in Great Britain comments more or less at random on the present-day aspect of the countryside and on the changes wrought by bombs, by governmental planning, or by a combination of the two, in such frequently hiked-to spots as Bath, Exeter, Plymouth, and Oxford. Although Mr. Mais finds that the average pilgrim isn't, on the whole, as badly off as might be supposed, he has some huffish things to say about the frustrations resulting from the conflicting demands of the War Department and the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, which are simultaneously attempting to lay official hands on the same areas. Very handsomely illustrated.

LONDON, by Mrs. Robert Henrey (Dutton). Since Piccadilly Circus represents to this author not only the "heart of the empire" but also the center of her personal cosmos, she has wisely concentrated her attention on those parts of the city relatively nearby—Regent Street, the Haymarket, Pall Mall, Bond Street, Whitehall Palace, and so on. Mrs. Henrey describes the ravages of the blitz (she was in London all during the war), and sketches in the historical background of her favorite landmarks in a manner ranging from the matter-of-fact to the downright ecstatic. ("What splendid sentiments! . . . What a mellow satisfaction!") A number of water colors by Phyllis Ginger, painted after the war, convey considerable nostalgia for a more leisurely metropolitan scene.

THE BORZOI TURGENEV, translated by Harry Stevens (Knopf). A new and first-rate English version of the most important of Turgenev's works, including four novels—"Smoke," "Fathers and Sons," "Rudin," and "On the Eve"—and three long stories. Avrahm Yarmolinsky, probably Turgenev's best-known biographer, has written an introduction in which he points out that Turgenev, the most Western-minded of all the titans of nineteenth-century Russian literature, is not on the Soviet index expurgatorius, from which he takes hope that Turgenev's liberal-

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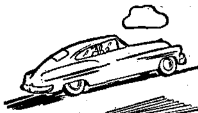

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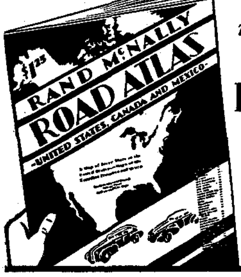

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ism may have a "humanizing" effect on his homeland. A very thin hope, one may feel.

NOTE: "The Running Pianist," a collection of biographical sketches, other articles, and short stories by Robert Lewis Taylor, has just been published by Doubleday. The majority of the pieces originally appeared in this magazine.

VERSE

AFTER THE BOMBING: POEMS, by Edmund Blunden (Macmillan). Blunden, who belongs in point of time to the Georgian group, has managed to keep what now seems a rather old-fashioned poetic diction and approach both fresh and appealing because of his sincerity and his contact with reality. His writing skill is everywhere apparent.

POEMS, by Wilfred Owen, with a memoir and notes by Edmund Blunden (New Classics Series, New Directions). Owen was killed at the Sambre Canal front on November 4, 1918, at the age of twenty-five. The first (1931) edition of his poems (the present volume is a corrected version) had a tremendous influence, both moral and technical, upon Spender, Auden, and others. For Owen, while writing with complete realism and horrified compassion of trench warfare, at the same time gave the English lyric, by developing his theories about assonance, an added flexibility. Blunden, in his sympathetic introduction, includes letters as well as the poet's now famous preface to his uncompleted work.

SELECTED POEMS, by Ezra Pound (New Classics Series, New Directions). A new selection, including fragments from the "Cantos" and poems representative of all phases of Pound's career from its beginning, in 1908. A short list of dates, headed "Autobiography," serves as an introduction and there is a frontispiece portrait by Wyndham Lewis.

THE GOLIARD POETS: MEDIEVAL LATIN SONGS AND SATIRES, translated by George F. Whicher (New Directions). Mocking and irreverent verse, written in Latin by members of outcast bands of vagabond scholars, furnished a running commentary on the religious and social crackups in Europe from the twelfth century onward. Drinking, gambling, and lovemaking of a decidedly non-courtly kind enter into this gay and reprobate literature. The original texts are given; Mr. Whicher's translations

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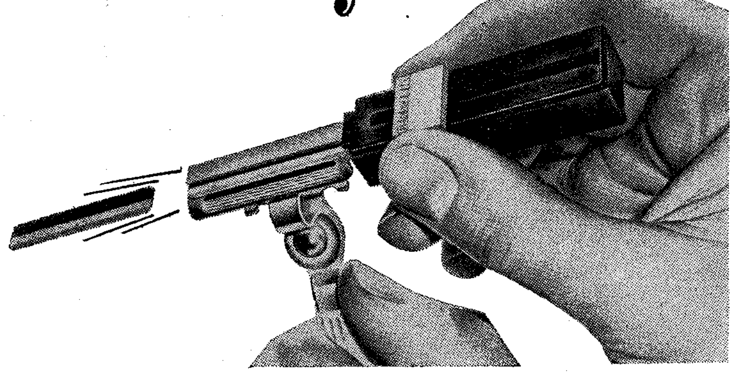

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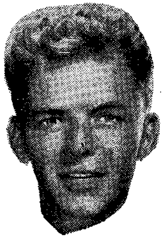

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are musical and smooth. The illustrations, from medieval sources, also have a high and disorderly humor.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Murder Is an Art, by A. Boyd Correll (Phoenix). In the course of this work, three members of an artists' and writers' colony at Laguna Beach meet violent ends, regretted by practically nobody. At first, it seems that someone is out to get the beneficiaries of a will made by the patroness of the group, but the real solution is by no means as simple as that, involving, as it does, plagiarism, the dirty-book business, and enough alcoholism to startle Hemingway. Five lines produced by an inmate of the colony should be enough to give you some idea of the service the murderer performed for American letters:

The light's insistent twinkling flags my stones,
My feet freeze in the lambent flame of night,
The hound of day is flacking for my cream,
The blistering sleets of the day's wan child arise
And Negroid tripods stand athwart the dark.

Still, a lively, ingenious piece, with, at times, a carefree humor of its own.

The Body on the Sidewalk, by Bernice Carey (Doubleday). Miss Carey could hardly have invented a less attractive cast of characters—a shiftless San Francisco family, permanently down on their luck—but her plotting is expert and her people always seem real, depressing as they are. The story has something to do with the killing of a man named Henry Grueber, who was never much good anyway, and with the problem of which member of the household could have shot him and left so little evidence behind. A workmanlike and thorough book, if not an especially stimulating one.

•

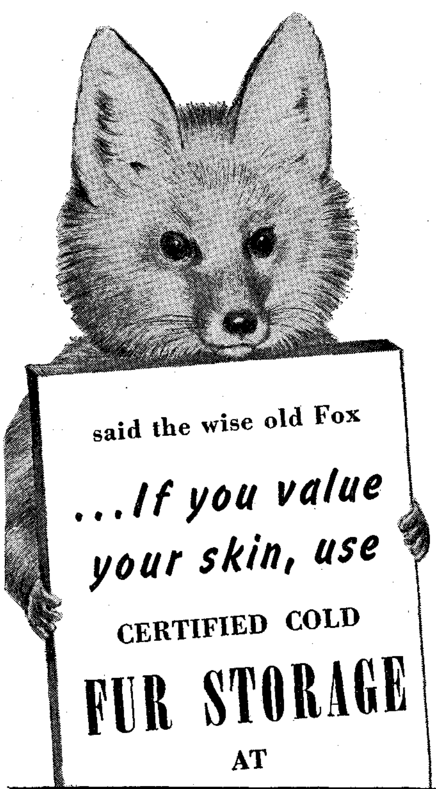
Question—Spokane—What is the cause of hens shaking their heads? Answer—May be result of on-coming cold, body lice, nervousness or habit.—*Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.*

Or simple disapproval of conditions.

•

Corrugated Salesmen
wanted to represent manufacturer carrying complete line of corrugated, colored corrugated and solid fibre boxes.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Carrying the thing too far, isn't it?



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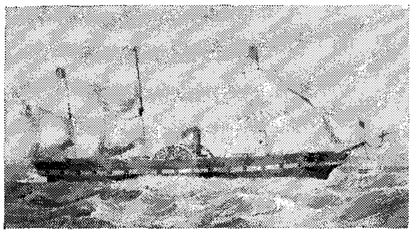

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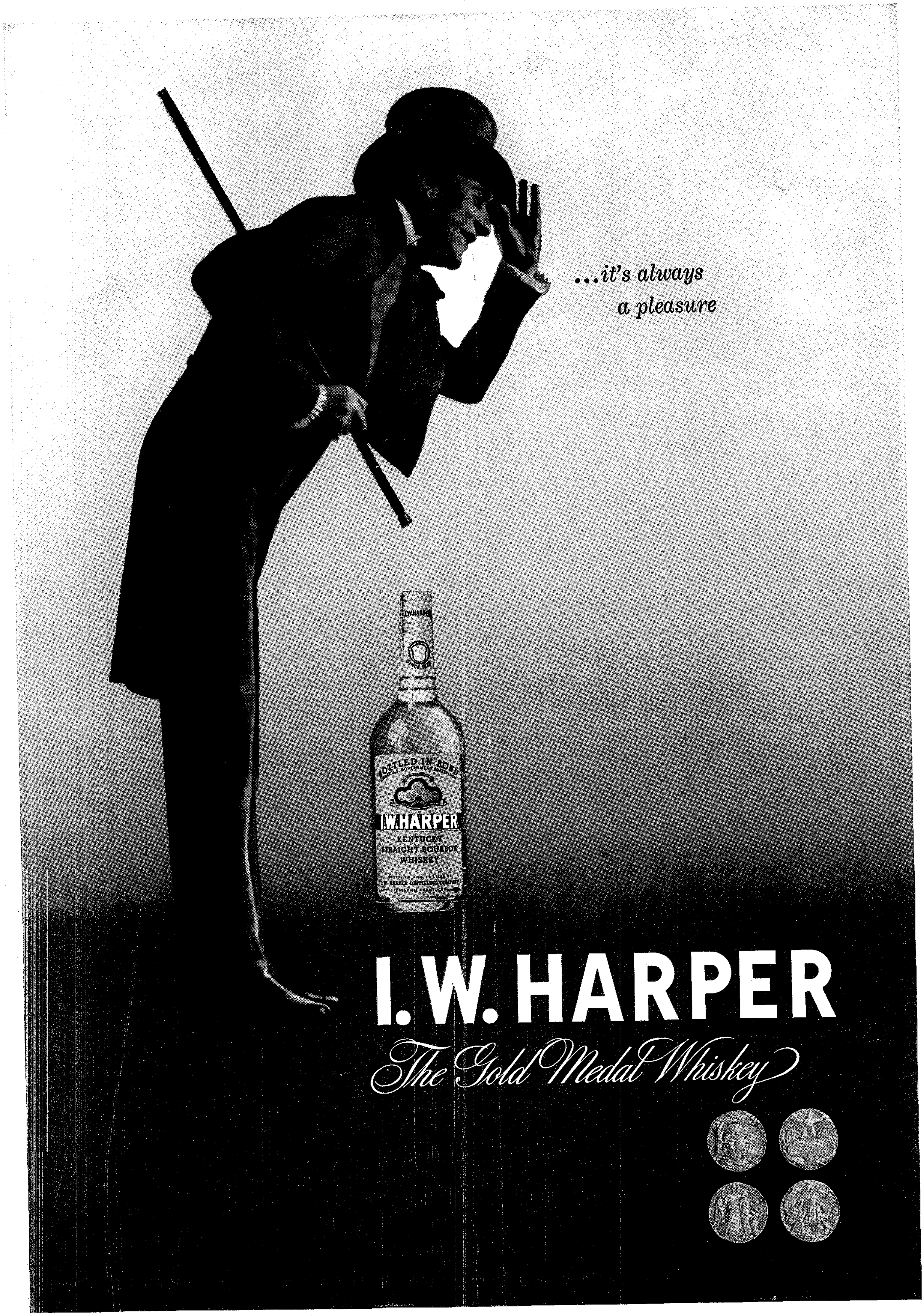
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